



Marian Marsh

Soprano

Soprano Marian Marsh appeared at Cabrillo in the 1968 performance of Frank Martin's opera, "Le Vin Herbe." Since then, highlights of a busy career as singer and teacher have included performances with the Los Angeles Philharmonic and Orquesta Sinfonica Nacional in Lima, Peru; next season she is scheduled to appear with both the San Francisco and Oakland Symphonies.

Typically enthusiastic press comment on her talent includes statements such as this by Robert Commanday in the San Francisco Chronicle: "Marian Marsh . . . sang with lovely, liquid tone and persuasive musicality." Reviewing her recent Los Angeles performance, Martin Bernheimer said in the Times, "Miss Marsh sang with heroic precision and fine textual clarity."

A native Californian, Miss Marsh made her musical debut at the piano keyboard when she was five. At thirteen she was a church organist. Two years later she discovered her ambition to be a singer. She attended San Francisco State College and has served on voice faculties of Sonoma State College and the San Francisco Conservatory of Music.

World Premiere

PROMETHEUS

Carlos Chavez

Cantata for chorus, solo voices and orchestra

Joseph Liebling, *conductor*

Soloists

Io Marian Marsh
Hermes and Leader of the Chorus Willene Gunn
Power Dudley Knight
Hephaistos Jerry Walter
Caller William Hinshaw, III

Members of the Oakland Symphony Chamber Chorus

Carol Dyk, *Accompanist*

Joan Veldhuizen, *Assistant Accompanist*

Annemarie Fahrenbach, *Manager*

Soprano:

Elizabeth Chu
 Diane De Smidt
 Helen Eiffert
 Susan Gonzales
 Virginia Johnson
 Susan Morris
 Beth Parsons
 Julia Rowell
 Gail Simpson

Alto:

Carol Appleton
 Joyce Baldwin
 Louise Colbourn
 Caroline Hinshaw
 Wendy Robertson
 Mary Sharman
 Joan Veldhuizen
 Joann Weiler
 Linda Windisch

Tenor:

Sandra Dickinson
 Robert Duncan
 Joseph Eckhart
 John Kick
 Richard Kurtz
 Stephen Packard
 Michael Petersen
 Simon Joachim
 Kenneth Small
 Johnny Trimmer

Bass:

Scott Danielson
 Arthur Gonzales
 William Hinshaw
 James Hopkins
 Jerry Hughes
 John Jacob
 Nelson Parker
 Richard Prosser
 John Rabbon
 Russell Sanborn
 Robert Stetson

A desolate, rocky landscape. Enter PROMETHEUS, led by POWER and VIOLENCE, and followed by HEPHAISTOS, who is carrying a hammer, chains and nails.

POWER

To Earth's remotest region are we come,
To the Scythian tract, a wilderness untrodden.
Hephaistos, now must thou perform the charge
Laid on thee by the Father, to clamp fast
This miscreant upon yon high-towering crags
In adamantine fetters none can break.
For thine own flower, bright fire, source of all arts,
He has stolen and given to mortals. Such the sin
For which he must pay penance to the Gods,
That so he may be taught to accept the tyranny
Of Zeus, and cease from championing mankind.

HEPHAISTOS

Power and Violence, for you the charge
Of Zeus is now fulfilled: your part is finished.
But I—no heart is mine to bind by force
A kindred God to this bleak wintry cleft.
Thou proud-souled child of righteous-counselling Themis,
Against thy will and mine I must enchain thee
And ever shall the weight of present misery
Crush thee; for yet unborn is thy deliverer.
Such thy reward for championing mankind;
For inexorable is the heart of Zeus;
And ever harsh is he whose reign is new.

POWER

Enough! Why linger and show pity in vain?
Come then, make haste to cast the fetters round him.

HEPHAISTOS

You see, I have the armlets ready here.

POWER

Cast them about his wrists; then with main strength
Smite with your hammer; rivet him to the rocks.

HEPHAISTOS

The work goes forward in good earnest now.

POWER

Strike harder; clinch; leave nothing loose.

HEPHAISTOS

That arm at least is fixed past hope of loosening.

POWER

Now pin this other firmly,
Drive the stubborn jaw of the steel wedge
Right through his breast; nail it with all thy force.

HEPHAISTOS

Ai, ai, Prometheus! For thy pangs I groan.

POWER

What, shrinking again, and groaning over the foes
Of Zeus!

HEPHAISTOS

Thou seest a spectacle grievous to behold.

POWER

I see this knave here meeting his deserts.
But come now, cast the girths around his ribs.

HEPHAISTOS

Do it I must. Urge me not needlessly.

POWER

Urge you I will, aye, shout my orders too.
Go down below and ring his legs round strongly.

HEPHAISTOS

Well, there that work's done, and with no long toil.
Let us begone, now that his legs are chained.

Exit HEPHAISTOS

POWER, to PROMETHEUS

There now, wax proud; filch from the Gods their rights
To bestow them upon perishing men! What power
Have mortals to relieve thee of these torments?
False is that name given thee by the Gods:
Forethinker! Of forethought thou thyself hast need.

Exit POWER and VIOLENCE. After a long pause PROMETHEUS speaks.

PROMETHEUS

O thou divine Air, and ye breezes swift of wing,
Ye river sources, and the multitudinous laughter
Of Ocean's waves, and universal Mother Earth,
And thou, all-seeing orb of the Sun, to thee I call;
Behold what at the hands of Gods, a God, I endure.
Look, look with what foul torturing pangs
I am crushed, through the myriad lapsing years
Agonized and racked!

Ah, Ah! Ea! Ea!

A sound, hark! A fragrance invisibly assails me!
What is it? divine or mortal, or a blend of both?
Ah, list! What rustling again do I hear?
I am fearful of all that approaches.

CHORUS

Fear naught at all: nay,
'Tis a friendly band that hither
Upon swiftly racing pinions
To thy cliff's foot hath advanced;
For through the windings
Of my cave a clanging sound pierced
As of iron, and from me scared
Shame's timid-eyed reluctance;
So unsandalled I hasted on wing'd car hither.

PROMETHEUS

Aiai! Aiai!
Offspring of fruitful Tethys, ye children
Of him who engirdleth the Earth's whole circle
With the coils of his stream sleeplessly flowing,
Father Okeanos,
Look now and behold with what vile bonds
Pinioned here, nailed fast to this gorge's
Uppermost precipice,
My unwearied watch I am keeping.

LEADER OF CHORUS

Unfold to us now the whole tale and declare
Upon what charge arresting thee doth Zeus
So shamefully and cruelly torture thee.

PROMETHEUS

When first the Deities were moved to wrath,
And factious strife was stirred up in their midst —
Some wishing to cast Kronos from his throne
That Zeus forsooth might reign, others again
Urging that never must Zeus rule the Gods —
So the best course that lay before me seemed
To accept my Mother's aid and range myself,
Willing and welcomed, on the side of Zeus,
Such the benefits
This tyrant of the Gods from me received,
And with this foul reward did he requite me.
But for your question, on what charge he is thus
Torturing me, that will I now make plain.
No sooner was he throned in his father's seat,
Than to the Deities he assigned forthwith
Their several functions, and so portioned out
His empire; only of wretched men no need
He took at all, but wished to annihilate
Their whole race, and create another new.
And herein none withstood him save myself.

LEADER

Didst thou perchance transgress further than this?

PROMETHEUS

Yes; I caused men no more to foresee death.

LEADER

What cure did you discover for this malady?

PROMETHEUS

Within their hearts blind hopes did I implant.

LEADER

Great was the boon you thus bestowed on mortals.

PROMETHEUS

Furthermore it was I who gave them fire.

LEADER

So perishing men have now the flame-eyed fire.

PROMETHEUS

Aye, and therefrom many arts shall they learn.

LEADER

Such were the charges then upon which Zeus . . .

PROMETHEUS

Is torturing me, with no respite from pain.

CHORUS

I mourn lamenting
Thy disastrous doom, Prometheus;
And with teardrops are my cheeks wet, ever welling
From my tender eyes, and falling
From the dewy founts of sorrow.
And now the whole Earth
Crieth out in lamentation,
And it weeps mourning the grandeurs that in old times
Were the glory of thy brethren,
And exalted thee with honour.
The waves of ocean as they fall
Moan aloud; the deep laments;
The gloomy nether abysm of Hades rumbles.
Every fountain and pure-flowing stream
Bewails his piteous anguish.

Enter IO, horned like a cow.

IO

What land? What people? Who is this I see
Bridled in bonds of rock, to the storm-winds
Exposed as a prey?

Ah! Ah! Eh! Eh!

Again a gadfly stings me and torments me!

Io, Io! Despair!

Where, oh where lead me now

My many wanderings?

What was it, say, O Kronian Zeus, what was the sin.

Burn me in flames of fire;

Cover me deep in earth;

Fling me as food

Unto the ocean beasts:

This my supplication

Grudge me not, O Lord.

Oh hear'st thou the changed

Heifer-horn'd maiden's voice?

PROMETHEUS

Indeed I hear that gadfly-haunted maid,
Inachus' child, who fires the heart of Zeus
With love, and now, through Hera's hate, is driven
Ruthlessly on from endless course to course.

IO

How is it thou canst know and utter my father's name?
Tell this tired wanderer, who art thou,
That of my woe thy lips
Speak with such truth.
Tell me all that awaits me still.

PROMETHEUS

Clearly I'll tell thee all thou art fain to know,
Him that gave fire to men thou seest—Prometheus.
But now there is appointed for my torments
No term, till from his tyranny Zeus shall fall.

IO

Can't it be Zeus one day shall fall from empire?

PROMETHEUS

He shall make a marriage that he will one day rue.

IO

Is it by a bride that he shall be dethroned?

PROMETHEUS

A son will she bear, mightier than his sire.

IO

Who then shall loose thee against the will of Zeus?

PROMETHEUS

One of thine own lineage he must be.

IO

How! Shall a son of mine deliver thee?

Eleleu! Eleleu!

Yet again the convulsive dizzying throes
Of frenzy inflame me,
And for terror my heart at my breast knocks loud;
Wildly my eyes are whirling and rolling;
Far out of my course I am swept by a fierce
Gust of delirium; unreined is my tongue;
And at random a stream of turbid words
Beats on dire waves of disaster.

IO rushes out, frenzied.

Enter HERMES.

HERMES

Thou wisehead, thou bitter beyond all bitterness,
Thou who hast sinned against the Gods, bestowing
Honours on perishing men, thou thief of fire!
The Father bids thee say, what is this wedlock
Whereby, thou vauntest, he shall be hurled from power.

PROMETHEUS

There is no torment nor device whereby
Zeus shall prevail on me to utter this,
Till these injurious fetters be unloosed.

HERMES

Consider now whether this course will help thee.

First the Father

With thunderbolt and lightning flame will rend

This jagged cliff and will entomb thy body

But after long, slow ages, to the light

Thou shalt come forth once more. Then the winged hound

Of Zeus, the blood-red eagle, ravenously

Shall tear thy body into one great rag,

All day long

Feasting upon thy liver's blackening flesh.

HERMES to the Chorus

But ye at least, whose compassionate hearts

Grieving would share in his anguish, away!

Tarry not; elsewhere seek shelter afar.

CHORUS

Be his fate what it may, that fain would I share.

Exit HERMES

PROMETHEUS

Lo now in deed, no longer in word,

Earth shudders and rocks;

From the depth roars past me the echoing peal

Of thunder; the lightning flashes forth,

Written ringlets of flame; up swirleth the dust

By whirlwinds rolled; tumultuously

Leaps every wind, blast meeting blast

In a fierce contention of mutual war,

While with the deep the sky is confounded:

So dire is the storm Zeus speedeth against me.

O Earth, my divine Mother! O thou Sky,

Who rollest the wheel of the whole world's light,

Seest thou what wrongs I am suffering?

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