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Demain dès l'aube...: Tomorrow at dawn. . .

Malick Guisse
Denison University

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Demain dès l'aube...

Demain, dès l'aube, à l'heure où blanchit la campagne,
Je partirai. Vois-tu, je sais que tu m'attends.
J'irai pas la forêt, j'irai par la montagne.
Je ne puis demeurer loin de toi plus longtemps.

Je marcherai les yeux fixés sur mes pensées,
Sans rien voir au dehors, sans entendre aucun bruit,
Seul, inconnu, le dos courbé, les mains croisées,
Triste, et le jour pour moi sera comme la nuit.

Je ne regarderai ni l'or du soir qui tombe,
Ni les voiles au loin descendant vers Harfleur,
Et quand j'arriverai, je mettrai sur ta tombe
Un bouquet de houx vert et de bruyère en fleur.

Victor Hugo
Les Contemplations, 1856

Tomorrow at dawn...

Tomorrow, at dawn, at the hour of shining light,
I will go. See, I know you wait for me.
I will go by forest, I will go by mountain.
I can no longer remain far from you.

Eyes centered on my thoughts, I will walk,
Seeing nothing all around, hearing no sound,
Alone, unknown, back bent, hands crossed,
Sadly, and to me the day will be like night.

Nor will I look at the golden sunset,
Or the faraway sails descending toward Harfleur,
And when I arrive, I will place on your grave
A bouquet of green holly and flowering heather.

Translated by Malick Guisse