4-4-2023

Emily Somebody: a Chamber Opera in Three Acts

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EMILY SOMEBODY:
A CHAMBER OPERA IN THREE ACTS

A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty of the
Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
Master in Music

in

The School of Music

by
Rodrigo Afonso Salles Camargo
B.M., Universidade Federal do Rio de Janeiro, 2020
May 2023
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

First I would like to thank my wife Julia for all her support not only during the compositional process of this piece but also during the whole duration of my Master’s program. I would also like to thank my teachers at LSU for all the help, patience, availability and promptness to help and assist me during my program. Finally, I would also like to thank my family in Brazil for their support and constant encouragement, and also my friends at LSU, many of whom brought my music to life during those two years of Graduate school.
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ABSTRACT

Emily Somebody is a chamber opera in three acts that tells the story of the friendship between the American poet Emily Dickinson and the man that would become her first editor, Mr. Thomas Higginson. This story, for me, is ultimately about a poet (or an artist) in the process of finding not only her own voice but also discovering what poetry and art mean to her, in the most genuine way, and standing up for these beliefs and values.

All the lyrics used in this work are from Emily Dickinson’s poems and letters exchanged between her and Mr. Thomas Higginson.
PROGRAM NOTES

Emily Dickinson, soprano

Thomas Higginson, tenor

Ensemble: Flute (and piccolo), violin, cello, piano, conductor.

FIRST ACT

Amherst, Massachusetts. The 1860s. Emily Dickinson is in her room. She feels alone and hopeless, away from the real world, without anyone to share her poetry with. Also, the Civil War is at its most critical stage, making the country a hostile place to live. Inserted in this environment she feels that her life has reached a dead end.

However, reading the newspaper, she comes across an article by Thomas Wentworth Higginson, a prominent writer and editor. His article is addressed to young poets, providing inspirational and technical advice for the better writing of poetry. This article is enough to give her hope and a new horizon to look forward to.

Reading the article Emily gazes at a new opportunity, and even though Thomas Higginson have not properly encouraged any poet to write back to him, Emily Dickinson makes a bold move and feels compelled to send him a letter presenting herself. Attached to the letter, she sends some “sample” poems of her own.

SECOND ACT

This act depicts the correspondence exchange between Emily and Thomas Higginson. When Higginson receives the first letter from Emily, he gets fascinated by her poetry and style,
and responds immediately, wanting to know more about this mysterious poet who writes such enigmatic and powerful verses.

Little by little (or letter by letter) the image of Emily Dickinson becomes more clear, not only for Thomas Higginson, but also for the audience. Through her letters, she explains who she is and what poetry means to her. She considers herself an amateur, who has a lot to learn in terms of poetry. Indeed, her goal with this correspondence exchange to Mr. Higginson is to have him as a mentor or poetry teacher, a task that he refuses, since Emily, for him, is already a much greater poet than he could ever be. However, he offers his friendship and poetic faithful complicity.

THIRD ACT

This act takes place in Amherst, Massachusetts, at Emily’s father’s house, 8 years after the first correspondence between Emily and Thomas Higginson. After a long time and some failed attempts, they finally meet in person in 1870.

This meeting seals a friendship that started years before through letters and mutual admiration and ultimately helps Higginson and the audience to complete the enigmatic mosaic Emily Dickinson still was even after many letters and poems exchanged. Here we witness a poet who is sure about what poetry means to her and, even though she had never left her father’s house, she could communicate and relate to others, as well as grow as a person, exclusively through her verses.
What is not covered in this work is that Emily and Higginson remained friends until her death sixteen years after their first meeting. The worth of mention too is that Higginson was the first editor of Emily’s poems after her death, a surprisingly tremendous literary success at the time.

The book edited by Higginson contained some of Emily’s best poems and was the first step toward her unquestionable acknowledgment as one of the most important poets in Western literature.

Right before her first letter to Higginson, she could feel somehow that this first contact would be of great importance. Somehow she could feel that this was a letter from her to the world. And it was. Indeed, after her death, almost 30 years after this first letter, Thomas W. Higginson would publish the first book containing her poetry. From then on the world would meet Emily Dickinson.
ACT I

The action takes place in Emily Dickinson’s room. Displayed on the stage there’s a writing desk with a chair, a quill-pen and lots of books, loose sheets and fascicles (handmade thread-tied chunks of sheets containing her poetry).

- every accident is valid only for the octave and measure they appear.

Music by Rodrigo Camargo

Freely, but fast and explosive

Piano

Sempre con \( \frac{1}{8} \)

Slower, losing energy...

P dim. poco a poco

Introspective, calm \( \frac{1}{4} = 36 \)

[Emily Dickinson enters]

Emily

somehow introspective, almost self-speaking

I dread-ed the first Ro - bin. But He is mas - tered now, I'm
some accustomed to him grown. It hurts a little, though I thought if I could only...

live Till that first Shout got by Not all Pianos in the woods Had power to mangle me

I dared not meet the Daffodils For fear they Yellow...
Gown Would pierce me with a fashion So Foreign to my own

I wished the grass would hurry So when 'twas time to see

He'd
be too tall the tal-lest one could stretch to look at me.
I could not bear the bees should come
I wished they'd stay away

Emily don't play. Just let reverberate
In those dim countries where they go, what word had they, for me? They are here though, not a creature failed.
Emily

No Blos - som stayed a-way
In gen - tle def-er-ence to me

Fl.

mf

mf

mf

mf

mf
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.

Vln.

mf

mf

mf

f

Pno.

mf

mp cresc.
cresc.
cresc.
cresc.

f

The Queen of Cal - va - ry

optional

Emily

The Queen of Cal - va - ry

Fl.

mf

mf

f

Vln.

p

2

2

2

2

2

2

Pno.

p

p

p

p

p

p
Freely, like a small cadence

Each

Sempre dim.

Slower, calm \( \frac{d}{\text{sec}} = 32 \)

Sorrowful

Each

I my child - ish

Plumes

Lift in be - reaved ac - knowl - edge - ment

Rit.
Freely, slow

Emily

Of their un-thinking drums

Fl.

colla voce

Vln.

colla voce

Vc.

colla voce

Freely, slow

Emily

I see life outside through the window But mine is just inside this room
My verses are my gods but to their praying

Introspective, yearning for something

Emily freely interacts with her room.
She walks around, looks through the window and sings for herself...

I find no one to kneel but me

I had a terror

A bit anxious

Emily

A bit anxious

Emily

A bit anxious
I could tell to none
And so I sing as the boy does by the Bury-ing ground

Be-cause I am a-fraid...
News-pa-per pa-ges are filled with si-lence Grief and
Emily Vln. Vc. Pno.

[Throws the newspaper on the floor]

Death...

But,

May be there's a light in this darkness

An essay by Thomas Wentworth

sempre cresc.

A bit faster, building up... \( \mathfrak{d} = 64 \)
[Higgins sings as he enters the stage. He walks to Emily's and stands behind her while she is kneeling. She doesn't see him. He is like a voice in her head.]

Dear young gentleman and young lady

As I say of poetry That is in the perfection and precision of that instantaneous

Pno.

slightly arpeggiando...
There may be years of crowded passion in a word, and half a life in a sentence. Charge your verse with...
Higginson

Fl.

Vln.

Ve.

Pno.

132

life

Ge-nius is on-ly great

pa-tience

Charge your verse with

life

132

mf

132

p

132

mf

132

Charge your verse with

life

137

Charge your fea-ther with love

Charge your verse with

life

Ge-nius is on-ly great

137

p

137

pizz.

137

Vln.

Ve.

Pno.

137

fp

137

fp
Charge your verse with patience

[leaves the stage]

This is your letter to the world

Let it ressonate
Sublime, in the clouds $\frac{1}{2} = 70$

[Emily gets up, leaving the newspaper on the floor.]

Apparently in the clouds, she moves slowly towards her desk and picks up her quill-pen.

Emily

[if any note written here is impossible to be intonated, please produce it by harmonics.]

Hope is the thing with feathers
That perches in the soul
And sings the tune without the words
And never

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

[Emily gets up, leaving the newspaper on the floor.

Apparently in the clouds, she moves slowly towards her desk and picks up her quill-pen.]

Sublime, in the clouds $\frac{1}{2} = 70$

[if any note written here is impossible to be intonated, please produce it by harmonics.]
Emily

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

166

stops at all

And sweetest in the ga-le is heard and sore must be the storm

That

168

3

gale is heard and sore must be the storm

That

172

could a-bash the lit-tle bird that kept so ma-ny warm

I've

177

somehow airy, distant

expressive

mf

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heard it in the chill-est land
And on the strang-est sea
Yet

never in ex-tre-mi-ty
It asked a crumb of me

al niente, let it die naturally

Let the ressonation die naturally
Surprisingly excited, messy and hurried \( \frac{d}{t} = 84 \)

[Returning to the newspaper on the floor, grabbing it, staring at it with excitement]

\( \text{Free} \)

191

I must write him now!
All things are ready!
And so much has been unheard

[Returning to the newspaper on the floor, grabbing it, staring at it with excitement]

Surprisingly excited, messy and hurried

194

Slower... \( \frac{d}{t} = 58 \)
[Emily starts browsing through her fascicles and loose sheets with her poetry]
I must gather my best poems

halfspoken, well-marked

Swingin' blues

While searching in her fascicles and loose sheets, Emily sings the opening lines from some of her poems.

No pause should happen between each section.

Wild nights...
Wild nights were I with thee

Wild nights should be Our luxury!

There's a certain slant of light On winter afternoons That op res ses like the

Introspective, dark. Straight $d = 56$

expressive, groovy
Live, upbeat, charming, like a vaudeville $d = 88$

Success is counted sweetest
By those who never succeed

weight of Cathedral tunes
236

To comprehend nectar requires sorrow.

236

Meditative, sorrowful $d = 54$

After great pain a

introspective

Meditative, sorrowful

Meditative, sorrowful

After great pain a

introspective
for-mal feel-ing comes
the nerves sit cer- e- mo-ni-ous like
tombs

The stiff heart ques-tions was it

The nerves sit cer-e-mo-ni-ous like
tombs

The stiff heart ques-tions was it

he that bore? and yes-ter-day or cen-tu ries be-
fore?

Some keep the Sab-bath going to church

Some keep the Sab-bath going to church

- - - - - - -

- - - - - - -
255

Emily

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

257

Emily

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Crazy, anarchist $\frac{d}{=} = 112$

1. keep it staying
Emily

[Runs to her desk, picks her quill-pen and writes a letter...]

Breathless, over excited, stumbling in words $j = 60$ approx.

Emily

Mis-ter Hig-gin-son Are you too deep-ly oc-cu-pied to say if me verse’is a-live?

The mind is so
near itself it cannot see distinctly and I have none to ask Should you think it

distinctly and I have none to ask

breathed and had you the leisure to tell me I should feel gratitude If I make the mistake that you dared to tell me,
Emily

would give me sincerer honor toward you

I enclose my name asking you if you please

Emily

Sir, to tell me what is true?

Emily

296 Hopeful, bright $\frac{d}{=60}$

Emily

Sir, to tell me what is true?
This is my letter to the world

That never

wrote to me that simple news that nature told with

expressive

expressive

expressive
Emily

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

coun-try men judge ten-der-ly of me

Even slower

for love of her sweet coun-try men judge ten-der-ly

rit.

colla voce

let vibrate
Slow, unhurried $\downarrow = 40$

Emily Fl. Vln. Vc. Pno.
Amazed, fascinated $d = 66$

[ Thomas Higginson enters, holding Emily's letter ]

T. Higginson

Flute

Violin

Cello

Piano

always with $\frac{10}{\infty}$.

Emily's and Higginson's writing desks are displayed on the stage. They are placed opposite from each other with a bookshelf in the middle.

ACT 2

Rodrigo Camargo
Tankards scooped in Pearl

Not all the frank-fort berries yield such an alcohol

In-

12

eerings through endless summer days from

poco rit... a tempo

mp
inns of mol-ten blue

When Land-lords turn the drunk-en bee
Out of the Fox-glove's door

ACT 2
Butterflies renounce their charms—
I shall but drink the more!
Till Seraphs swing their

Snowy hats and Saints to windows run
To see the little tippler leaning a-

Poco rit... a tempo
47 T. H. gainst the sun To see the little tip-pler leaning against

47 Fl. pp

47 Vln. arco pizz. arco

47 Vc. arco p pizz. pp dolce

47 Pno. pp dolce

rit. 55 a bit slower

53 T. H. the sun

53 Fl. piccolo

53 Vln. p

53 Vc. always arpeggiando, as if it was a guitar.

53 Pno. pp hold the pedal

Note: If the singer cannot whistle effectively, the melody must be assigned to the piccolo.
Somehow mysterious \( \text{\( \downarrow \)} = 50 \)

Who writes such a mysterious letter? Who writes with such a great urge? Emily Dickinson

Is she just a enigma? A child she might not be... A whole life experience is...
carried through a couple or three verses enclosed within. She deserves an

T. H.

answer I won't let her disappear.

T. H.

FP

rit.

T. H.
Still with fascination \( \frac{J}{} = 54 \)

Who are you? who are you?

Always expressive and cantabile

steady and slightly arpeggiando

Who are you?

I'm no body

Are you no body too?

Don't

Then there is a pair of us

I'm no body

Are you no body too?

Then there is a pair of us
Em. 96

T. H. 8

Vc. 96

Pno. 96

Em. 109

T. H. 8

Vc. 100

Pno. 100

Em. 109

T. H. 8

Vc. 100

Pno. 100

To tell they would advertise you know

To be some-body

How dreary

How

To tell one's name the live-long June

To be

To an admiring frog!

To be
How public like a frog
live long June To an admiring bog!
How some body
To tell one's name the live long June To an admiring bog!

How dreary
To be some body
How public like a frog
To tell one's name the live long June
Em.

To an ad-mir-ing

[Thomas Higginson finishes writing the letter on his desk]

T. H.

June To an ad-mir-ing

Vc.

[Gets up and moves to the conductor, handling them the letter he just wrote]

Pno.

How drear-y To be some-bod-y How pu-blic like a frog To tell one's name the live-long June
[The conductor gets off the podium and gives the letter to Emily]

[Emily receives the letter, but doesn’t open it yet]

Always reciting, in a speaking manner

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn

as pp as possible
Indicative that suns go down.

Who am I? I'm no body... The notice to startled grass.

That darkness is about to pass.

[Euphoric \( \frac{1}{4} \) = 112]

Emily goes to her desk to write her response.
Lively, with excitement $\frac{d}{T} = 94$

[Emily sings while seated writing her response letter]

I made no verse but one or two un-til this winter sir. I went to school but
in your manner of the phrase had no education. When a little girl I had a friend who taught me

immortality but venturing too near himself, he never returned. Soon after my tutor

...
Em.
Fl.
Vln.
Vc.
Pno.

168

died, for several years my Lexington was my only companion. Then I found one.

174

more, but he was not contented I was his scholar. So he left the
---|---|---|---|---
180 | land | My companions are the hills and the |  
187 | | | |  
189 | mountains | They are better than beings because they know but do not tell |
have a brother and sister my mother does not care for thought and father too busy with his briefs to notice

what we do He buys many books, but begs me not to read them, because he fears they juggle the
They are religious except me, and address an eclipse every
morning who they call their "Father"

But I fear my story fatigues you
Full, hopeful $d = 66$

[Emily gets up holding her quill-pen]

I'd like to learn could you help me grow

or it's un conveyed like witch-craft or mel-o-

I would like to learn
could you help me grow
or it's uncon-

veryed like witch-craft or melody?

[Emily puts the letter on the center shelf]

Will you let it vibrate
ACT 2

Em.

235

rit.

[ Thomas Higginson picks the letter and opens it ]

be my per-cept-or, mis-ter Hig-gin-son?

235

Fl.

mp

235

Vln.

p

235

Ve.

p

Pno.

T. H.

246

Yes, miss Dick-in-son but I'm a-fraid I can't help much you seem not an

245

Fl.

245

Vln.

p

245

Ve.

p

Pno.
a mat eur poet

T. H.

And I have not such an e vo ca tive mind

I'd glad ly read all your

Vln.

verses every day if that shall be

I can of fer my

friend ship and some

thoughts on the verses I

Vc.

always expressive

Pno.
[The flutist gives the letter to Emily. She promptly opens it]
could not weigh my self, my self!
My size felt small to me
I read your chapters in the,At-

Over excited \( J = 82 \)

Emotive and confident \( J = 60 \)
such a confusing question. Your scholar Dickinson

I'll tell you how the sun rose. A Ribbon
at a time

The spires swam in amethyst

the news, like squirrels run

[Emily goes to the central shelf holding the letter she just wrote]

[Emily puts the letter on the shelf]
Em.  \[ Higginson moves to the center shelf \]

The hills untied their bonnets the bobo-links begun.

Then

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Em.  \[ Higginson picks the letter and opens it \]

I said softly to myself "that must have been the Sun!"

But how he set I know.
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

not There seemed a purple stile
That little yellow boys and girls were

Waltzy ↓ - 44

| Both singing, apart from each other by the center shelf | accel...

Till when they reached the other ther side a Dom i nie in

climbing all the while Till when they reached the other ther side a Dom i nie in

Waltzy ↓ - 44

| Both singing, apart from each other by the center shelf | accel...

Till when they reached the other ther side a Dom i nie in

climbing all the while Till when they reached the other ther side a Dom i nie in
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

342

342

342

342

347

347

347

Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock away

Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock away

More vivid, with energy

I’ll tell you how the sun rose

A Ribbon at a

the hills untied their Bonnets

the bonbon

ACT 2

62
352

The Steeples swan in Amethyst the news, like squirrels run

links begun

Then I said softly to myself “that must have been the Sun!”

But

352

the hills untied their Bonnets the bobby links begun

how he set I know not There seemed a purple stile

That little yellow

357

Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.
softly to myself "that must have been the Sun!"
Till when they reached the other ther side a

boys and girls were climbing all the while
Till when they reached the other ther side a

self "that must have been the sun!"

while Till

when they reached the

when they reached the

Waltzy

accel...

Dominiene in Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock a-

Dominiene in Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock a-

arco

mp sempre cresce.

mp sempre cresce.
More vivid, with energy $\frac{d}{\text{tempo}} = 64$

when they reached the other side a Domini in gray

Slightly faster, if possible $\frac{d}{\text{tempo}} = 68$

when they reached the evening bars and led the flock away

when they reached the other side a Domini in gray
ACT 3

The action takes place in Emily's living room. Displayed on the stage are two chairs and coffee table in the middle, late 19th century style. The chairs are slightly turned outside (to the audience).

Aprehensive $\frac{d}{4} = 48$

Emily Dickinson

Thomas Higginson

Flute

Violin

Cello

Piano

But with presence

The soul selects her own society

Then, shuts the door To her divine ma-

To

door

her divine ma-

To
26 slightly more vivid $d = 58$

I know her

from an ample nation

Choose one
poco rit... a tempo  poco accel...

Then close the valves of her attention like stone

36 a tempo

[Emily Dickinson enters carrying 2 day-lilies]
[Emily hands T. Higginson the day-lilies]

Similar tempo, but the voice may be free

These are my introduction for...
give me, if I am frightened
I never see strangers
and hardly know what I say

To worry about this is needless
I just came to listen to you
I feel honored to finally meet
the person who writes such verses

I have lived in this house day and night
The plants outside I take care
the bread for the family I cook

And at night when I just cannot sleep I walk just some steps to my desk and write there my secret.
At a certain point or have such luminous flashes
It isolates one anyway
where to think beyond a certain point or have such luminous flashes

ACT 3

Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.
As it comes to you, I've always felt that perhaps If... I could just once take you by the hand... I might be something to...
Right hand cluster encompassing the whole chromatic from E3 to E4.

Ritenuto

Each life converges to some center

Expressed or still
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

ists in eve-ry hu-man na-ture a goal Em-bod-ied scarce-ly to it-self it

may be too fair for cred-i-bil-i-ty pre-sump-tion to mar

A-
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

slightly arpeggiando, always

hopeless as the Rainbow's raiment to touch
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Yet perseverance toward sure for the distance how high Unto the Saint’s diligence the distance how high

Like if it was a fascinating secret

Gained it may be by a Life’s low venture but then eternity enable the end of the world and the stars unnumbered
The mere sense of living is enough.
poco rit...

Ahh...

colla voce

colla voce

colla voce

colla voce

colla voce

coppo rit...

to such a want in all future time

And

dim.

dim.

dim.
a bit slower, cautious $\frac{1}{4} = 54$

Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

how does poetry fulfill your life and your own soul? What do you believe?

passionate, but pure and sincere $\frac{1}{4} = 52$

[Emily pulls away a little bit, as if she was speaking to no one]

If I read a book and it makes my whole body so cold

[Emily pulls away a little bit, as if she was speaking to no one]

no fire even can warm me I know that is poetry


If I feel physically as if the top of my head were taken off
162 [Emily wanders slowly in the room, as if Mr. Higginson wasn’t there]

162 change to flute

162 with some freedom, as a brief cadence

162 a bit faster

Let it decay naturally.

170 [While Higginson sings, Emily still wanders in the room, but ultimately goes to the piano and picks her quill-pen placed on the instrument]

It’s e-a-s-y to in-vent a life

God does this e-v-e-r-y day

Let it decay naturally.
Em.
T. H.
Fl.
Vln.
Vc.
Pno.

```
177
Creation but the Gambol Of His authoriy
```

```
182
It's easy to face it
```

```
182
Flute
```

```
182
```

```
182
but with presence
```

```
182
```
The thrift

dev

could scarce af

ord e-

tern i

ty To

Sp

ont ae i
ty

rit...

The

let the ressonation decay naturally.

Keep pedal pressed until sound is completely gone.

Slow, ethereal \( \frac{m}{4} = 34 \)

Perished pattern murmur But His Perturb less plan

here a sun

There leaving out a man

As if it was a little music box

Always con Ped
ACT 3

[Emily Approaches Higginson holding her quill-pen]

205

rit...

210

Recit, a bit faster \( \frac{1}{\text{dotted quaver}} = 46 \)

210

Of our great-est acts we are ig-no-rant

210

The vein can-not thank the ar-ter-y___

210

but her solm-ness to

Hold the pedal.

Let it decay naturally.
Emily gives her quill-pen to Higginson

You were not aware that you saved my life gently, but articulating each syllable
Dickinson I will never forget this day
That rare sparkling light entranced in fiery mist of your verses and letters
Now have a face now have a voice

Now have a face now have a voice

Dim. poco a poco...
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Say in a long time... in a long time... that will be

hope I can see you again some time...

dim. poco a poco...

dim. poco a poco...

dim. poco a poco...

dim. poco a poco...

dim. poco a poco...

Say in a long time... in a long time... that will be

near-er Some time is nothing Some time is never... For ever
is composed of nows 'Tis not a different time Except for infiniteness and latitude of

Expressive and peaceful $\frac{j}{d} = 68$

home From this experienced here Remove the
dates to these Let months dissolve in further

months And Years exhale in years

Without debate or
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

With out de bate or pause or cel e -

With out de bate or pause
bratted days As infinity our Years would be As Anno Domini
From this experienced here Remove the dates to these Let months dissolve in further

Even slower, calm and peaceful \( \frac{d}{=42} \) rit...

As infinity our years would be As Anno domini al niente...

Hold as long as possible, decaying little by little. The voices can finish first.
VITA

Rodrigo Camargo is a Brazilian composer. He studied Composition (BM) at Rio de Janeiro Federal University (UFRJ) with Marcos Nogueira and Liduino Pitombeira. His music has been played at events such as Panorama da Música Brasileira Atual (Brazilian contemporary music panorama), Série Compositores, Bienal da Música Brasileira Contemporânea, Atlantic Music Festival and Penn State New Music Festival. His works have been performed by contemporary music groups like Quinteto Lorenzo Fernandez, Quarteto Kalimera, Orquestra de Sopros da UFRJ (UFRJ Wind Ensemble) Homegrown Music Ensemble and Orquestra Filarmônica SCAR. In 2022 he released his first EP “5 Poemas de Fernando Pessoa” on streaming platforms. This was followed by the early 2023 release of “Two Duos”.

Rodrigo plans to receive his Masters degree in Composition at LSU in May 2023. He is from the studio of Dr. Mara Gibson.