Emily Somebody: a Chamber Opera in Three Acts

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EMILY SOMEBODY:
A CHAMBER OPERA IN THREE ACTS

A Thesis

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Louisiana State University and
Agricultural and Mechanical College
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
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by
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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.
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).

Freely, but fast and explosive

Slower, losing energy...

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

[Emily Dickinson enters]

I dreaded the first Robin so. But He is mastered now, I'm

Music by Rodrigo Camargo

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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

man gle me I dared not meet the Daffodils For fear they Yellow

29
Emily

Gown Would pierce me with a fashion So For eign to my own

Fl.

For eign to my own

Pno.

I wished the grass would hurry So when t'was time to see He'd

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.
be too tall the tallest one could stretch to look at me
Emily

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

50

50

50

50

Emily

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

54

54

54

54

I could not bear the bees should come

I wished they'd stay away

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 Blossom stayed away
In gentle deference to me

Fl.

The Queen of Calvary

Fl.

Fl.

Vln.

Vln.

Vn.

Vc.

Pno.

Pno.
Freely, like a small cadence

Each

sempre dim.

p dolce, but marking the bass

p dolce

And I my child - ish

p
dolce

Slower, calm \( \dot{=} 32 \)
sorrowful

one sa - lutes me, as he goes

- - - -

Lift in be - reaved ac - knowl - edge - ment
Introspective, yearning for something $J = 50$

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

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

I find no one to kneel but me. I had a terror.

A bit anxious $J = 60$
I could tell to none And so I sing as the boy does by the Burying ground

And so I sing

[Casually picking up a newspaper]

Because I am afraid... News-paper pages are filled with silence Grief and

menacing...
[Throws the newspaper on the floor]

[107] Emily

[107] Fl.

[107] Vln.

[107] Ve.

[107] Pno.

[109] A bit faster, building up... \( \text{\_} = 64 \)

[109] Emily

[109] Fl.


[109] Ve.

[109] Pno.

A bit faster, building up...

Death...

But,

May be there's a light in this darkness

An essay by Thomas Wentworth
Higginson 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

Slower $j = 50$
Repeat many times as wanted

slightly arpeggiando... subito $p$ slightly arpeggiando, sempre
line that the claim to immor-
tal-ity is made

There may be years of crowded pas
ing in a word, and half a life in a sen-
tence Charge your verse with
Higginson

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

Higginson

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

ACT 1
[Moving away, exiting the stage, but without giving the back to the audience.]

...Charge your verse with life...

...This is your letter to the world...

Let it resonate...
ACT 1

Emily

Sublime, in the clouds \( \frac{1}{4} = 70 \)

[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.]

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

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

Hope is the thing with

Always with deep feeling.

As soft as possible

Always delicate and resonant.

Emily

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

V lle. That perches in the soul And sings the tune without the words And never
Emily

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

stops at all
And sweetest in the gale is heard and sore must be the storm That

Emily

Fl.

could a-bash the little bird that kept so many warm

I've somehow airy, distant

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.
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 $d = 84$

(Returning to the newspaper on the floor, grabbing it, staring at it with excitement)

I must write him now! All things are ready! And so much has been un-heard

[Emily starts browsing through her fascicles and loose sheets with her poetry]

Slower... $d = 58$

(Emily starts browsing through her fascicles and loose sheets with her poetry)
Emily Fl. Vln. Vc. Pno.

195

I must gather my best poems

Emily

197

halfspoken, well-marked

Emily

198

Swingin’ blues

Emily

[fWhile searching in her fascicles and loose sheets, Emily sings the opening lines from some of her poems. No pause should happen between each section.]

Emily

201

Wild nights

Emily

207

 sancto ad lib.
Wild nights
were I with thee

Wild nights should be
Our luxury!

There's a certain slant of light
On winter afternoons
That operates like the

Introspective, dark. Straight $\dot{=}$ 56
Live, upbeat, charming, like a vaudeville. 

Success is counted sweetest
By those who never succeed.
To comprehend nectar
Requires sor est
After great pain a
Meditative, sorrowful $\frac{1}{2} = 54$
Introspective

After great pain a
Meditative, sorrowful $\frac{1}{2} = 54$
Introspective
for-a-val feeling comes

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

The stiff heart ques-tions was it

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

Some keep the Sab-bath going to church

Serious, com-mitted \( \dot{\omega} = 54 \)
Crazy, anarchist \( \dot{=} \ 112 \)

Emily

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.
Emily

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

\[\text{Emily} \quad \text{Mr. Higgins}\]

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

breathed and had you the leisure to tell me I should feel quick 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

Fl.

pp

Vln.

pp

Vc.

arco

p

Pno.

p

296  Hopeful, bright \( \dot{\breve{\text{d}} = 60 \) \( mp \)

Sir, to tell me what is true?

Fl.

p dolce and delicate

Vln.

p dolce and delicate

Vc.

p dolce and delicate

Pno.

p dolce and delicate
Emily

This is my letter to the world. That never

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

p [singing, holding the quill-pen]

wrote to me that simple news that nature told

p

p

expressive

expressive

expressive

That never
Emily Fl. Vln. Vc. Pno.

328
country men judge tenderly of me

331

334

335 Even slower

rit.

334 quiet, as if speaking to herself.

colla voce
Slow, unhurried $\frac{1}{4}=40$

Emily

Fl.

Vln.

Ve.

Pno.
Amazed, fascinated $\frac{4}{4} = 66$

[ Thomas Higginson enters, holding Emily's letter ]

||| |
|---|---|---|---|
| T. Higginson | Flute | Violin | Cello |

Piano

always with $\frac{2}{2}$.

ACT 2

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.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

1 taste a liq-uor nev-er__ brewed From
T. H.

Tankards scooped in Pearl Not all the frankfort berries yield such an alcohol In-

Fl.

ebriate of air am I and debauche of dew Reeling thro' endless summer days from

Vln.

Pno.

Vc.

poco rit... a tempo

mp

pizz.

Reeling thro' endless summer days from

Poco rit. a tempo

mp

pizz.
When landlords turn the drunk-en bee
Out of the Fox-glove's door
When
Butterflies renounce their dreams—I shall but drink the more! Till Seraphs swing their stars...
To see the little tippler leaning against the sun

Note: If the singer cannot whistle effectively, the melody must be assigned to the piccolo

always arpeggiando, as if it was a guitar.

hold the pedal
Somehow mysterious \( \frac{1}{\text{d}} = 50 \)

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

Is she just an enigma? A child she might not be... A whole life experience is

exhale through the flute
carried through a couple or three verses enclosed within.

She deserves an

answer I won’t let her disappear.
87  Still with fascination \( J = 54 \)

T. H.  
\[ \text{mf} \]

Vc.  
\[ \text{mp always expressive and cantabile} \]

Pno.  
\[ \text{p steady and slightly arpeggiando} \]

Em.  
\[ \text{mp} \]

T. H.  
\[ \text{p} \]

Vc.  
\[ \text{mf} \]

Pno.  

Who are you?  
who are you?

I'm no-bod-y  
Are you no-bod-y too?

Don't  

Then there is a pair of us
Em.

Vc.

Pno.

tell they would advertise you know

How dreary

How

To be some body

To public like a frog

To an admiring bog!

To be
To an ad mir ing

[Thomas Higginson finishes writing the letter on his desk]

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

[Em.]

[To an ad mir ing

June To an ad mir ing

[Em.]

[T. H.

[How dre ar y____ To be some bod y How pu blic like a frog To tell one's name the live long June

[Get's up and moves to the conductor, handling them the letter he just wrote]

[Em.]

[T. H.

[Vc.

[How dre ar y____ To be some bod y How pu blic like a frog To tell one's name the live long June

[Pno.

[Pno.]
To an admiring—Bog

[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 possible
Indicative that suns go down

Who am I? I'm no body...

That darkness is about to pass
Lively, with excitement $ \dot{\tau} = 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
imortality but venturing too near himself, he never returned. Soon after my tutor
168

Em.  
Fl.  
Vln.  
Vc.  
Pno.  

died, for several years my lex - ing - ton was my on-ly com-pan-ion
Then I found one

174

Em.  
Fl.  
Vln.  
Vc.  
Pno.  

more, but he was not con-tend-ed I be his schol-ar So he left the
Em.

land

My com - pan - ions are the hills and the

Fl.

f

mp

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

mount - ains

They are bet - ter than beings be - cause they know but do not tell I
have a broth-er and sis-ter my mo-ther does not care for thought and fa- ther too bus-y with his briefs to no- tice

what we do He buys man-y books, but begs me not to read them, be-cause he fears they jog-gle 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 \( \frac{d}{d} = 66 \)

\[\text{[Emily gets up holding her quill-pen]}\]

I'd like to learn could you help me grow

or it's un conveyed

like witch-craft or mel o-

or it's unconveyed

like witchcraft or melodys

dy? I would like to learn
Emily: Could you help me grow or it's uncon-veyed like witch-craft or melody?

[Emily puts the letter on the center shelf]

Will you let it vibrate?
235  Em.
be my per-cept-or, mis-ter Hig-gin-son?

235  Fl.

235  Vln.

235  Vc.

235  Pno.

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

245  Fl.

245  Vln.

245  Vc.

245  Pno.
I am an amateur poet. And I have not such an evocative mind. I'd gladly read all your verses every day if that shall be.

I can offer my friendship and some thoughts on the verses I always expressive.
The flute gives the letter to Emily.
She promptly opens it
could not weigh myself, myself! My size felt small to me. I read your chapters in the, At-

Over excited \( \frac{3}{8} \) = 82

Emotive and confident \( \frac{3}{8} \) = 60

I was sure you'd not reject...
such a confounding question. your scholar Dickinson

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

\[ \text{Emily rises and sings} \]
at a time

The ste-eples swam in am-e-thyst

the news, like

squid

run

More vivid, with energy \( \frac{d}{\text{b}} = 64 \)

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

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

The hills untied their bonnets
Then the bobo-links begun

[Higginson picks the letter and opens it]

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

But how he set I know
not There seemed a purple stile

that little yellow boys and girls were

- - -

Boys and girls were

climbing all the way.

Till when they reached the other side a Domini

in

accel...
Em.

\[ \begin{align*}
342 & \quad \text{sempre cresc.} \\
& \quad \text{Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock away}
\end{align*} \]

T. H.

\[ \begin{align*}
342 & \quad \text{sempre cresc.} \\
& \quad \text{Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock away}
\end{align*} \]

Fl.

\[ \begin{align*}
342 & \quad \text{mp} \\
& \quad \text{arco}
\end{align*} \]

Vln.

\[ \begin{align*}
342 & \quad \text{mp} \\
& \quad \text{arco}
\end{align*} \]

Vc.

\[ \begin{align*}
342 & \quad \text{mp} \\
& \quad \text{sempre cresc.}
\end{align*} \]

Pno.

\[ \begin{align*}
& \quad \text{mp} \\
& \quad \text{sempre cresc.}
\end{align*} \]

\[ \text{More vivid, with energy} \quad q = 64 \]

Em.

\[ \begin{align*}
347 & \quad f \\
& \quad \text{I'll tell you how the sun rose}
\end{align*} \]

T. H.

\[ \begin{align*}
347 & \quad mf \\
& \quad \text{A Ribbon at a}
\end{align*} \]

Fl.

\[ \begin{align*}
347 & \quad f \\
& \quad \text{the hills untied their Bonnets}
\end{align*} \]

Vln.

\[ \begin{align*}
347 & \quad ff \\
& \quad mf
\end{align*} \]

Vc.

\[ \begin{align*}
347 & \quad ff \\
& \quad mf
\end{align*} \]

Pno.

\[ \begin{align*}
347 & \quad ff
\end{align*} \]
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

352

time The Ste-eples swan in Am-c-thyst the news, like squir-rels run

links be-gun Then I said soft-ly to my-self "that must have been the Sun!"

But

352

Ste-eples swan in

Then I said

Am-c-thyst the news, like squir-rels run

352

the hills un-tied their Bon-nets

357

how he set I know not

the bo-bo-links be-gun

Then I said

There seemed a pur-ple stile

That lit-tle yel-low

63
softly to myself "that must have been the Sun!"

T. H. boys and girls were climbing all the while

Fl. Till when they reached the other ther side a

Pno.

accel...

Em. Dom i nie in Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock a-

T. H. Dom i nie in Gray put gently up the evening bars and let the flock a-

Fl. mp sempre cresc.

Vln. arco sempre cresc.

Vc. arco sempre cresc.

Pno. mp sempre cresc.
More vivid, with energy $d = 64$

way Till when they reached the other side a Dom-i-nie in gray Put

way Till when they reached the other side a Dom-i-nie in gray Put

Slightly faster, if possible $d = 68$
other side a dom-i-nie in gray
Put gen-tly up the eve-ning bars and led the flock a-
other side a dom-i-nie in gray put gen-tly up the eve-ning bars and led the flock a-

way!

way!

way!

way!

way!
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).
ACT 3

25 (d=1) [slightly more vivid d = 58]

I know her

from an ample nation

Choose one

69
Then close the valves of her attention like stone

[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...
Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

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
It isolates one any

where to think beyond a certain point or have such luminous flashes.
As it come to you, I've always felt that perhaps if

[holds Emily's hands]

I could just once take you by the hand and I might be something to
[Emily shyly recovers her hands]

Your generosity disables my lips as it electrifies.

Ritenuto

it also makes decrepit

Each life converges to some center expressed or still expressed.

sul pont.

delicate, almost arpeggiando

right hand cluster encompassing the whole chromatic from E3 to E4.
ists in every human nature a goal
Embodied scarcely to itself it

may be too fair for credibility presumption to mar

ACT 3
dared with caution as a brittle heaven to reach. Were

3

slightly arpeggiando, always

hopeless as the Rainbow's raiment to touch
Yet persevered toward sure for the distance how high
Unto the Saint's slow diligence

Sky Un gained it may be by a Life's low venture but then eternity enable then deavoring

Em.
T. H.
Fl.
Vln.
Vc.
Pno.

Em.
T. H.
Fl.
Vln.
Vc.
Pno.

Em.
T. H.
Fl.
Vln.
Vc.
Pno.
The mere sense of living is joy enough.

But have you ever wanted a job? Have you ever had a desire to travel? Have you ever wished to see other people?
126 poco rit...  

Ahh...  I nev-er thought of con-ceiv-ing that I could ev-er have the slight-est ap-proach

128 a bit faster, $\frac{d}{dx} = 58$

well articulated, with mockery tone

colla voce

colla voce

colla voce

colla voce

colla voce

poco rit...  

to such a want in all fu-ture time

And

dim.  

dim.  

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

 passionate, but pure and sincere $\frac{3}{2}$
Em.

no fire ev - e f can warm me
I know that is po-e-try

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

If I feel phy - sic - al - ly as if the top of my head were tak-en off

141

145

147
cresc.
dim.

A CT 3
I know that is poetry. And this is how I know it.

Is there any other way?
[Emily wanders slowly in the room, as if Mr. Higginson wasn't there]

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

Let it decay naturally.

87
The thriftiness could scarcely afford even...
194 Slow, ethereal \( \frac{3}{4} = 34 \)

Proceed inserting

Em.

T. H.

Fl.

Vln.

Vc.

Pno.

199

here a sun

There leaving out a man

204 even slower, very calm \( \frac{3}{4} = 30 \)

P as if it was a little music box

Always con *Ped*
[Emily Approaches Higginson holding her quill-pen]

Recit, a bit faster \( \frac{3}{4} = 46 \)

Of our great-est acts we are ig-no-rant
The vein can-not thank the ar-ter-y
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

You were not aware that you saved my life

You were not aware that you saved my life

You were not aware that you saved my life

You were not aware that you saved my life
Dickinson: I will never forget this day

That rare sparkles of light enclosed in fiery mist of your verses and letters

now have a face

now have a voice

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

hope I can see you again sometime...

dim. poco a poco...

der.

nearer Some time is nothing Some time is never...
For ever

a tempo
is composed of new's  'Tis not a different time  Except for infiniteness and latitude of

Expressive and peaceful $d = 68$

home  From this experienced here  Remove the

slow arpeggio
ACT 3

dates ______ to these Let months dis-solve in fur-ther

months And Years ______ ex-hale in years

With-out de-bate ______ or__
From this experienced here Remove the

dates to these Let months dis
ACT 3

**Em.**

```
285 a bit slower \( \frac{\text{d}}{\text{r}} = 58 \)
```

```
\[ \text{From this ex-perience here} \quad \text{Re-mo} \text{ve the dates} \quad \text{to these} \quad \text{L} \text{e} \text{t months dis-solve in fur-ther} \]
```

**T. H.**

```
From this ex-peri-enced here \quad \text{Re-move the dates} \quad \text{to these} \quad \text{L} \text{e} \text{t months dis-solve in}
```

---

**Em.**

```
297
```

```
\[ \text{months} \quad \text{And Years ex-hale in years} \quad \text{With-out de-bate or pause} \quad \text{Or ce} \text{-le-brat-ed days} \]
```

**T. H.**

```
\[ \text{further months} \quad \text{And Years} \quad \text{ex-hale in years} \quad \text{With-out de-bate or pause} \quad \text{Or ce} \text{-le-brat-ed days} \]
```

---

**Em.**

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

```
\[ \text{As in-finity} \quad \text{our years would be} \quad \text{As An-no do-mi-ni-} \quad \text{al niente...} \]
```

**T. H.**

```
\[ \text{As in-finity} \quad \text{our years would be} \quad \text{As An-no do-mi-ni-} \quad \text{al niente...} \]
```

---

**Fl.**

```
\[ \text{p al niente...} \]
```

**Vln.**

```
\[ \text{p al niente...} \]
```

**Vc.**

```
\[ \text{p al niente...} \]
```

---

*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.