

O|A YOUNG
ARTIST
PROGRAM

presents

Quand je rêve



Thursday 19 September, 7pm
Master Music Studios, Glebe

O|PERA AUSTRALI|A

Quand je rêve

When I dream - French Song Recital
Thursday 19 September 2026, 7pm
Master Music Studios, Glebe

PROGRAM

Franz Liszt	Oh! quand je dors (1842)
Henri Duparc	Chanson Triste (1868)
Claude Debussy	Trois Chansons de Bilitis (1897) La Flûte de Pan La Chevelure Le Tombeau des Naïades
Jacques Ibert	Chansons de Don Quichotte (1933) Chanson du départ Canson à Dulcinée Chanson du Duc Chanson de la Mort
Lili Boulanger	from Clairières dans le ciel (1913) Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie Parfois, je suis triste Deux ancolies
Gabriel Fauré	La lune blanche (1892)
Reynaldo Hahn	Quand je fus pris au pavillon (1899)
Hector Berlioz	L'île inconnue (1841)

PERFORMERS

(in order of appearance)
Marie-France Lefebvre, piano
Chris Whalley, tenor
Sidra Nissen, mezzo-soprano
Daniel Kramer, bass-baritone
Lana Kains, soprano,
Jake Lyle, baritone

Acknowledgement of Country

Opera Australia recognises and acknowledges the Traditional Custodians of the unceded land and waters across Australia on which we live, perform and work and we pay our respects to Elders past and present.
We acknowledge, celebrate and respect all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander peoples as the first story tellers who carry the cultural wisdom, traditions and dreaming of this ancient land.

Opera Australia's Young Artist Program is generously supported by Maureen Wheeler AO

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DR HARUHISA HANDA

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About the Artists



Darwin-born soprano **Lana Kains** studied first at the Tasmanian Conservatorium of Music before transferring to Sydney Conservatorium of Music, where she completed her Bachelor and Masters degrees in Opera under Maree Ryan. She has performed with leading Australian ensembles including Opera Australia, Pinchgut Opera, the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, Gondwana Choirs, Festival of Voices and the Royal Melbourne Philharmonic. Lana's early musical experiences in Darwin included performing with the Darwin Symphony Orchestra and singing in OA's touring production of *La Bohème*. She is establishing herself as a versatile performer with a warm stage presence, while continuing to celebrate her Latvian heritage through performances within the Tasmanian and Sydney Latvian communities.

For Opera Australia in 2027, Lana will perform the role of Papagena in *Die Zauberflöte* in the summer season and cover Mabel (*Pirates of Penzance*) and Oscar (*Un ballo in maschera*) in the winter.



Mezzo-soprano **Sidra Nissen** developed her classical voice through extensive training at the Victorian College of the Arts Secondary School and Melbourne Conservatorium of Music, graduating with a Bachelor of Music (Performance) with First Class Honours, studying with Suzanne Johnston. Her early experiences in youth opera, including the Victorian Opera Youth Chorus Ensemble, sparked a lasting commitment to opera and classical singing. She is a graduate of Melbourne Opera's Richard Divall Emerging Artist Program and the winner of the 2025 IFAC Handa Australian Singing Competition. In 2025, Sidra also received First Prize at the Opera Scholars Australia Aria Competition.

In 2027, Sidra will perform the roles of 2nd Lady (*Die Zauberflöte*), Kate (*Pirates of Penzance*) and cover Siebel (*Faust*).



From Tamworth New South Wales, **Christopher Whalley** completed a Bachelor of Music Performance (Classical Voice) in 2023 and a Master of Music Studies (Opera Performance) in 2025 at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, studying with Dr Simon Lobelson. Growing up in a regional area, Chris draws inspiration from Australian storytelling traditions and is passionate about contributing to the future of Australian opera through meaningful, contemporary performance. Chris' recent performance highlights include Star Baby in *In Cosmic Utero* (2024) and Mars and John Styx in *Orphée aux enfers* (2025), showcasing his versatility across contemporary and comedic repertoire.

Chris will cover and perform the role of 1st Armed Man (*Die Zauberflöte*) in Sydney summer and Melbourne autumn seasons and cover the role of Pang (*Turandot*).



Jake Lyle is a 22-year-old baritone from Gladstone, Central Queensland. Jake graduated with a Bachelor of Music (Honours) in Classical Voice from Queensland Conservatorium Griffith University, where he received numerous awards, including the Alton Budd Memorial Award in 2025 and the Margaret Baker-Genovesi Travel Scholarship, valued at \$50,000, supporting outstanding classical voice graduates to pursue international study and career development. He was a finalist in the IFAC Handa Australian Singing Competition in 2024 and named Queensland Symphony Orchestra Emerging Artist in Residence in 2025, performing across regional Queensland and at QPAC Concert Hall.

In April 2026, he made his OA debut in the title role of the Phantom (*Phantom of the Opera*) in Handa Opera on Sydney Harbour. In 2027, he will cover and perform Schaunard (*La bohème*) in summer, and perform Wagner (*Faust*) and cover the Pirate King (*Pirates of Penzance*) in the Sydney winter season.



Following previous studies in genetics and molecular biology, bass-baritone **Daniel Kramer** graduated from the Sydney Conservatorium of Music with a Master of Music Studies (Opera Performance) in 2024 before serving as one of Opera Queensland's Young Artists in 2025-26. His operatic journey began with a 2023 stage debut as Samuel in *Pirates of Penzance*, bringing his story full circle after first discovering opera through OA's 2006 production. Since then, Daniel has continued to build a diverse performance career, working across opera, film, television and video game soundtracks as well as performing with metal bands and orchestral, jazz and drumline ensembles.

Daniel will cover and perform the role of 2nd Armed Man (*Die Zauberflöte*), cover the Speaker in Sydney summer and Melbourne autumn seasons and cover Sergeant of Police (*Pirates of Penzance*) in winter.



Marie-France Lefebvre is a renowned collaborative pianist, conductor, and vocal coach. She has worked regularly with major opera companies, including The Metropolitan Opera (since 2007), Washington National Opera (1994-2004), Santa Fe Opera, Houston Grand Opera, Cincinnati Opera, and others. She served as Program and Music Director at the Banff Centre and has taught at the Collaborative Piano Institute and other institutions. As a prompter, she has collaborated with top opera houses and world-renowned singers such as Plácido Domingo, Renée Fleming, Diana Damrau, and Benjamin Bernheim, and has assisted conductors like Yannick Nézet-Séguin, Sir Simon Rattle, and James Levine.

Marie-France was the official pianist for the Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions (DC) until 2019 and has performed widely as a chamber musician, notably with Matthew Polenzani, Samuel Ramey, and Denyce Graves. She maintains a strong passion for song repertoire and has an ongoing relationship with the Cincinnati Song Initiative. She holds a DMA from the University of Michigan and an MM from the Manhattan School of Music. Since 2008, she has been a Professor of Opera at CCM, following faculty roles at Michigan State University and guest teaching at The Curtis Institute and University of Maryland.

This is Marie-France's second year collaborating with Opera Australia's Young Artist Program.. Following this, she returns to The Metropolitan Opera to prompt *Samson et Dalila* and coach/pianist for *Manon*.

Texts & Translations

Oh! Quand je dors - Victor Hugo

Oh! quand je dors, viens auprès de ma couche,
Comme à Pétrarque apparaissait Laura,
Et qu'en passant ton haleine me touche...
Soudain ma bouche s'entr'ouvrira!

Sur mon front morne où peut-être s'achève
Un songe noir qui trop longtemps dura,
Que ton regard comme un astre se lève...
Et soudain mon rêve rayonnera!

Puis sur ma lèvre où voltige une flamme,
Éclair d'amour que Dieu même épura,
Pose un baiser, et d'ange deviens femme...
Soudain mon âme s'éveillera!

Chanson triste - Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie importune,
Je me noierai dans ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs passées,
Mon amour, quand tu berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes bras.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois sur tes genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je boirai
Tant de baisers et de tendresses
Que peut-être je guérirai.

La flûte de Pan - Pierre Louÿs

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies, il m'a donné une syrinx
faite de roseaux bien taillés,
unis avec la blanche cire
qui est douce à mes lèvres comme le miel.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise sur ses genoux;
mais je suis un peu tremblante.
Il en joue après moi,
si doucement que je l'entends à peine.

Nous n'avons rien à nous dire,
tant nous sommes près l'un de l'autre;
mais nos chansons veulent se répondre,
et tour à tour nos bouches s'unissent sur la flûte.

Il est tard; voici le chant des grenouilles vertes
qui commence avec la nuit.
Ma mère ne croira jamais que je suis restée si longtemps
à chercher ma ceinture perdue.

La chevelure - Pierre Louÿs

Il m'a dit: «Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour de mon cou.
J'avais tes cheveux comme un collier noir
autour de ma nuque et sur ma poitrine.

«Je les caressais, et c'étaient les miens;
et nous étions liés pour toujours ainsi,
par la même chevelure la bouche sur la bouche,
ainsi que deux lauriers n'ont souvent qu'une racine.

«Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,
tant nos membres étaient confondus,
que je devenais toi-même
ou que tu entraies en moi comme mon songe.»

Quand il eut achevé,
il mit doucement ses mains sur mes épaules,
et il me regarda d'un regard si tendre,
que je baissai les yeux avec un frisson.

O when I sleep

O while I sleep, come close to where I lie,
As Laura once appeared to Petrarch,
And let your breath in passing touch me...
At once my lips will part!

On my sombre brow, where a dismal dream
That lasted too long now perhaps is ending,
Let your countenance rise like a star...
At once my dream will shine!

Then on my lips, where a flame flickers—
A flash of love which God himself has purified—
Place a kiss and be transformed from angel into woman...
At once my soul will wake!

Song of Sadness

Moonlight slumbers in your heart,
A gentle summer moonlight,
And to escape the cares of life
I shall drown myself in your light.

I shall forget past sorrows,
My sweet, when you cradle
My sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving calm of your arms.

You will rest my poor head,
Ah! sometimes on your lap,
And recite to it a ballad
That will seem to speak of us;

And from your eyes full of sorrow,
From your eyes I shall then drink
So many kisses and so much love
That perhaps I shall be healed.

The flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day he gave me a syrinx
made of carefully cut reeds,
bonded with white wax
which tastes sweet to my lips like honey.

He teaches me to play, as I sit on his lap;
but I am a little fearful.
He plays it after me,
so gently that I scarcely hear him.

We have nothing to say,
so close are we one to another,
but our songs try to answer each other,
and our mouths join in turn on the flute.

It is late; here is the song of the green frogs
that begins with the night.
My mother will never believe I stayed out so long
to look for my lost sash.

Tresses

He said to me: 'Last night I dreamed.
I had your tresses around my neck.
I had your hair like a black necklace
all round my nape and over my breast.

"I caressed it and it was mine;
and we were united thus for ever
by the same tresses, mouth on mouth,
just as two laurels often share one root.

"And gradually it seemed to me,
so intertwined were our limbs,
that I was becoming you,
or you were entering into me like a dream."

When he had finished,
he gently set his hands on my shoulders
and gazed at me so tenderly
that I lowered my eyes with a shiver.

Le tombeau des Naiades - Pierre Louÿs

Le long du bois couvert de givre, je marchais;
mes cheveux devant ma bouche
se fleurissaient de petits glaçons,
et mes sandales étaient lourdes de neige fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: «Que cherches-tu?»
«Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus alternent
comme des trous dans un manteau blanc.»
Il me dit: «Les satyres sont morts.

«Les satyres et les nymphes aussi.
Depuis trente ans il n'a pas fait un hiver aussi terrible.
La trace que tu vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur tombeau.»

Et avec le fer de sa houe
il cassa la glace de la source
où jadis riaient les naïades.
Il prenait de grands morceaux froids,
et les soulevant vers le ciel pâle, il regardait au travers.

Chanson du départ de Don Quichotte - Pierre de Ronsard

Ce château neuf, ce nouvel édifice
Tout enrichi de marbre et de porphyre,
Qu'amour bâtit château de son empire,
Où tout le ciel a mis son artifice,

Est un rempart, un fort contre le vice,
Où la vertu maîtresse se retire,
Que l'œil regarde, et que l'esprit admire,
Forçant les cœurs à lui faire service.

C'est un château, fait de telle sorte,
Que nul ne peut approcher de la porte
Si des grands Rois il n'a sauvé sa race,
Victorieux, vaillant et amoureux.
Nul Chevalier tant soit aventureux
Sans être tel, ne peut gagner la place.

Chanson à Dulcinée - Alexandre Arnoux

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Mais, amour a peint son visage,
Afin d'adoucir ma langueur,
Dans la fontaine et le nuage,
Dans chaque aurore et chaque fleur.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Toujours proche et toujours lointaine,
Étoile de mes longs chemins.
Le vent m'apporte son haleine
Quand il passe sur les jasmins.

Un an me dure la journée
Si je ne vois ma Dulcinée.

Chanson du Duc - Alexandre Arnoux

Je veux chanter ici la Dame de mes songes

Qui m'exalte au dessus de ce siècle de boue
Son cœur de diamant est vierge de mensonges
La rose s'obscurcit au regard de sa joue

Pour Elle, j'ai tenté les hautes aventures
Mon bras a délivré la Princesse en servage
J'ai vaincu l'Enchanteur, confondu les parjures
Et ployé l'univers à lui rendre l'hommage.

Dame par qui je vais, seul dessus cette terre,
Qui ne soit prisonnier de la fausse apparence
Je soutiens contre tout Chevalier téméraire
Votre éclat non pareil et votre précellence.

The tomb of the Naiads

Along the frost-bound wood I walked;
my hair across my mouth,
blossomed with tiny icicles,
and my sandals were heavy with muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: "What do you seek?"
"I follow the satyr's track.
His little cloven hoof-marks alternate
like holes in a white cloak."
He said to me: "The satyrs are dead.

"The satyrs and the nymphs too.
For thirty years there has not been so harsh a winter.
The tracks you see are those of a goat.
But let us stay here, where their tomb is."

And with the iron head of his hoe
he broke the ice of the spring,
where the naiads used to laugh.
He picked up some huge cold fragments,
and, raising them to the pale sky, gazed through them.

The song of Don Quixote's parting

This new castle, this new edifice,
Enriched with marble and porphyry
That Love built to guard his empire,
To which all Heaven has lent its skill,

Is a rampart, a stronghold against evil,
Where Mistress Virtue can take refuge,
Whom the eye observes and the spirit admires,
Compelling hearts to pay her homage.

This castle is fashioned in such a way
That no one can approach its gate,
If he is not descended from great kings,
Victorious, brave and amorous.
No knight, however bold,
Without such merit, can enter here.

Song to Dulcinea

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

But to sweeten my languishing,
Love has painted her face
In fountains and clouds,
In every dawn and every flower.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Ever near and ever far,
Star of my weary journeying,
Her breath is brought me on the breeze,
As it passes over jasmine flowers.

A day seems like a year
If I do not see my Dulcinea.

Song of the Duke

I want to sing here of the Lady of my dreams,

Who raises me above this century of mud.
Her heart of diamond is untarnished by lies.
The rose pales at the sight of her cheek.

For Her, I have attempted lofty adventures.
My arm has delivered the princess in servitude.
I have conquered the Enchanter, confounded the perjuries
and bent the universe to offer her homage.

Lady for whom I, who alone is not a prisoner
of the false appearance, go over this earth,
I proclaim, against any rash Knight,
your unequalled splendour and your excellence.

Chanson de la mort - Alexandre Arnoux

Ne pleure pas Sancho,
ne pleure pas, mon bon.
Ton maître n'est pas mort.
Il n'est pas loin de toi.
Il vit dans une île heureuse
Où tout est pur et sans mensonges.

Dans l'île enfin trouvée
Où tu viendras un jour.
Dans l'île désirée,
O mon ami Sancho!

Les livres sont brûlés et font un tas de cendres.
Si tous les livres m'ont tué
Il suffit d'un pour que je vie
Fantôme dans la vie, et réel dans la mort.
Tel est l'étrange sort du pauvre Don Quichotte.

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie - Francis Jammes

Elle était descendue au bas de la prairie
et, comme la prairie était toute fleurie
de plantes dont la tige aime à pousser dans l'eau,
ces plantes inondées je les avais cueillies.
Bientôt, s'étant mouillée, elle gagna le haut
de cette prairie-là qui était toute fleurie.
Elle riait et s'ébrouait avec la grâce
dégingandée qu'ont les jeunes filles trop grandes.
Elle avait le regard qu'ont les fleurs de lavande.

Parfois, je suis triste - Francis Jammes

Parfois, je suis triste.
Et, soudain, je pense à elle.
Alors, je suis joyeux.
Mais je redeviens triste
de ce que je ne sais pas combien elle m'aime.
Elle est la jeune fille à l'âme toute claire,
et qui, de dans son cœur,
garde avec jalousie
l'unique passion que l'on donne à un seul.

Elle est partie avant que s'ouvrent les tilleuls,
et, comme ils ont fleuri depuis qu'elle est partie,
je me suis étonné de voir, ô mes amis,
des branches de tilleuls qui n'avaient pas de fleurs.

Deux ancolies - Francis Jammes

Deux ancolies se balançaient sur la colline
et l'ancolie disait à la sœur l'ancolie:
Je tremble devant toi et demeure confuse.
Et l'autre répondait: Si dans la roche qu'use
l'eau, goutte à goutte, si je me mire, je vois
que je tremble, et je suis confuse comme toi.

Le vent de plus en plus les berçait toutes deux,
les emplissait d'amour et mêlait leurs cœurs bleus.

Song of death

Do not cry Sancho,
do not cry, good friend.
Your master is not dead.
He is not far from you.
He lives on a happy isle
where all is pure and free of lies.

On the isle at last discovered
where you will come one day.
On the desired isle,
o my good friend Sancho!

The books are burned and make a heap of ash.
If all the books have killed me
just one is enough for me to live on,
a ghost in life and real in death.
Such is the strange destiny of poor Don Quixote.

She had reached the low-lying meadow

She had reached the low-lying meadow,
and, since the meadow was all a-blossom
with plants that like to grow in water,
I had picked these flooded flowers.
Soon, soaking wet, she reached the top
of that blossoming meadow.
She was laughing and gasping with the gawky
grace of girls who are too tall.
Her eyes looked like lavender flowers.

Sometimes I am sad

Sometimes I am sad.
And suddenly, I think of her.
Then, I am overjoyed.
But I grow sad again,
because I do not know how much she loves me.
She is the girl with the limpid soul,
and who, in her heart,
guards with jealousy
the unrivalled passion garnered for one alone.

She went before the limes had blossomed,
and since they flowered after she had gone,
I was astonished to see, my friends,
lime-tree branches devoid of flowers.

Two columbines

Two columbines swayed on the hill
and one columbine said to its sister columbine:
I tremble before you and am abashed.
And the other replied: if in the rock, worn away
drop by drop with water, I observe myself, I see
that I tremble, and feel, like you, abashed.

The wind rocked both of them with increasing might,
filled them with love and mingled their blue hearts.

La lune blanche - Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète, profond miroir,
La silhouette du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre apaisement
Semble descendre du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Quand je fus pris au pavillon- Charles d'Orléans

Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame, très gente et belle,
Je me brûlai à la chandelle
Ainsi que fait le papillon.

Je rougis comme vermillon,
À la clarté d'une étincelle,
Quand je fus pris au pavillon
De ma dame, très gente et belle.

Si j'eusse été esmerillon
Ou que j'eusse eu aussi bonne aile,
Je me fusse gardé de celle
Qui me bailla de l'aiguillon
Quand je fus pris au pavillon.

L'île inconnue - Théophile Gautier

Dites, la jeune belle,
où voulez-vous aller?
La voile ouvre son aile,
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,
Le pavillon de moire,
Le gouvernail d'or fin;
J'ai pour lest une orange,
Pour voile une aile d'ange,
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle....

Est-ce dans la Baltique,
Dans la mer Pacifique,
Dans l'île de Java?
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,
Cueillir la fleur de neige,
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle...

Menez-moi, dit la belle,
A la rive fidèle
Où l'on aime toujours.
Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la connaît guère
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?
La brise va souffler.

The white moon

The white moon gleams in the woods;
From every branch there comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects, deep mirror,
The silhouette of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender consolation
Seems to fall from the sky
The moon illumines...

It is the exquisite hour.

When I was taken in her pavilion

When I was taken in her pavilion
To my most beautiful and noble lady,
I burnt myself in the candle's flame,
As the moth does.

I flushed vermillion
In the brightness of a spark,
When in her pavilion I lost my heart.
To my most beautiful and noble lady.

If I had been a merlin
Or had wings as strong,
I should have shielded myself
From her who stung me,
When in her pavilion I lost my heart.

The unknowable isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,
Where is it you would go?
The sail is billowing,
The breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,
The pennant of watered silk,
The rudder of finest gold;
For ballast I've an orange,
For sail an angel's wing,
For cabin-boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid...

Is it in the Baltic,
Or the Pacific sea,
Or the Isle of Java?
Or else is it in Norway,
To pluck the snow flower
Or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid...

Take me, said the pretty maid,
To the shore of faithfulness
Where love endures forever.
That shore, my sweet,
Is scarce known
In the realm of love.

Where is it you would go?
The breeze is about to blow!

Upcoming Young Artist Events



French Opera Scenes

Scenes from
Orphée et Eurydice &
Iphigénie en Tauride,
Gluck
Manon, Massenet

Wed 23 Sep, 7pm
Warwick Fairfax Studio
The Opera Centre



Scenes from *Pelleas et Mélisande*

Pelleas: Leon Vitogiannis Mélisande: Lana Kains
Geneviève: Sidra Nissen Golaud: Jake Lyle

Saturday 26 September, 7pm
Warwick Fairfax Studio, The Opera Centre



German Opera Scenes

Scenes from *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart
Der Rosenkavalier & *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Strauss

Friday 27 November, 7pm
Phillip Bacon Studio, The Opera Centre