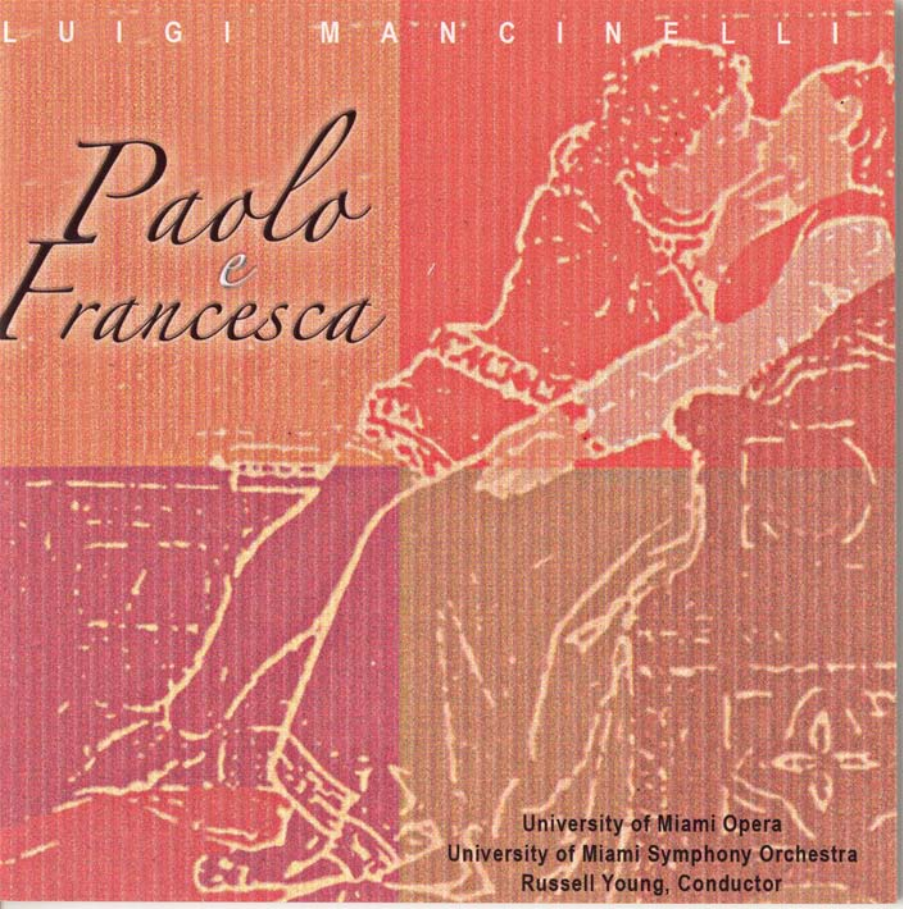


L U I G I M A N C I N E L L I

*Paolo  
e  
Francesca*



University of Miami Opera  
University of Miami Symphony Orchestra  
Russell Young, Conductor

PAOLO e FRANCESCA

by

Luigi Mancinelli

(1848-1921)

Lyric drama in one act

Libretto: Arturo Colautti, after Dante

World Premiere: Bologna, Italy, November 11, 1907

US Premiere: Miami, Florida, February 28, 2002

Paolo .....	Nicholas Perna
Francesca .....	Rosa Vento
Il Matto .....	Frank Ragsdale
Gianciotto .....	Leo Skeffington

The University of Miami Symphony Orchestra  
Russell Young, Conductor

The University of Miami Opera Theater Chorus

Olivia Ball, Rachel-Kate Beige, Celeste Brito, Sarah Bright, Toni Casamassina,  
Carolina Castells, Lara Cottrill, Chelsea Davis, Cate Dundon, Tara Ezell, Hsiao-Chien Chou, Lissette Jimenez,  
Danielle Karliner, Bonnie Lander, Claire Lux, Jean Quinn, Jennifer Rolnick, Jeanette Sommons,  
Tyla Vercollone, Randi Wiener, Alexander Apostolov, Benjamin Eye,  
Jason Hernandez, Omar Lopez-Cepero, David Ramcharitar, Lloyd Reshard, Ian Rose,  
David van Zyll de Jong, Travis Whitlock, Grant Williams

*This recording is made possible by a generous donation from the Dr. M. Lee Pearce Foundation*

Russell Young .....	Conductor
William Hipp .....	Producer
Ross Barentyne-Truluck .....	Musical Assistant
Pornphan Banternghansa .....	Musical Assistant
Kristy Born .....	Musical Assistant
Frank Ragsdale .....	Chorus Master
Domagoj Ivanovic .....	Violin Soloist
Lee-Fei Chen .....	Harp Soloist
Maria Galli Stampino .....	English Translation

## NOTES

Luigi Mancinelli (1848-1921) was a noted Italian composer of works for the stage, concert hall and church as well as for the early cinema. After studying in Florence, he served as cellist in Orvieto and Florence before becoming assistant maestro concertatore at the Teatro Morlocchi in Perugia. As if to anticipate the celebrated rise to fame of Arturo Toscanini, Mancinelli stepped from his role as cellist to the podium to conduct Verdi's *Aida*, a feat which earned him an engagement as conductor at the Teatro Apollo in Rome where he appeared until 1881. Subsequently, his growing fame took him for conducting engagements to Paris, Milan, Bologna, Venice, London, Madrid, and the Metropolitan Opera in New York. During nine seasons as leading conductor, he led the first Met performances of *Werther*, *Falstaff*, *Samson et Dalila*, *Le Cid*, *The Magic Flute*, *La Boheme*, *Don Giovanni* and *Ernani*, as well as his own opera, *Ero e Leandro*. He also conducted in Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires and Lisbon—where he committed suicide in the aftermath of a bankruptcy.

Mancinelli's works for the stage reflect a dramatic temperament. His first opera *Isora di Provenza*, succeeded in Bologna in 1884 but failed in Naples in 1886. His next opera, *Ero e Leandro*, brought him international attention via premieres in London and New York, its libretto by the admiring composer and librettist Arrigo Boito. *Paolo e Francesca* of 1907

ism and classicism of its libretto in an era when the ideals of *versimo* opera, championed by Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini, were exciting audiences everywhere. However, the music of *Paolo e Francesca* is both rich in texture and has moments of real inspiration. It is hoped that this recording will awake a new interest in this important musical figure of the late nineteenth early twentieth-century.

—Frank Cooper

## SYNOPSIS

Prior to the opera, Gianciotto, along with his brother Paolo, engaged in battles for their growing kingdom. Some they fought together, others they battled each other for right of entitlement. On one particular battle, Gianciotto, in an act of dishonor tricked Paolo in a stunning defeat, thereby acquiring the land and the hand of the beautiful Francesca. To her horror, Francesca is brought back to the castle of the loathsome Gianciotto, which he shares with Paolo. As the opera opens, Paolo and the other men of the castle are seen in a hunt. Describing the flight of his pet falcon, Paolo and the men rejoice in the stunning ferocity, and acute hunting expertise of the bird. The jester (Il Matto, or the Fool) watches the action, and as his custom to speak in riddles, tells how the falcon, after catching its prey, is brought back and hooded, not able to enjoy his victory—paralleling the story of Gianciotto and his empty victory in capturing the heart of Francesca. Fearing

## LIBRETTO

### CORO DI UOMINI

Un corteo di palombe!  
Uno stormo di grù!

### PAOLO

Giochiam che son paoni!

### CORO DI UOMINI

Di starnè è una tribù!

### PAOLO

Siete ciechi?  
Quel nugolo lucente è un airon.

### CORO DI UOMINI

Airon! Airon! Airon!

### PAOLO

A me tosto il falcon!

### IL MATTO

Qual più feroce, uom od augello rapace?  
E questo e quello al suo fratello nuoce;  
E l'uno e l'atro scaltro al suo fratel soggiace.

### PAOLO

Il mio falcon, se gli traggio cappello  
più fiero e snello muove la testa,  
e con l'ale s'applaude; nè fraude teme;  
ma cerca laude, come in giostra baron,  
voglia mostrando, e facendosi bello per sua tenzon.  
Vola, o gerfalco, verso il sommo campo;  
Vola qual lampo, o delle nubi fulvido guerriero;  
leggero vola quant oil pensiera; poi torna  
a ragion, e di tue pugne il disiato  
vampo recane in don.  
Ecco: già punta in ciel l'occhio regale,

### CORO DI UOMINI

Qual volo... Qual mira!... S'arresta...  
Si libra... Già rota... Già piomba,  
Il rostro già vibra... È colpo maestro!

### MALE CHORUS

A procession of doves!  
A flock of cranes has flown by!

### PAOLO

I'll bet you it is peacocks instead!

### MALE CHORUS

A tribe of starlings!

### PAOLO

Are you blind?  
That bright cloud is a heron.

### MALE CHORUS

A heron! A heron! A heron!

### PAOLO

Bring me my falcon!

### THE FOOL

Who's fiercer, a man or a bird of prey?  
Both hurt their brother;  
Both shrewdly submit to their brother.

### PAOLO

If I remove its hood, my falcon  
Will move its head fiercely and nimbly;  
It will clap with its wings  
He doesn't fear frauds, but he looks for praise  
Like during a joust a baron shows his eagerness  
and boasts before the fight.  
Fly, o falcon, towards the highest field;  
Fly as lightning, you tawny warrior of the clouds;  
Fly as light as thought and then return to your  
home, bringing back a fiery desire for fighting  
Look: its kingly eyes already aim toward the sky.

### MALE CHORUS

What a flight! What appearance! Now it stops  
Its soars... It turns... it pounces...  
It hits with its beak— a masterful hit

**CORO**

Urna di pianto.. Pallido incanto.  
 Languida vampa...Sogno d'amor..Fior di dolor!  
 Maggio, bel Maggio, generoso Maggio!

**FRANCESCA**

Che se tu dêi fornir novo viaggio per più gentil  
 Rivaggio,  
 Ti rimembra di noi, che in vassallaggio d'amor  
 Commetti a saggio.

**CORO**

Quant' è soave! E quanto è mesta!  
 De' cigli festa...De' cori l'Ave...  
 Maggio, bel Maggio, fuggitivo Maggio!  
 Votiva lampa!  
 Pallido incanto.....  
 Fior di dolor!

**FRANCESCA**

Maggio, bel Maggio!

*(Rileggendo)* "Dite:

da lunga stagione sì forte mi amate?  
 Dall'ora in che fui cavaliero...  
 Per la perfetta fede a me dovuta,  
 Dite: once vi venne questo profondo amore,  
 Che in me poneste?  
 Da voi, da voi sola, Madonna?"

Fosche erme antiche mura, ove mia giovinezza langue in  
 In chuiso dolor, che mai non tace; crudel orto, ove  
 dura (ne basta a mia tristezza) la garrula canzon  
 d'ogni ramace; gente de' fior fugace, che tra  
 sospire e canti chiami per nome in vano;  
 arido fonte arcano, ove indarno versai tutti  
 miei pianti; ditemi, 'n cortesia, come trovi  
 dell'alme Amor la via.

**CHORUS**

Urn dampened with tears... a pale charm.  
 Languid fire...dream of love.. Flower of sadness!  
 May, pretty May, generous May!

**FRANCESCA**

If you can give us new journey for the most gentle  
 People,  
 Remember us who are suspects of love.

**CHORUS**

How sweet she is! And how sad she is!  
 She is a feast for the eye, she is the Ave for a chorus.....  
 May, pretty May, fleeting May!  
 Candle lit with our prayer!  
 Pale enchantment,  
 Flower of sadness!

**FRANCESCA**

May, pretty May!

"You say:

Have you really loved me for such a long time?  
 From the time I was a knight...  
 The perfect faith you owe to me makes you  
 Say: where does this profound love  
 you have towards me come from?  
 From you, from you alone, my lady?"

Dark, closes ancient walls where my sad youth  
 languishes in a hidden pain that never goes away;  
 cruel gardens where the chirping song of each bird  
 resound, and yet it is not equal to my sadness.  
 Crowd of shortened flowers,  
 between whispers and singing I call by name in vain;  
 Dry old fountain, where in vain I poured all my tears,  
 tell me please, How do I find love for my soul?

## IL MATTO

Signori miei, tal foggia principesca  
Di falconer direi non già tedesca, o barbaresca,  
Ma un' esca alla francesca...

## CORO DI UOMINI

Matto, acqua fresca! Assai tua lingua invesca!  
Ma bada alla ventresca!...

## PAOLO

Vil peso della terra, per l'ultima fiata tanto nome  
Profana tua bocca attossicata  
Verme, ti schiaccio!

## IL MATTO

Aita! Aita! Aita! Aita! Aita! Aita!

## GIANCIOOTTO

Cessa!...Matto, che fu?

## IL MATTO

Che fu?  
Nulla...Una gri, che divenne airon, calando giù...  
Torto o ragion, colpa o virtù, pardon, saprallo  
Il mio groppon troppo buon!

## GIANCIOOTTO

Rispondi! Perché Paolo to percosse là giù?

## IL MATTO

Per un nome dolce, come l'arome del pom d' Adam...  
Una parola, sol ache vola e consola la gola...  
Una fola figliuola del cor...

## GIANCIOOTTO

Bada giullar!...Tu giochi la testa in tuo sermon...  
Per la tua Croce, parla! Che vuoi, che sai, buffoon?

## IL MATTO

Dite a fiammata: gela! Dite a toscò: perdona!  
Dite a cinghiale: bela! Dite ad avaro: dona!  
Dite ad amor: ti cela!

## GIANCIOOTTO

## THE FOOL

Gentlemen! I would call this way  
of using a falcon not German, or Barbarian,  
But a French-style bait!

## CHORUS OF MEN

Fool, bring cold water! Your tongue is very insolent!  
But be aware of the food!

## PAOLO

Vile creature of the earth, for the last time your name  
soils your foul mouth!  
Worm, I will crush you

## THE FOOL

Help, Help! Help! Help! Help! Help!

## GIANCIOOTTO

Stop! Fool, what was that?

## THE FOOL

What was that?  
Nothing, only a crane that became a heron on its way  
down...Right or wrong, fault or virtue, Master, my back  
knows it only too well!

## GIANCIOOTTO

Answer! Why did Paolo hit you?

## THE FOOL

For a sweet name like the aroma of Adam's apple...  
A word, one word that flies and comforts the throat...  
A story born of the heart...

## GIANCIOOTTO

Be careful, jester! You are betting your head on what you  
say. For the Cross, speak! What do you want,  
what do you know, clown?

## THE FOOL

Tell the blaze: freeze! Tell a poison: spare a life!  
Tell the wild boar: bleat! Tell a miser: give freely!!  
Tell love hide!

## GIANCIOOTTO

In mostruoso d'ogni legge oblio,  
all'onor suo rubello,  
insidia l'onor mio! Paolo, che ricerchi?

**PAOLO**  
Te stesso...

**GIANCIOTTO**  
Veramente?

**PAOLO**  
Quel vil giullar discaccia!

**GIANCIOTTO**  
Perché?

**PAOLO**  
Troppe è insolente ed ozioso...

**GIANCIOTTO**  
E tu?

**PAOLO**  
L'ozio mio t'assicura il reggimento...

**GIANCIOTTO**  
Assai qui tua vita s'oscura!...  
Gloria più non ti sprona?

**PAOLO**  
Son mio conforto I carmi...A te il vessillo:  
A me basta un leuto.

**GIANCIOTTO**  
E l'armi?

**PAOLO**  
Ambizion d'imperio me più non tenta...  
Orgoglio è levità di fumo...

**GIANCIOTTO**  
E s'io dicessi: "Il voglio?"  
Novellamente in armi la vedova Bologna,  
Più che di gloria, di giustizia vaga.  
Cerca al mio senno un capitan provetto  
Contro il mal che dilaga: ed io respi mi tuo nome

Forgetting all law and rebellious  
to his own honor!  
Paolo, what are you looking for?

**PAOLO**  
You!

**GIANCIOTTO**  
Really?

**PAOLO**  
Send away that vile clown!

**GIANCIOTTO**  
Why?

**PAOLO**  
He is too insolent and lazy...

**GIANCIOTTO**  
What about you?

**PAOLO**  
My indolence will ensure that you rule on...

**GIANCIOTTO**  
Your life here has lost all luster!  
Has glory stopped goading you on?

**PAOLO**  
Poems comfort me...You can hear the banner:  
A lute is enough for me.

**GIANCIOTTO**  
What about the weapons?

**PAOLO**  
I am no longer tempted to rule.  
Pride is just thin smoke...

**GIANCIOTTO**  
And if I said: "I want you to?"  
Without a ruler, Bologna has again taken up arms,  
Searching for justice more than for glory.  
Bologna asked me for a skillful captain against spreading  
evil; and I gave that city your perfect name.

**GIANCIOOTTO**

E quando?

**PAOLO**

Doman.

**GIANCIOOTTO**

Sull'elsa giura...Il comando!

**PAOLO**

Sul nome nostro guiro!

Maria Vergine m'oda...

**GIANCIOOTTO**

E così sia!

Ei l'ama! Ei l'ama!

Ei l'ama! Non partirà, lo sento

Qui lo ritien sua brama per mio tormento.

O gelosia, reina degli affanni,

Gelida arsura e brivido di morte,

Mentre discendo la scalea degli anni,

Perchè mi serri fra le tue ritorte?

Per te la terra è gran selva d'inganni, ospizio di dolor

Qgn'aurea corte: elleboro non val contro tuoi Danni

Nè contro tua malia gorgiera è forte.

Non più sogni di Gloria e di ventura! Non più vigilie

Di preghiere e d'armi! Non più di giocondezza carmi!

Come ruggine rode l'armatura,

Silenzioso vermo dell'onor,

Tu mi consumi in lenta febre il cor!

Dove n'ite, Madonna?

**FRANCESCA**

Alla maggior Reina.

**GIANCIOOTTO**

Gran bisogno vi sprona d'implorar

La divina clemenza?

**FRANCESCA**

È la preghiera balsamo leniente,

Oriente aroma ad anima dolente...

**GIANCIOOTTO**

When?

**PAOLO**

Tomorrow.

**GIANCIOOTTO**

Swear on my sword that you'll go! I order it!

**PAOLO**

I swear on our name!

May the Virgin Mary hear me...

**GIANCIOOTTO**

So be it!

He loves her! He loves her!

He loves her! He won't leave, I feel it.

His desire to torment me keeps him here.

O jealousy! Queen of sorrows,

Cold fire and rush of death,

Why do you hold me tight in your grip

as I grow older?

For you the earth is full of traps

and every gilded court a house of pain.

No medicine counts against your damages nor any

protection works against your spell.

No more evenings of prayer and alms! No more playful

songs. Like rust eats the armor,

silent worm of honor,

You consume my heart with a slow fever!

Where are you going, my lady?

**FRANCESCA**

To the Madonna.

**GIANCIOOTTO**

A big desire pushes you to implore for

Divine forgiveness?

**FRANCESCA**

Prayer is a soothing comfort,

Oriental perfume for a sorrowful soul.



**IL MATTO**

Covate nei nidi men fidi,  
Piumate tribù.

**CORDO DI UOMINI**

Malatesta s'inselva, Alla belva!...ecc

**GIANCIOOTTO**

Ben altro affatico nimico, più scaltro, più vil.

**IL MATTO**

Vo in traccia d'un lup, che cupo minaccia l'ovil.

**CORO DI UOMINI**

Sant'Uberto! Alla belva!

**GIANCIOOTTO**

D'un fosco mi cale cignale, che il bosco smarri.

**IL MATTO**

Esulta, mia l'ama! Mia dama, sussulta così.

**TUTTI**

A caccia!...

**CORO DI UOMI**

Sant'Uberto, ecc.

**FRANCESCA**

Squilla del vespro, squilla di Maria tu nunzi

Del mio cor l'aspra agonia!

Clemente Iddio,

Perdona alla fralezza:

Tu creasti l'amore, e tu lo spezza!

**IL MATTO**

(Alla cuna dell' Aurora la mia prora urgi,

o flutto sonno lento; gonfia, o vento, la mia vela;

e tu rindora, sole il mio vessil cruento!)

**FRANCESCA**

O mia Ravenna, o dolce cuna, antico nido dei sogni,

Più non ti vedrò! E tu, padre terro d'ogni nimico,

Invanamente, in pianto attendero!

**PAOLO****THE FOOL**

Feathered tribes, you hatch in the least secure  
Of nests.

**MALE CHORUS**

Malatesta heads for the woods! Let's hunt the boar!

**GIANCIOOTTO**

I am tiring a different enemy,  
one who's wilier and more vile.

**THE FOOL**

I follow the prints of a wolf who threatens the pen, darkly.

**MALE CHORUS**

Saint Hubert! Into the wood!

**GIANCIOOTTO**

I am interested in a swarthy boar lost in the wood.

**THE FOOL**

My soul, celebrate! My lady, jump for joy!

**EVERYONE**

To the hunt!

**MALE CHORUS**

Saint Hubert! Etc.

**FRANCESCA**

Bells of the evening, bells of the Virgin,

You bring the news of my heart's harsh pain.

O merciful God.

Forgive my frailty.

You created love and you broke it.

**THE FOOL**

(Sleepy waves, push my boat towards the cradle dawn

O wind, blow my sail; sun, let your golden light shine on

my cruel banner again!)

**FRANCESCA**

O my Ravenna! O sweet cradle, ancient nest of dreams.

Nevermore will I see you again. And you, father, terror

Of every enemy, I will wait for you in vain, tearfully!

**PAOLO**

Ti venerai, si come effigie benedetta:  
Ed or mi vieti di chiamarti a nime,  
O tra le donne eletta!

**FRANCESCA**

Partite!...

La vittoria v'ingemmerà di gloria la fronte,  
O sognator.

**PAOLO**

Obbedirò

Che giova mia vita a miglior prova  
Se non l'irraggia amor?  
Quali colombe dal disio chiamate,  
Verran per l'aer miei dolci sospiri  
Leggeramente, quando muoia il giorno;  
E su tua fronte, ch'è Diana stella,  
Movendo I crini come foglie d'oro, faranti amica  
con lor tristi lai

**FRANCESCA**

E come i gru van cantando lor lai,  
Non tosto nato del congedo il giorno; similmente  
Aterni i miei sospiri risponderanno a  
tue dolci chiamate, fin che non sorga più benigna  
stella a benedirti con suo lume d'oro.

**PAOLO**

Non l'oro io chieggo di benigna stella.

**FRANCESCA**

Ne vedra giorno il fin de miei sospiri...

**PAOLO**

Ne taceran di mie chiamate i lai.

**FRANCESCA**

Ciell!

**IL MATTO**

Tardi, o pallida signora, fida prora qui m'addusee:  
Tardi, o mai I bei raj vidi, e il riscio che rincora:  
Tardi giunsi, e troppo amai.

I used to adore you like the image of a saint,  
and now you forbid me from calling your name,  
you chosen one among all women!

**FRANCESCA**

Leave!

Victory will place a jeweled crown on your head,  
You dreamer.

**PAOLO**

I will obey!

What good is any trial to my life  
if love doesn't shine on it?  
Like doves roused by love,  
My sweet breaths will come to you lightly, in the air  
at the end of the day;  
they will befriend you with their sad songs as they move  
your hair like golden leaves on your brow,  
which to me is the morning star.

**FRANCESCA**

And like the cranes go singing their songs  
as the end of the day approaches,  
so my sighs will answer  
to your sweet calls until another benign  
star will rise to bless you with its light of gold.

**PAOLO**

I don't ask for the gold of a benign star.

**FRANCESCA**

The day will never come when I stop sighing

**PAOLO**

Nor will my call stop.

**FRANCESCA**

O heaven!

**THE FOOL**

My pale lady, a faithful boat led me here too late;  
too late, or never did I see the beautiful rays or the  
reassuring face. I arrived late and I loved too much.

PAOLO

Qui...dopo il convegno?

FRANCESCA

Sì!

PAOLO

"E la regina, in vederlo così smunto  
e pallido e doloroso, scoloroso per la pietà nel viso..."

FRANCESCA

"e vacillando, gli cadde tra braccia..."

PAOLO

"e lungamente in sulla bocca  
Lo baciò..."

FRANCESCA

O come mai?

PAOLO

Così!

GIANCIOOTTO

Per l'inferno!...Traditori!...  
Ti difendi!...

PAOLO

Ella è pura...Me punisci!...  
No...Ferisci!...

FRANCESCA

Cessa! In me l'arme s'intrida...  
Io l'amo! Fratricida!

GIANCIOOTTO

Sgombra!  
Tu il volesti!...

PAOLO

Io l'amo!

GIANCIOOTTO

Muori!

IL MATTO

Gran mercè! Bel colpo, affè  
Un, due, fan tre.

PAOLO

The lines after they meet?

FRANCESCA

Yes!

PAOLO

"And the queen, upon seeing him so tired and  
pale and hurt, went pale for the piety in her face..."

FRANCESCA

"she stumbled and fell in his arms..."

PAOLO

... "and kissed him on the mouth...  
deeply..."

FRANCESCA

How do you do that?

PAOLO

Like this!

GIANCIOOTTO

What the Hell's name!...Traitors!  
Defend yourself!

PAOLO

She is pure...Punish me...  
Better yet...Strike me!

FRANCESCA

Stop! Sink your weapon in me!  
O love him! You're killing your own brother!

GIANCIOOTTO

Move aside!  
You asked for it!

PAOLO

I love her!

GIANCIOOTTO

Die!

THE FOOL

That was a great mercy! Great blow!  
One and two, make three.

PAOLO

O pio bacio!...

FRANCESCA

O dolce morte!...

FRANCESCA

O dolce morte!...

FINE DEL DRAMMA

PAOLO

O blessed kiss!

FRANCESCA

O sweet death!

FRANCESCA

O sweet death!

END OF THE PLAY

*Translation by Maria Galli Stampino*

## BIOGRAPHIES

### Rosa Vento (Francesca)

Rosa Vento has performed to popular acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic, including appearances at the Vienna State Opera, Opera di Verona, Deutsche Opera am Rhein, Düsseldorf, Basel, Amsterdam, Tokyo, Opera de Nice, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Austin Lyric Opera, Palm Beach Opera, and Florida Grand Opera. Ms. Vento has performed with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, and has presented recitals in New York (Alice Tully Hall, Bruno Walter Auditorium), and the Hubbard Recital Hall, Miami, Washington, D.C., and at the Tetro Nacional de Santo Domingo. Ms. Vento is the first-place winner of a number of awards, including the Loren L. Zachary Society Competition, Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions, Rosa Ponselle International Competition, Friday Morning Music Club, Palm Beach Opera Auditions, and the

### Nicholas Perna (Paolo)

Nicholas Perna is a graduate of the University of Miami, receiving his degree in vocal performance. Currently pursuing graduate studies at the University of Houston, Mr. Perna was selected as an apprentice artist with the Santa Fe Opera and appeared there in the summer of 2004. Mr. Perna has appeared in productions of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Albert Herring*, *Romeo et Juliette*, Mozart's *La Finta Giardiniera* and *Paola e Francesca*.

### Frank Rasdale (Il Matto)

Mr. Ragsdale is completing his doctoral studies in vocal performance at the University of Miami. A native of Dallas, Texas, Mr. Ragsdale received his undergraduate degree from Atlantic Union College and his M.M. degree from the Long School of Music in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. Ragsdale has performed throughout the world sponsored by the U.S. Embassy to do three consecutive tours of Central America promoting the arts. Dr.

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the University of Miami Voice Faculty;  
and the students of the University of Miami Opera Theater

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