

**REPERTORY FOR AMPA VOICE ADMISSION AUDITIONS PREPARE 4 PIECES: 3  
FROM THE BELOW LIST and 1 OF YOUR OWN CHOICE**

**(1) VOCALISE (choose 1):**

1 Vocalise by Marchesi

1 Vocalise by Vaccai

1 Vocalise by Lütgen

**(2) ARIE ANTICHE (choose 1)**

Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725): O cessate di piagarmi

Antonio Lotti (1667-1740): Pur dicesti, bocca bella

Antonio Caldara (1671-1763): Sebben crudele

Niccoló Jommelli (1714-1774): Chi vuol comprar la bella calandrina

Marco Antonio Cesti (1620-1669): Intorno all'idol mio

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-1736): Se tu m'ami

Giovanni Paisiello (1741-1816): Nel cor piú non mi sento

**(3) GERMAN or FRENCH SONG (choose 1)**

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Litanei

Heidenröslein

An die Musik Ave

Maria

Schäfers Klagelied

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897): Deutsche Volkslieder

Erlaube mir, feins Mädchen

Da unten im Tale

Es war ein Markgraf überm Rhein

Du mein einzig Licht

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Mai

Ici-bas

Dans les ruines d'une abbaye Au  
bord de l'eau

Rêve d'amour

Jean-Baptiste Weckerlin (1821-1910): Bergerettes

Par un matin

L'Amour s'envole Menuet  
d'Exaudet

Ô ma tendre musette Que  
ne suis-je la fougère?

Chantons les amours de Jean  
Bergère légère

Aminte

Jeunes fillettes

Maman, dites-moi

Non, je n'irai pas au bois

Philis plus avare que tendre

Non, je ne crois pas

Trop aimable Sylvie Venez,  
agréable printemps

Je connais un Berger discret

Nanette

Chaque chose a son temps

Lisette

La Mère Bontemps

**(4) SONG OF YOUR OWN CHOICE (choose 1)**

**(5) PREPARE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING MONOLOGUES:**

**FEMALE APPLICANTS:**

**(1) ANTIGONE NOW by Melissa Cooper**

ANTIGONE:

What are you waiting for then? Hoping I'll melt and beg forgiveness? I won't. I don't even know how.

We don't speak the same language, uncle. I see your lips move, but I don't know what the sounds mean. And I can't even breath without disgusting you. It's true, it's always been true. You wince every time you lay eyes on me. You hate me because you know your precious son loves me. How can he love me? I don't know. I see what you see. I'm a freak, a monster. I'm too big, too sharp, too clumsy, too spikey. I'm a running sore.

Do I scare you, uncle? Because I'm starting to think I scare you. Me scare you. Look at me, everyone. How big am I? How tall? How scary? Hah! Go ahead, lock me up, wall me in, kill me if you're going to. But guess what? The damage is already done. I burried my brother, and the word's already out.

And you know the thing about words, don't you, uncle? How they move like pollen through the city. If the door is shut, they come in through the window, and if the window's shut, they find a crack in the wall. Light places and dark places, hard places and easy places, it's all the same to them, and there's no law on earth that's going to keep them out.

**(2) A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE by Tennessee Williams**

BLANCHE:

He acts like an animal, has an animal's habits! Eats like one, moves like one, talks like one! There's even something—sub-human—something not quite to the stage of humanity yet. Yes, something—ape-like about him, like one of those pictures I've seen in—anthropological studies! Thousands and thousands of years have passed him right by, and there he is—Stanley Kowalski —survivor

of the stone age! Bearing the raw meat home from the kill in the jungle! And you, you sit here, waiting for him! Maybe he'll strike you or maybe he'll grunt and kiss you! That is, if kisses have been discovered yet! Night falls and the other apes gather! There in the front of the cave, all grunting like him, and swilling and gnawing and hulking! His poker night!—you call it—this party of apes! Somebody growls, some creature snatches at something—the fight is on! God!

Maybe we are a long way from being made in God's image, but Stella—my sister—there has been some progress since then! Such things as art—as poetry and music—such kinds of new light have come into the world since then! In some kinds of people some tenderer feelings have had some little beginning! That we have got to make grow! And cling to, and hold as our flag! In this dark march toward. . . whatever it is we're approaching. . . . Don't—don't hang back with the brutes!

### **(3) PLATONOV by Anton Chekhov**

ANNA:

How can you say that? How can you lie to me, on such a night as this, beneath such a sky? Tell your lies in autumn, if you must, in the gloom and the mud, but not now, not here. You're being watched! Look up, you absurd man! A thousand eyes, all shining with indignation! You must be good and true, just as all this is good and true. Don't break this silence with your little words! There's no man in the world I could ever love as I love you. There's no woman in the world you could ever love as you love me. Let's take that love; and all the rest, that so torments you- we'll leave that to others to worry about. Are you really such a terrible Don Juan? You look so handsome in the moonlight! Such a solemn face! It's a woman who's come to call, not a wild animal!

All right- if you really hate it all so much I'll go away again. Is that what you want? I'll go away, and everything will be just as it was before. Yes...? (she laughs) Idiot! Take it! Snatch it! Seize it! What more do you want? Smoke it to the end, like a cigarette- pinch it out- tread it under your heel. Be human! You funny creature! A woman loves you- a woman you love- fine summer weather. What could be simpler than that?

#### **(4) CRIMES OF THE HEART by Beth Henley**

MEG:

(Spotting her sisters) Good morning! Good morning! Oh, it's a wonderful morning! I tell you, I am surprised I feel this good. I should feel like hell. By all accounts, I should feel like utter hell! Well what's wrong with you two? My God, you look like doom! Oh, I know, you're mad at me 'cause I stayed out all night long. Well; I did.

[...]

Oh, Lenny, listen to me, now, everything's all right with Doc. I mean nothing happened. Well, actually a lot did happen, but it didn't come to anything. Not because of me, I'm afraid. I was out there thinking, "What will I say when he begs me to run away with him? Will I have pity on his wife and those two halfYankee children? I mean, can I sacrifice their happiness for mine? Yes! Oh, yes! Yes, I can!" But ... he didn't ask me. He didn't even want to ask me. I could tell by this certain look in his eyes that he didn't even want to ask me. Why aren't I miserable! Why aren't I morbid! I should be humiliated! Devastated! Maybe those feelings are coming —I don't know. But for now it was ... just such fun.

I'm happy. I realized I could care about someone. I could want someone. And I sang! I sang all night long! I sang right up into the trees!

**MALE APPLICANTS:**

#### **(1) MEDEA by Joseph Goodrich (adaptation of Medea, Euripides)**

JASON:

I'd looked directly at the facts  
And planned accordingly, I'd arranged,  
At no small effort, for you and the boys  
To remain in Corinth, protected and unharmed.  
Yet all you do is undermine my plans,  
Work against your own best interest,  
And the upshot is my hands are tied And  
you leave here with nothing.  
Do something for me, Medea: From now on, think

Before you speak. There's got to be a brain inside That lovely head, so do yourself a favor – use it  
Sometime. The truth of the matter is this: You're Jealous. That's what it boils down to. You're hurt And disappointed that my bed's no longer yours. You're Jealous, and you're striking out at someone who only Wants the best for you.... You think you're hurting me, But you're really only hurting yourself. I wish You'd see that...  
There. I've had my say.  
Welcome to the jungle, Medea.  
I hope you enjoy it.

## **(2) DEATH OF A SALESMAN by Arthur Miller**

BIFF:

Now hear this, Willy, this is me. You know why I had no address for three months? I stole a suit in Kansas City and I was jailed. I stole myself out of every good job since high school. And I never got anywhere because you blew me so full of hot air I could never stand taking orders from anybody! That's whose fault it is! It's goddamn time you heard that! I had to be boss big shot in two weeks, and I'm through with it! Willy! I ran down eleven flights with a pen in my hand today. And suddenly I stopped, you hear me? And in the middle of that office building, do you hear this? I stopped in the middle of that building and I saw- the sky. I saw the things that I love in the world. The work and the food and the time to sit and smoke. And I looked at the pen and said to myself, what the hell am I grabbing this for? Why am I trying to become what I don't want to be? What am I doing in an office, making a contemptuous, begging fool of myself, when all I want is out there, waiting for me the minute I say I know who I am! Why can't I say that, Willy? Pop! I'm a dime a dozen, and so are you!

## **(3) WILD HONEY by Michael Frayn (adaptation of Platonow, Anton Checkov)**

OSIP:

Hot summer's day. Like today. In the forest here. I'm going along this track and I look around and there she is, she's standing in a little stream and she's

holding her dress up with one hand and she's scooping up water in a dock leaf with the other. She scoops. She drinks. Scoops. Drinks. Scoops again, and pours it over her head. It's one of those days when you can feel the air heavy on you, and you can't hear nothing but the buzzing of the flies... She pays no heed to me. Just another peasant, she thinks. So I go down to the edge of the stream, right close up to her, as close as I am to you now, and I just look at her. Like this, like I'm looking at you. And she stands there in the water in front of me, with her skirts up in her hand, and she bends, she scoops, she pours. And the water runs over her hair, over her face and her neck, then down over her dress, and all she says is: 'What are you staring at, idiot? Haven't you ever seen a human being before?' And she scoops and she pours, and I just stand gazing. Then suddenly she turns and gives me a sharp look. 'Oh,' she says, 'you've taken a fancy to me, have you?' And I say: 'I reckon I could kiss you and die.' So that made her laugh. 'All right,' she says, 'you can kiss me if you like.' Well, I felt as if I'd been thrown into a furnace. I went up to her - into the stream, boots and all, I didn't think twice - and I took her by the shoulder, very lightly, and I kissed her right here, on her cheek, and here on her neck, as hard as ever I could. 'Now, then,' she says, 'be off with you! And you wash a little more often', she says 'and you do something about your nails!' And off I went.

#### **(4) LUNGS by Duncan MacMillan**

M:

It's not the perfect circumstances, but let's go into this with open arms. I love you. Okay? I always have. When I'm away from you I forget to enjoy anything and when I'm with you I feel at home.

We've never worked out how to be together without making each other feel a bit shit and I want to find a way to not do that. You've got to stop ripping bits off me and I've got to grow up and behave like an actual human being. You've needed me to know what you need without having to ask. You've needed to be aware of how I'm feeling and to let me in to your head. Right now I know exactly what you need to hear and it's absolutely what I'm feeling. We're going to get the books and go to classes and work out how to be parents. And we're going to grow old together and look back on all this and laugh because it will seem like a different lifetime.

And we'll have a conversation and we'll just try to do the right thing. Because we're good people. Right?

And we'll plant forests. I mean it. We'll cycle everywhere. We'll grow our own food if we have to. We'll never take another plane. We'll just stay right here. And we'll plant forests.