For Voice Applicants

Here are some samples of Western Classical songs.

- Do note that these are samples, and not your set pieces.
- You may choose to perform a piece from this set of samples and you may transpose the song to a suitable range to suit your voice.

General advice:

- Select the pieces with great care. Present the pieces which display your musicianship and technical proficiency.
- Do not choose pieces that are beyond your technical abilities.

Any requests to check the suitability of your piece before the audition will not be entertained.

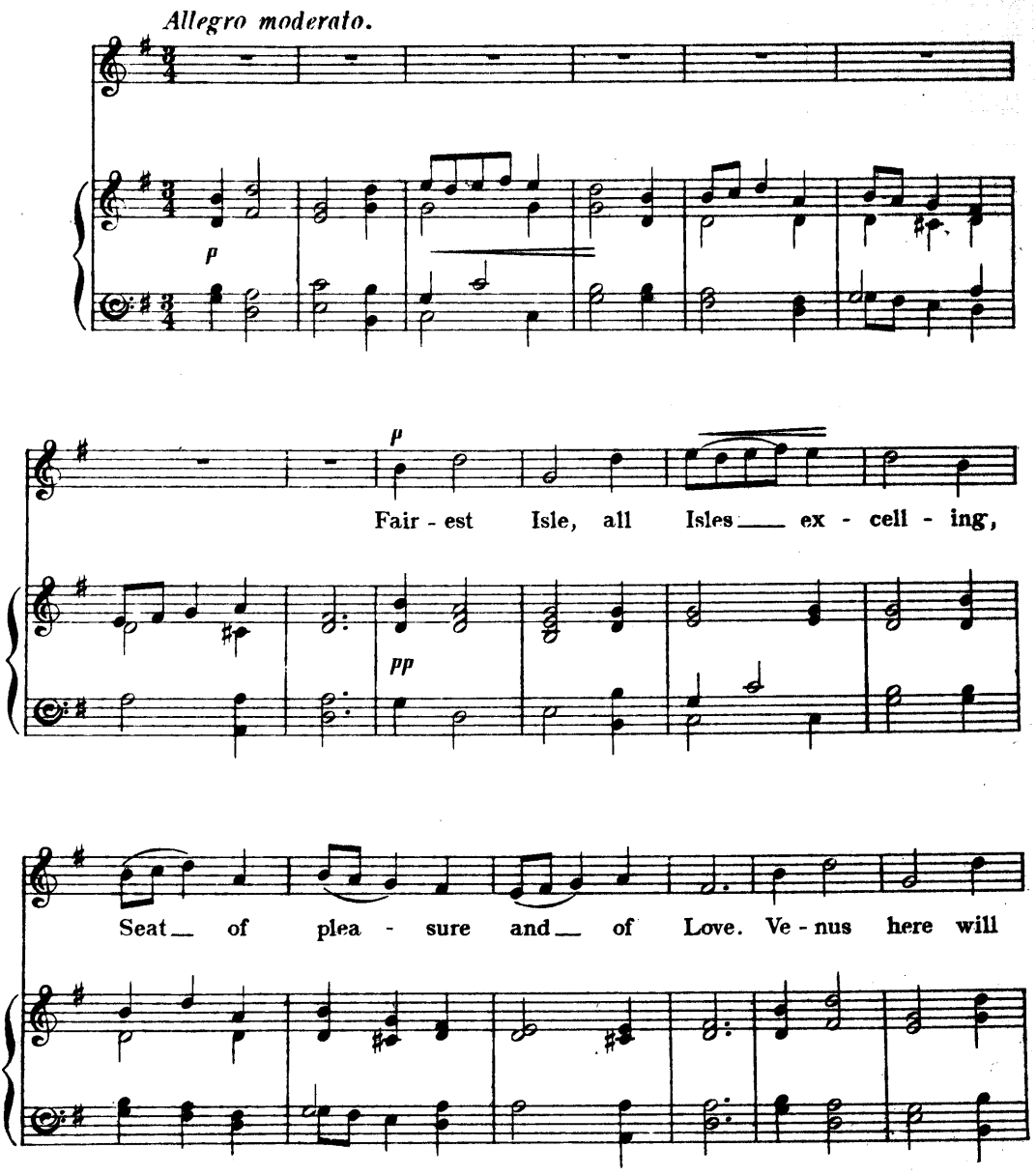
Samples of Western Classical songs that are included here:

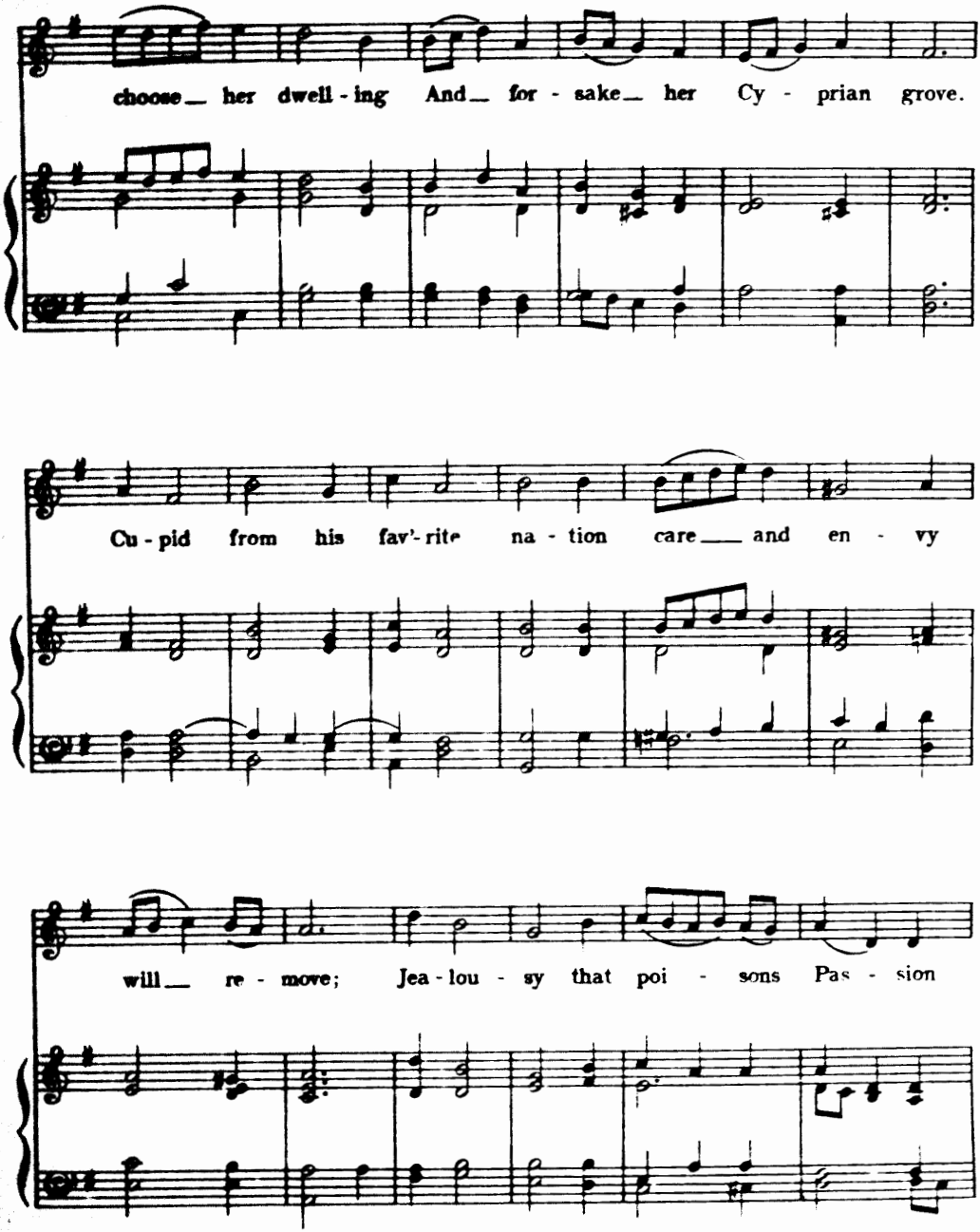
1. Henry Purcell, Fairest Isle (Venus's Song) from *King Arthur*, Z. 628
2. Henry Purcell, I attempt from love's sickness to fly from *The Indian Queen,* Z.630
3. Henry Purcell, Come unto these yellow sands from *The Tempest,* Z.631
4. Graham Peel, April
5. Graham Peel, The Early Morning

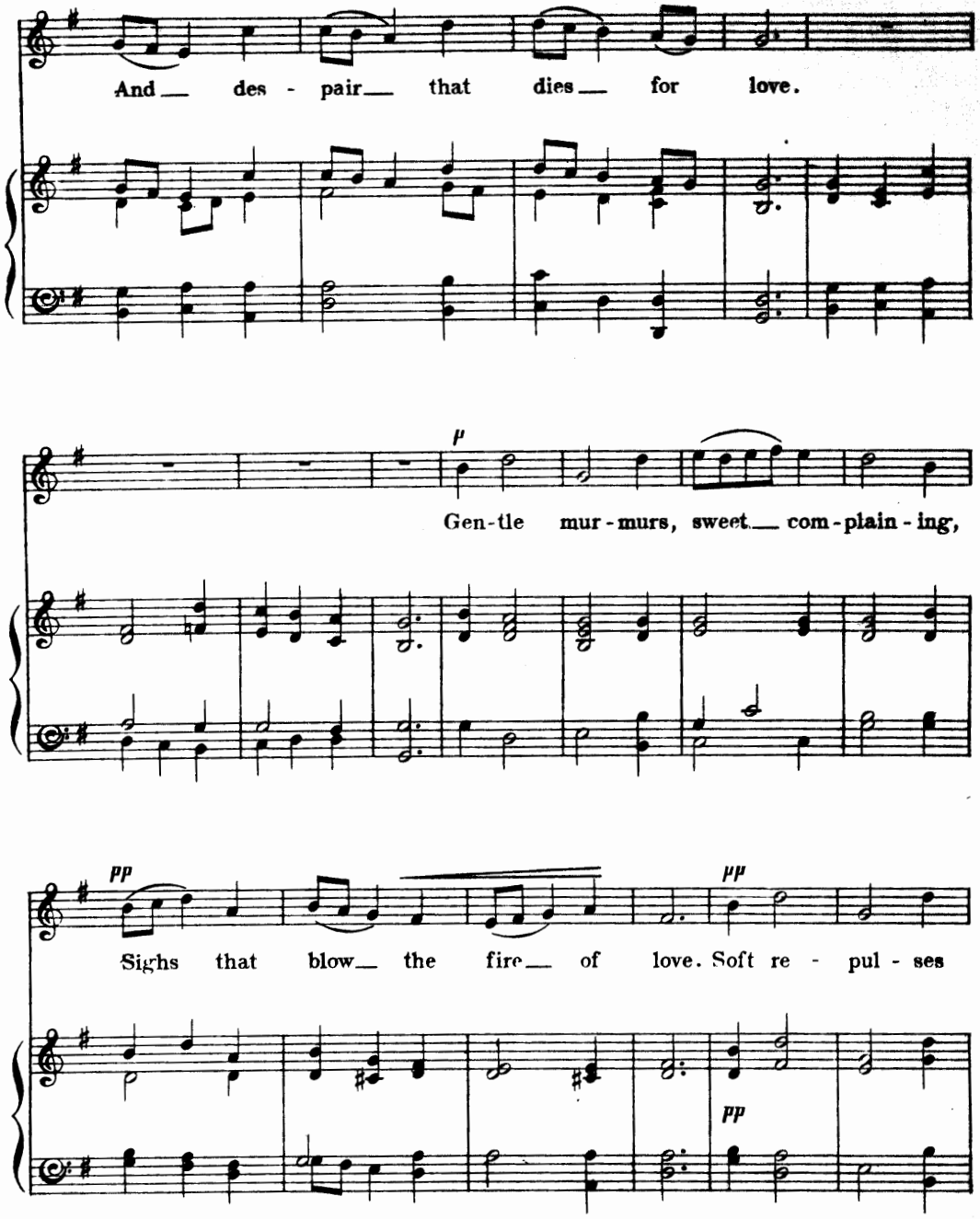
FAIREST ISLE, ALL ISLES EXCELLING.

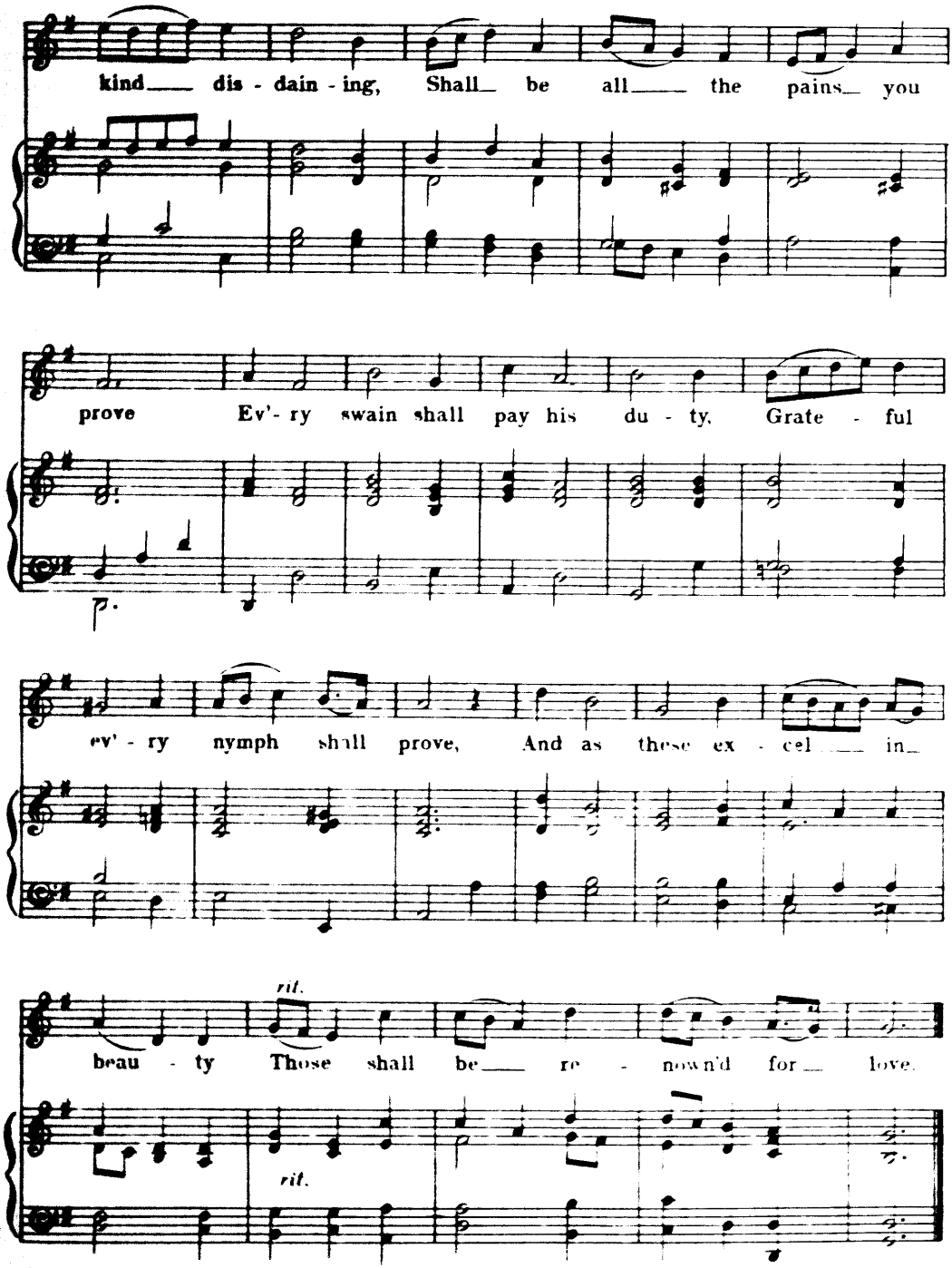
FROM KING ARTHUR.

Dryden.




choose her dwell - ing And for - sake her Cy - prian grove.
Cu - pid from his fav'- rite na - tion care and en - vy
will re - move; Jea - lou - sy that poi - sons Pas - sion


And des - pair that dies for love.
p
Gen-tle mur-murs, sweet com-plain-ing,
pp
Sighs that blow the fire of love. Soft re - pul - ses
pp
pp

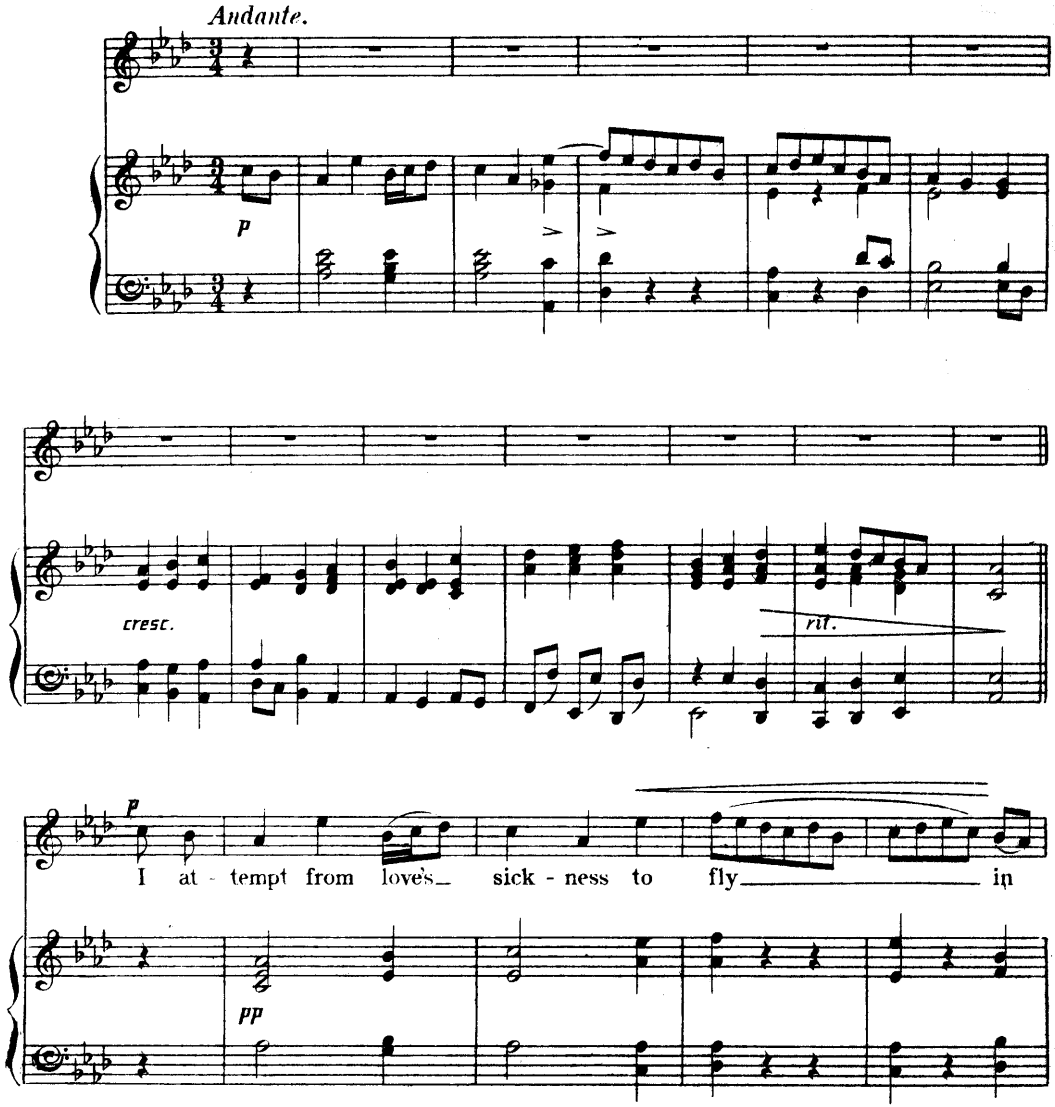

kind dis - dain - ing, Shall be all the pains you
prove Ev'- ry swain shall pay his du - ty, Grate - ful
ev' - ry nymph shall prove, And as these ex - cel in
rit.
beau - ty Those shall be re - nown'd for love.
rit.

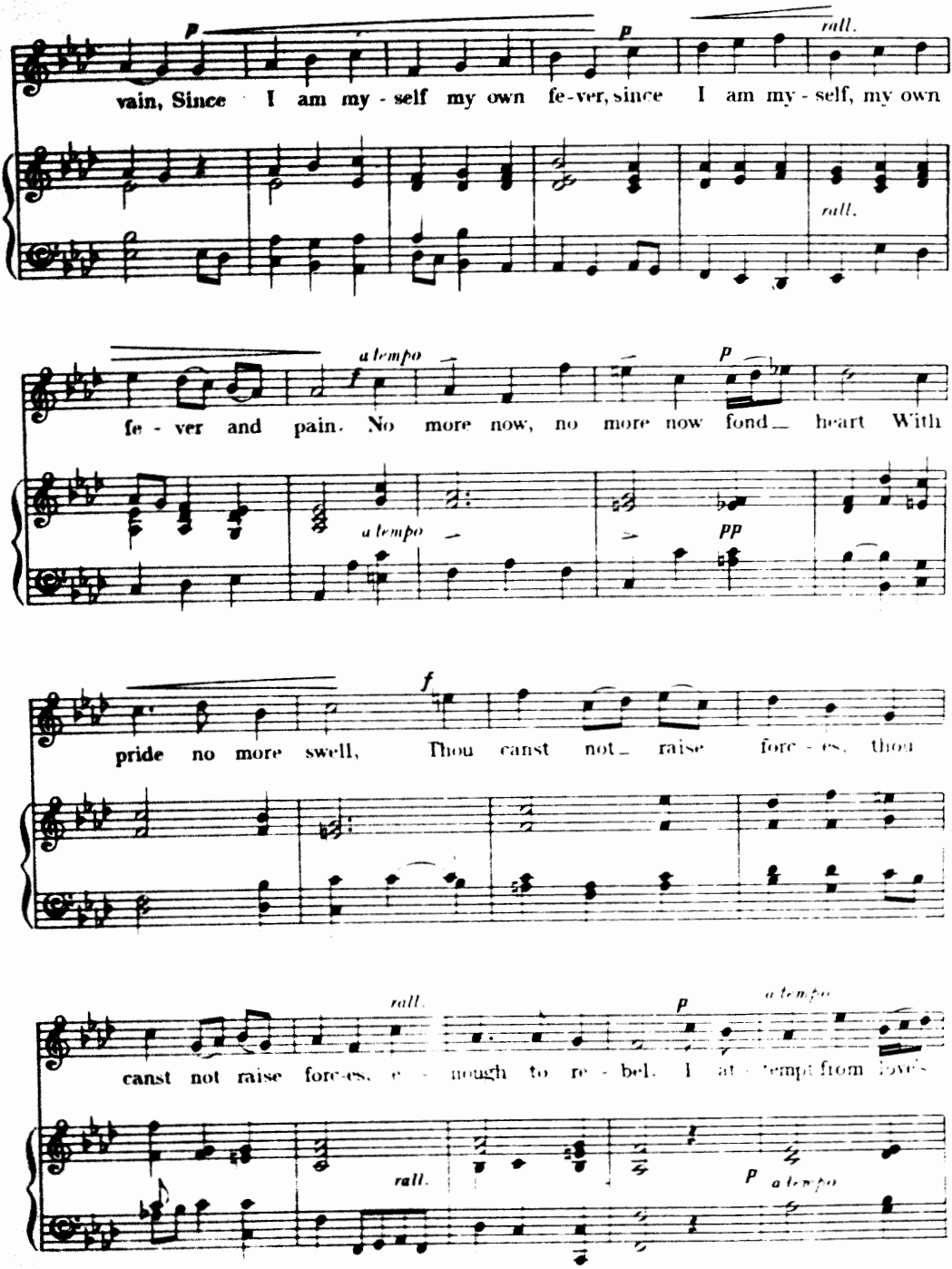
I ATTEMPT FROM LOVE'S SICKNESS TO FLY.

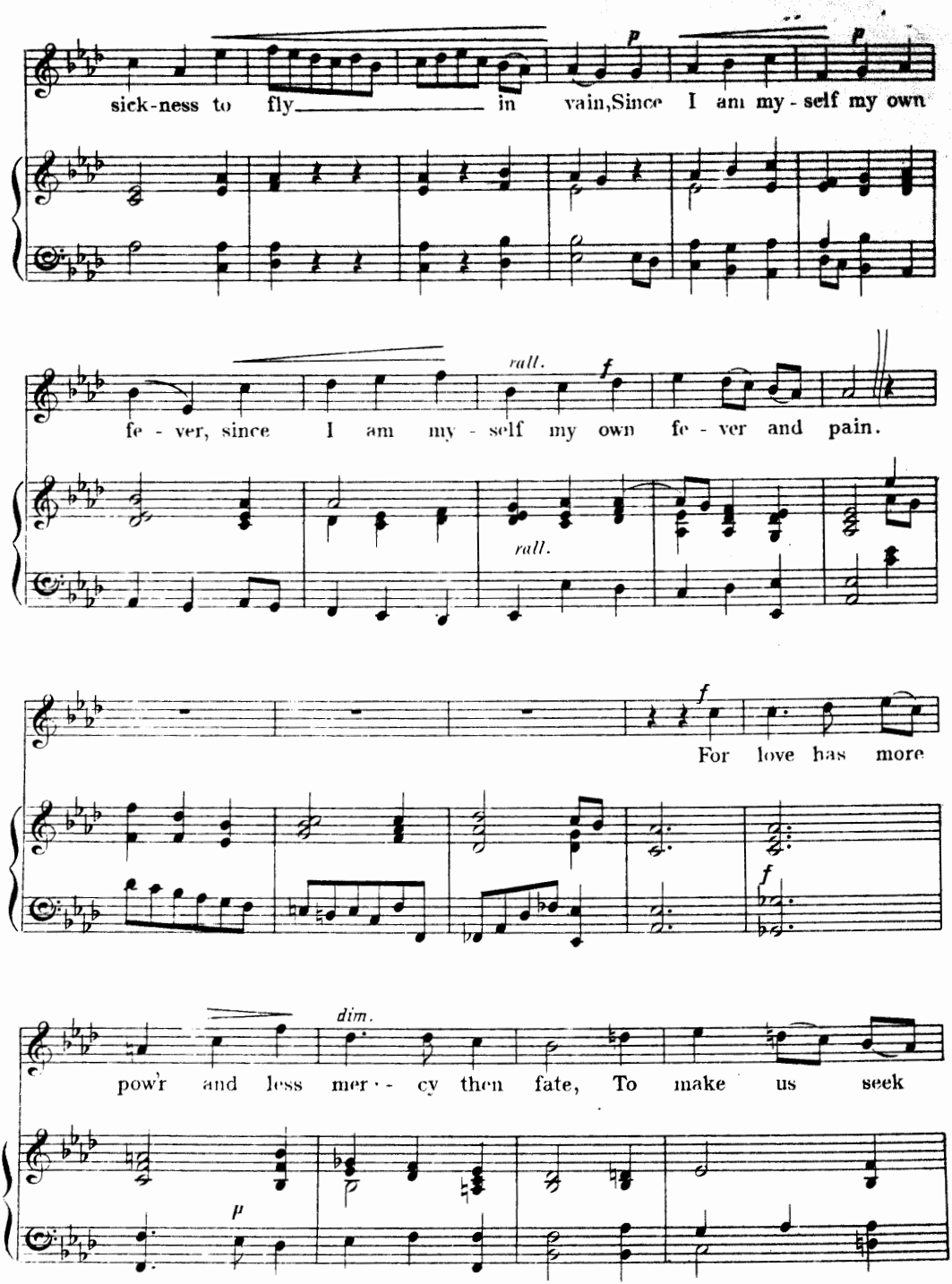
Song from

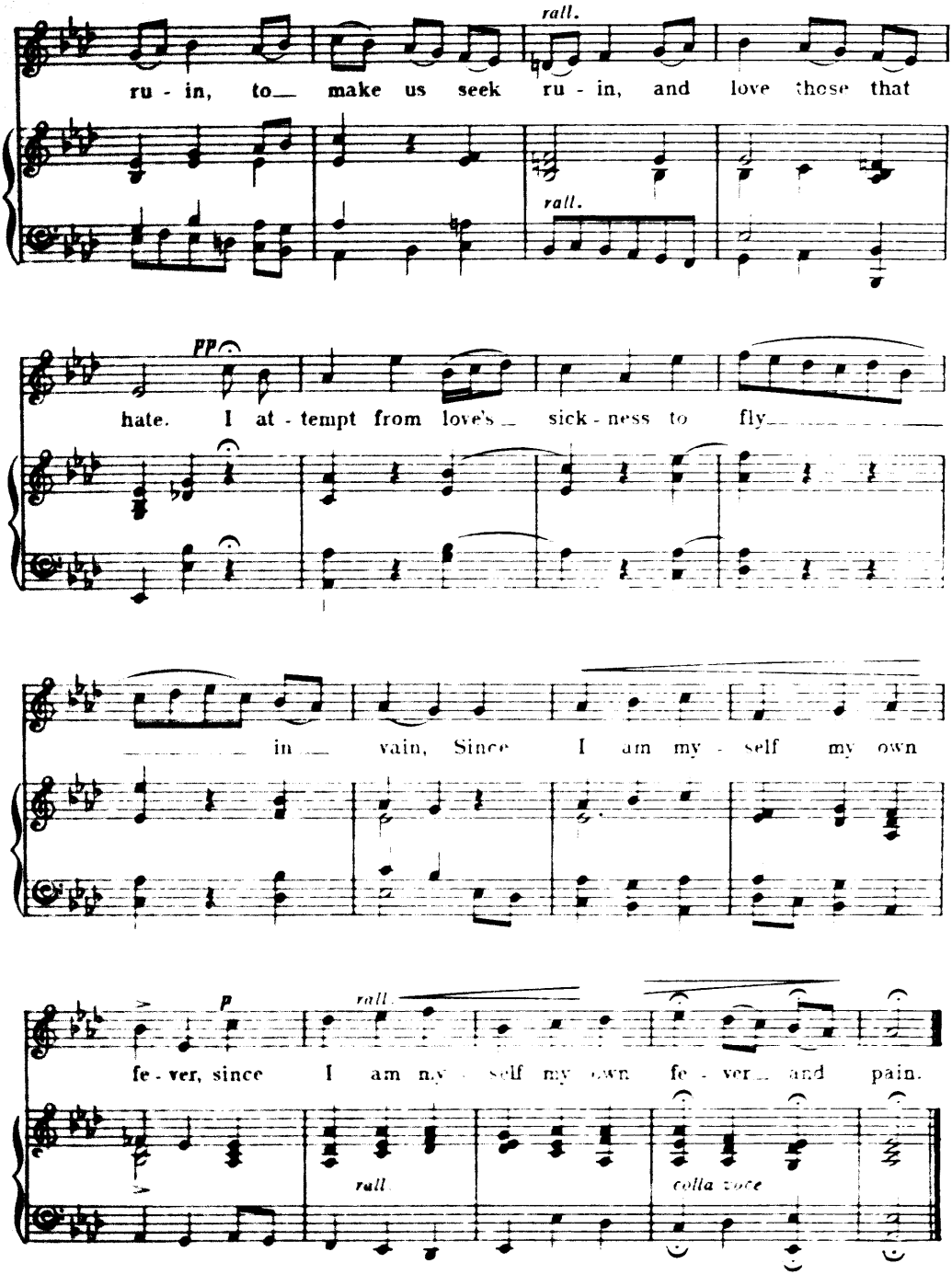
THE INDIAN QUEEN.

Sir Robert Howard.




p
p
rall.
vain, Since I am my - self my own fe-ver, since I am my - self, my own
rall.
a tempo
f
p
fe - ver and pain. No more now, no more now fond heart With
a tempo
pp
f
pride no more swell, Thou canst not raise forc - es, thou
rall.
p
a tempo
canst not raise forces, e - nough to re - bel. I at - tempt from love's
rall.
p
a tempo


sick-ness to fly in vain, Since I am my-self my own
fe-ver, since I am my-self my own fe-ver and pain.
For love has more
pow'r and less mer-cy then fate, To make us seek

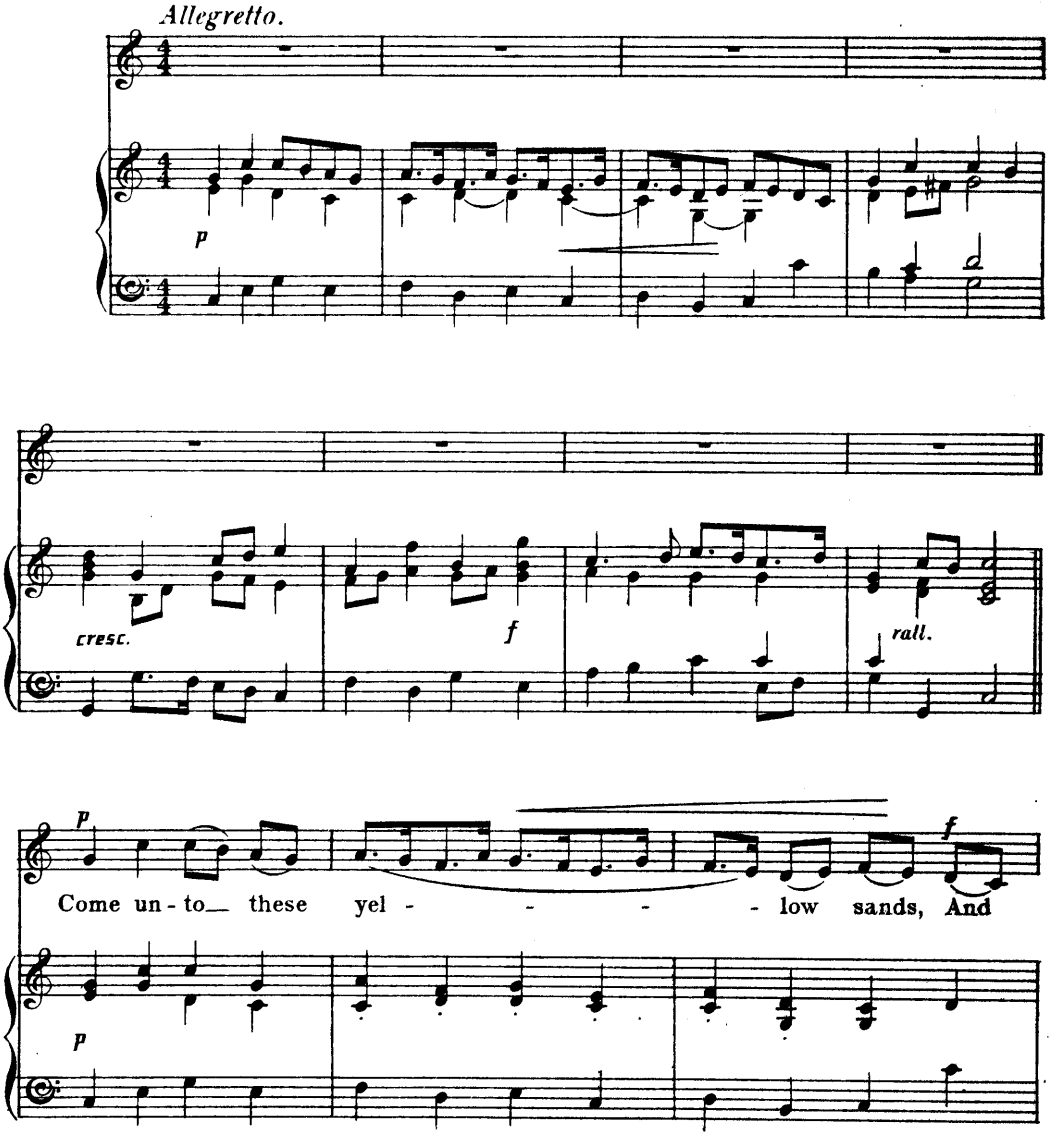

rall.
ru - in, to make us seek ru - in, and love those that
rall.
pp
hate. I at - tempt from love's sick - ness to fly
in vain, Since I am my - self my own
p
rall.
fe - ver, since I am my - self my own fe - ver and pain.
rall.
colla voce

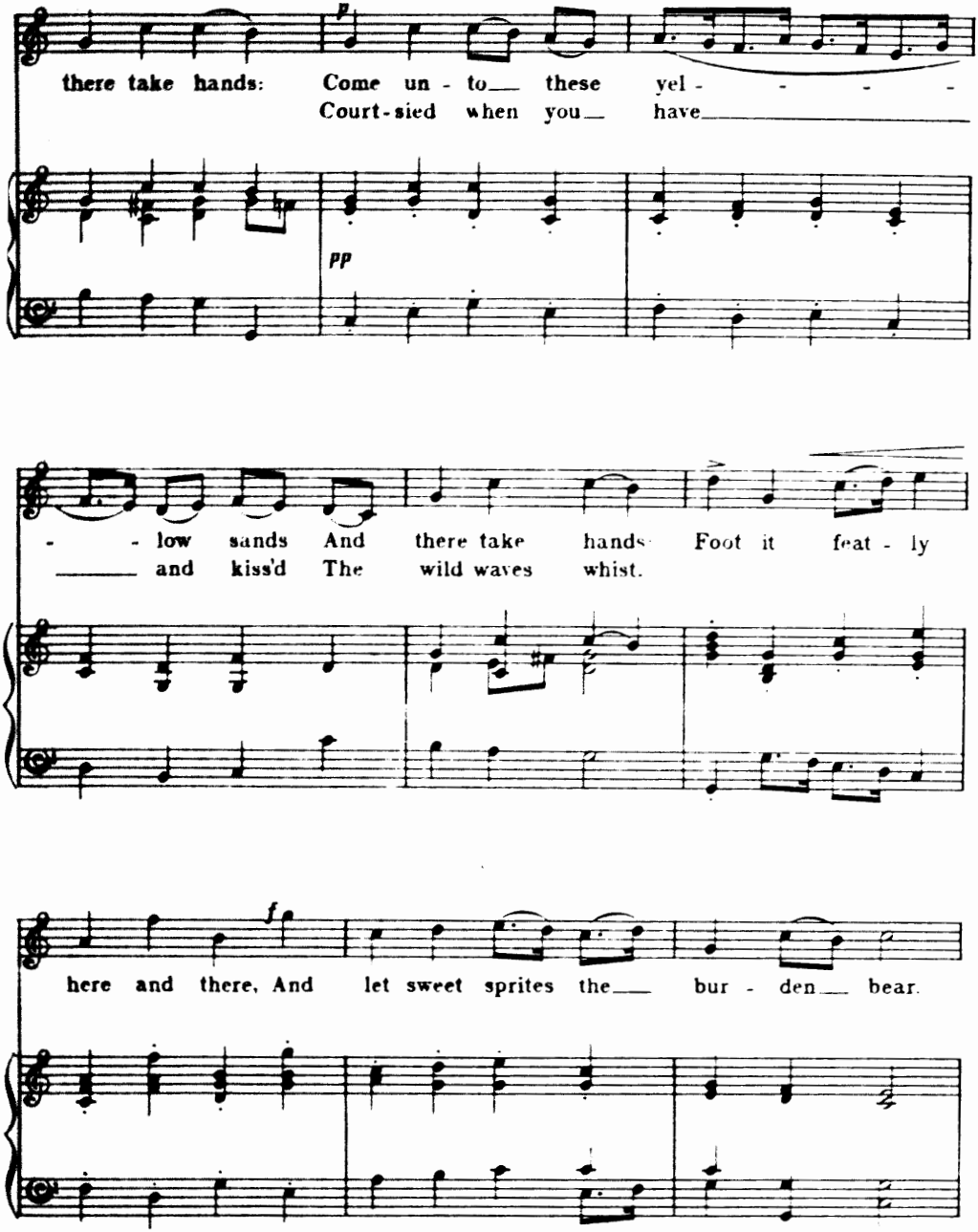
COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS.

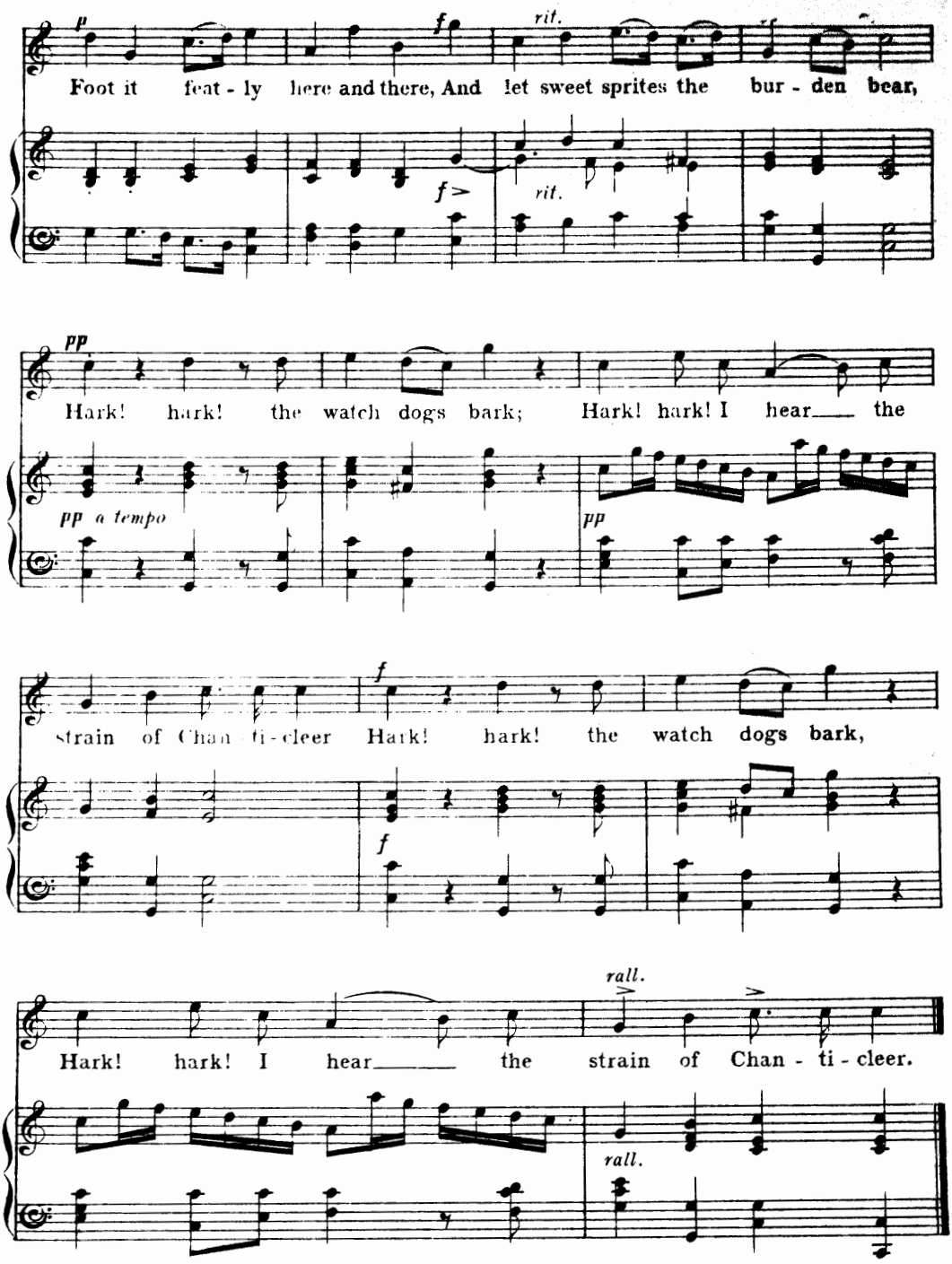
Song from

THE TEMPEST.

Shakespeare.




there take hands: Come un - to these yel - - - -
Court-sied when you have
p
pp
- - low sands And there take hands Foot it feat - ly
and kiss'd The wild waves whist.
here and there, And let sweet sprites the bur - den bear.
f

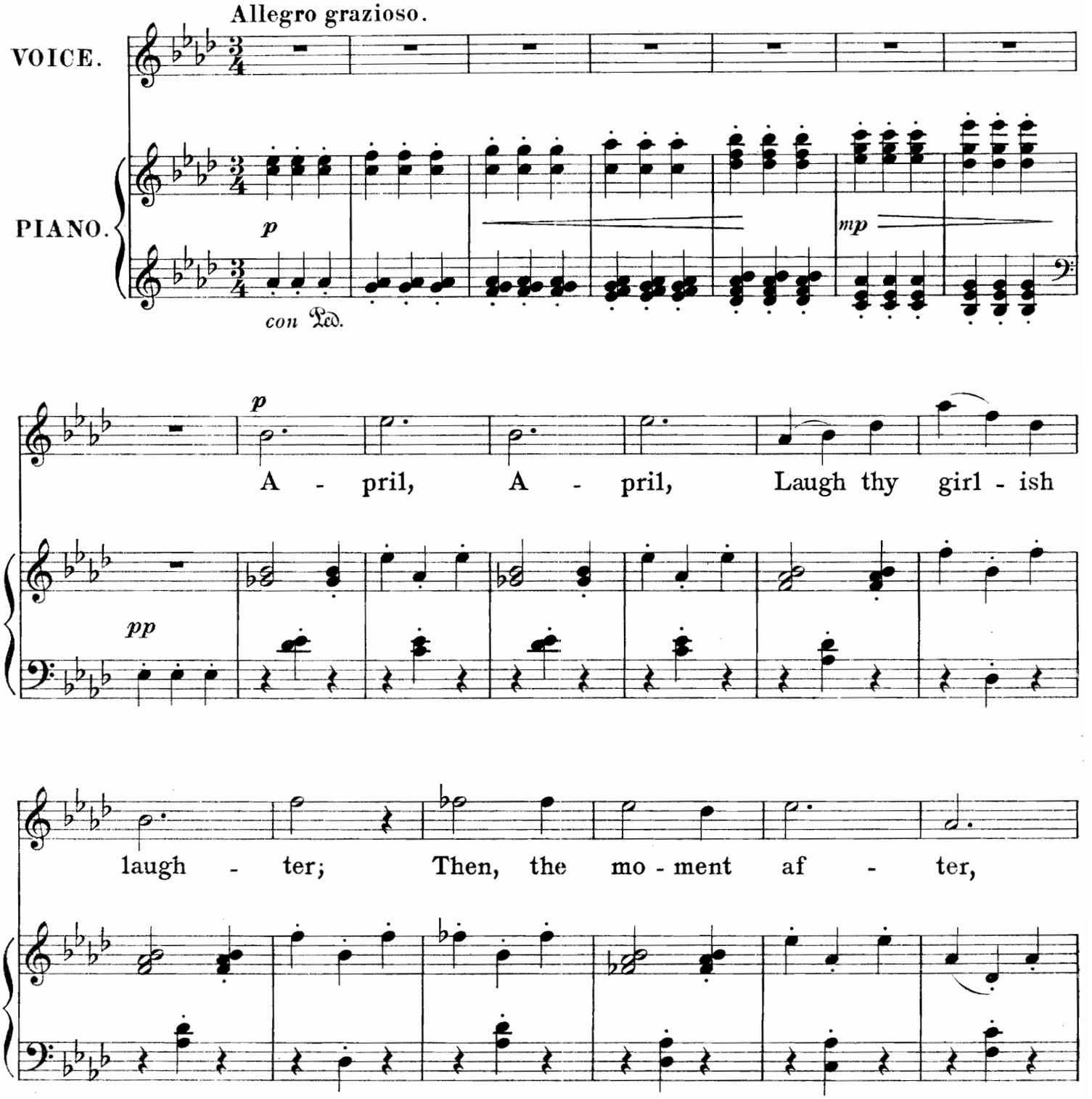

Foot it feat - ly here and there, And let sweet sprites the bur - den bear,
Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark; Hark! hark! I hear the
strain of Chan ti-cleer Hark! hark! the watch dogs bark,
Hark! hark! I hear the strain of Chan - ti - cleer.

II.

April.

*Words by
WILLIAM WATSON.
From "Poems" published by Mr John Lane.

Music by
GRAHAM PEEL.



* From "Poems" Volume I. published by Mr John Lane.

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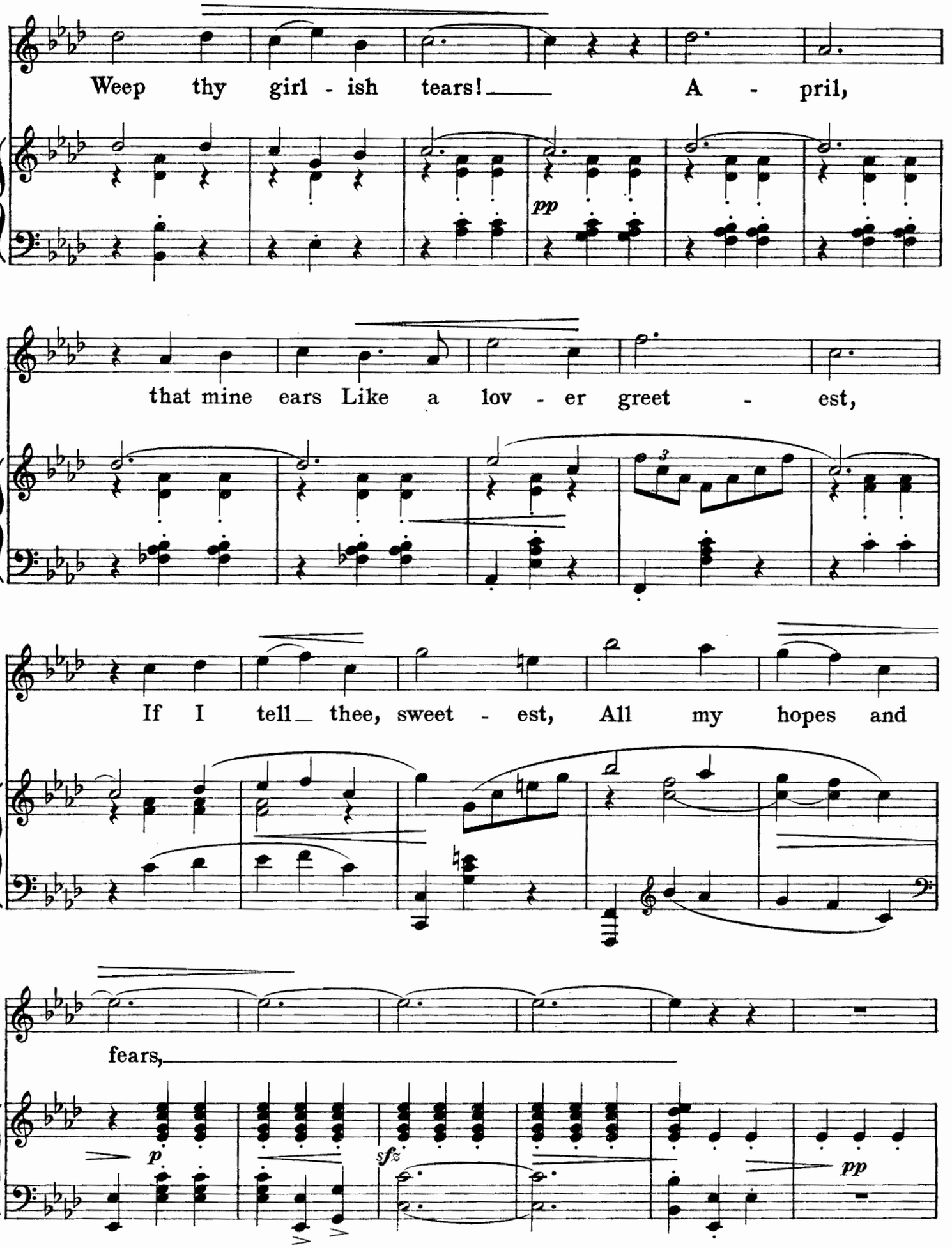
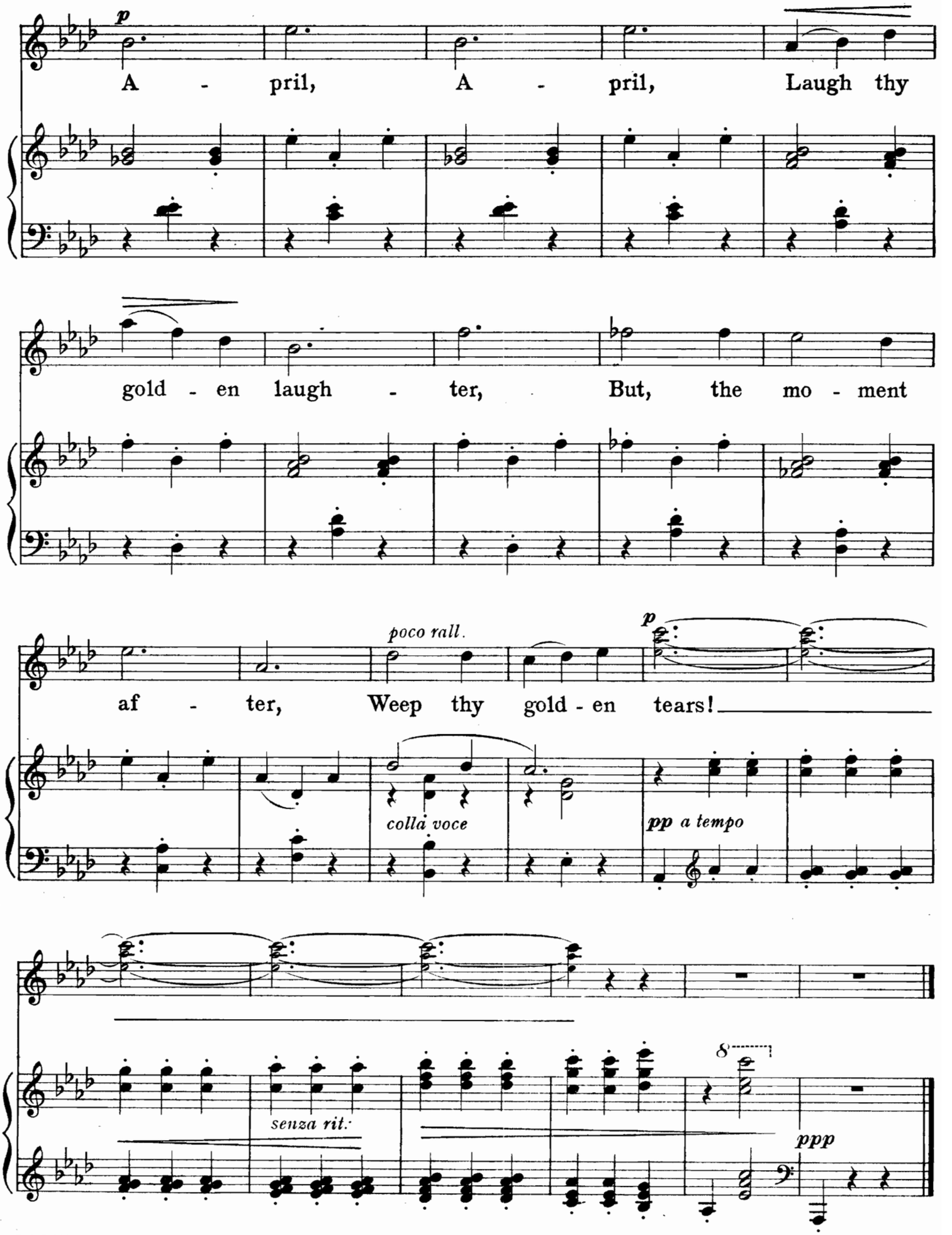

Weep thy girl - ish tears! A - pril,
pp
that mine ears Like a lov - er greet - est,
3
If I tell thee, sweet - est, All my hopes and
fears,
p
sf
pp

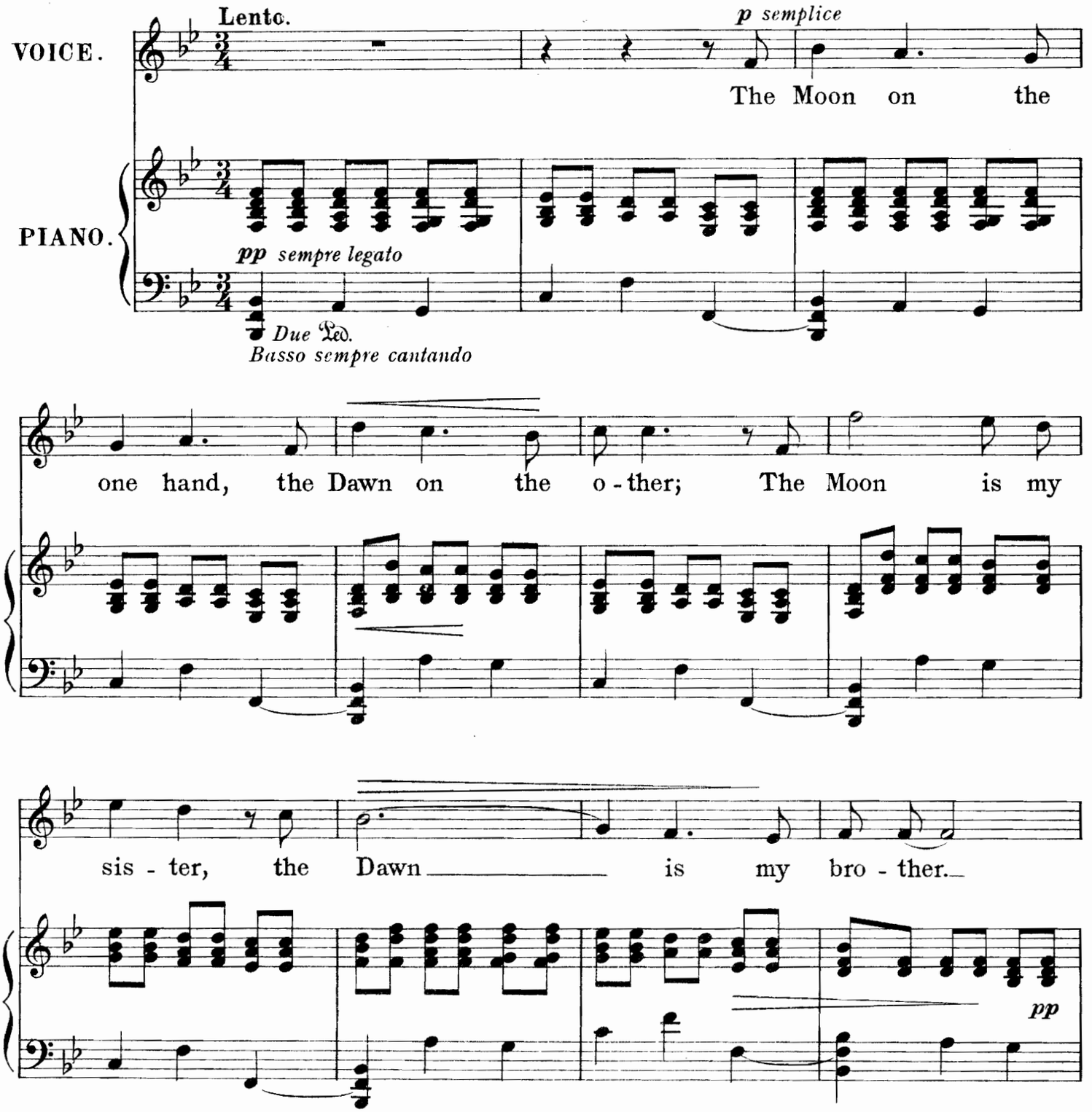

p
A - pril, A - pril, Laugh thy
gold - en laugh - ter, But, the mo - ment
poco rall.
p
af - ter, Weep thy gold - en tears!
colla voce
pp a tempo
senza rit.
8
ppp

IV.

The Early Morning.

Words by
HILAIRE BELLOC.

Music by
GRAHAM PEEL.



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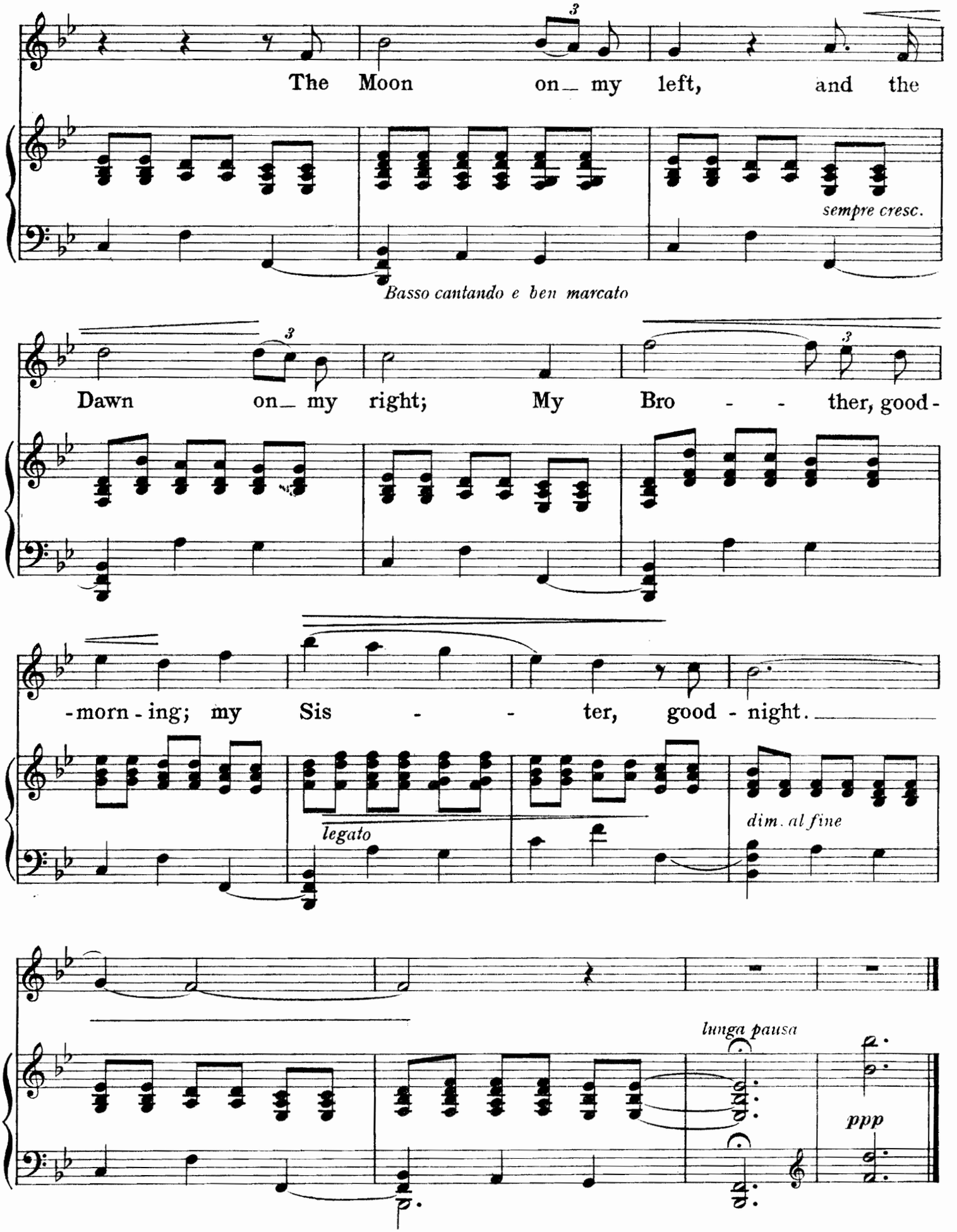
The Moon on my left, and the
sempre cresc.
Basso cantando e ben marcato
Dawn on my right; My Bro - - ther, good-
-morn-ing; my Sis - - ter, good - night.
legato
dim. al fine
lunga pausa
ppp