

## **Text read in French by the French Association**

### **Tomorrow, at dawn...** *Victor Hugo*

Tomorrow, at dawn, in the hour when the countryside appears in shades of white,

I will leave. You see, I know that you are waiting for me.

I will go by the forest, I will go by the mountain,

I cannot stay far from you any longer.

I will walk with my eyes fixed on my thoughts,

Without seeing anything outside, nor hearing any noise,

Alone, unknown, back bowed, hands crossed,

Sad, and the day for me will be like the night.

I will not look at the goldenhues of nightfall,

Nor the faraway boatsailing towards Harfleur,

And when I arrive, I will put on your tomb,

A bouquet of green holly and heather in bloom.