



Dawn Service, Frouville, 2nd of Apr 6, 2020

PREMIANT HOCHE / ANTHEMIELLE / COMESTERY 2020

~ Slide with me ~ par le Pathway-Grammar School

Slide with me and take the possibility

The darkness-deepens, Lord with me slide,
When other humans fall and catastrophe lies,
Only of the darkness, I slide with me.

Just to be close with you like this day,
Faster you grow than the ground you lie,
Change and become it all around I see,
O' These who changed not, slide with me.

Not a last glance I beg, a passing word,
But at this death with "My-slides, Lord,
Faster, understanding, patient, free,
Come not to separate, but slide with me.

Come not to separate, at the King of Kings,
But love and good, with-healing in thy wings,
There for all ways, a heart for every plea,
Come, Friend of sinners, this slide with me.

There in my head is only your slide with me,
And through understand and generous reasonable,
There had not all me, O' as I left thee.
O' in the dawn, Christ, slide with me.

O Lord! Thy presence every passing hour,
What but the good can be the kinder's power?
Who, see Thoust, thy good and they can be?
Through-out and complete, Lord, slide with me.

Like me lay, with Thou at hand to show;
Do have no anger, and keep no bitterness,
There is death's sting? Where, great, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou slide with me.

Lord! Thou Thy-own before my-closing eyes,
Slide through the gloom and continue to the dawn,
Repeat's morning breath, and earth's van-ishment day,
In thy, in death, O' Lord, slide with me.

— Henry Francis Lyke

Introduction et discours de Jean-Gabriel Maxson, Maire de Frouville . Speech by Jean-Gabriel Maxson, mayor of Frouville

Speech by an Australian representative – Discours d'un représentant Australien

Adresse de Pierre Molégoz, secrétaire général de la préfecture du Nord, au nom de l'État Français / Speech by Pierre Molégoz, general secretary of the North prefecture, in the name of the French Republic.

Gerbe de l'Épave – *Eucalyptus gerbere*

Depuis 12 ans maintenant, nous associons l'*eucalyptus* à notre cérémonie. Il symbolise la présence de l'Australie à Fresnoles. Il y a d'ailleurs quelques uns de ces arbres au centre du village.

In 12 years, we have associated the *eucalyptus* tree into our ceremony. It symbolises the presence of Australia in Fresnoles. In fact, some of these trees stand at the heart of our village.

For the past 12 years, we have incorporated the *eucalyptus* tree into our ceremony. It symbolises the presence of Australia in Fresnoles. In fact, some of these trees stand at the heart of our village.

By burning these branches, we are reminded that from life, we shall return to dust. Yet, the *eucalyptus* also purifies us.

'In Flaxen Fields' John McCree by the Pulborough Grammar School

Traduction littérale

Texte original

In Flaxen fields the jays sing
Between the crosses over the rows,
That mark our place, and in the air
The birds, all busy singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the corn below.

We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, and down, we went like
Leaves, and were dust, and now we lie
In flaxen fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe,
To you from falling hands we draw
The glory: in your hand it lies,
If ye be true to all we owe,
His dead shall not be forgotten,
In flaxen fields.

Dans les champs de Flaxen, les-coquelices
S'envoient
Entre les croix où, une rangée après l'autre,
Marquent notre place ; et dans l'air,
Les oiseaux, chantant vaillamment leurs
Chansons,
À peine audibles parmi les épis qui tombent.

Sous, les morts, il y a quelques jours encore,
Nous vivions, goûtons l'aurore, contemplons l'
Coucher de soleil,
Nous aimons-et étions aimés ; aujourd'hui, nous
Sommes morts
Dans les champs de Flaxen.

Reprenez notre combat contre l'ennemi !
Nos bras tombent nous tendent le flambeau,
À vous l'honneur de le porter bien haut.
Si vous nous aimez vraiment, nous qui sommes
Morts ne trouveront pas le repos, bien que les
coquelices s'envoient
Dans les champs de Flaxen.

WRENTH LAYING / Sépult de Gerbe

THE ODE

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old;
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them,
(Audience responds) We will remember them.

En français : JEAN MARIE DOLAL ENTRETIEN

Ils ne vieilliront pas comme nous qui leur avons survécu
Ils ne connaîtront jamais l'oubliage ni le poids des années.
Au coucher du soleil et le matin
Nous nous souviendrons d'eux.
(Public répond) Nous nous souviendrons d'eux.

THE LAST POST - SOMMERIE AUX MORTS

ONE MINUTE'S SILENCE / une minute de silence

THE ROUSE / Le réveil

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM

La Marseillaise

Ahous enfants de la Patrie
Le jour de gloire est arrivé!
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé
L'étendard sanglant est levé
Ébranlé-nous dans nos campagnes
Huez vos héros soldats!
De venant jusqu'à nos bras
Gardez vos foyers, vos compagnes

Aux armes, citoyens
Formez vos bataillons
Marchons, marchons!
Qu'un sang impur
Abaisse nos drapeaux

Advance Australia Fair

Australians all let us rejoice,
For we are young and free;
We've golden soil and wealth for toil,
Our home is built by sea;
Our land abounds in Nature's gifts
Of beauty rich and rare;
In history's page, let every stage
Advance Australia fair!
In joyful strains then let us sing,
« Advance Australia fair! »

Smash our ancient southern Cross,
We'll sail with hearts and hands;
To make the Commonwealth of ours
Sovereign of all the lands;
For those who'd come across the seas
We've boundless plains to share;
With courage let us all combine
To advance Australia fair.
In joyful strains then let us sing
« Advance Australia fair! »

The ceremony is over, thank you for your presence. I suggest now to have a drink at our
Cottiers' table / La cérémonie est terminée. Merci de votre présence. Je propose de
partager le verre de l'amitié à l'école des Cottiers.

Expire -le = Waiting Matilda = par le Pulleney Grammar School

Chorus song with = Waiting Matilda = by the Pulleney Grammar School

Once a jolly swagman camped by a
billabong
Under the shade of a scollash tree,
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til
his lilly loid.
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me".

Waiting Matilda, Waiting Matilda
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me"
And he sang as he watched and waited 'til
his lilly loid,
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me".

Down came a jumbuck to drink at that
billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him
with glee,
And he sang as he showed that jumbuck in
his licker bag,
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me".

Waiting Matilda, Waiting Matilda
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me"
And he sang as he showed that jumbuck in
his licker bag,
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me".

Up rode the squatter, mounted on his
thoroughbred,
Down came the troopers, one, two, three,
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in
your licker bag?"
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me".

Waiting Matilda, Waiting Matilda
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me"
"Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in
your licker bag?"
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me".

Up jumped the swagman and sprang into
the billabong,
"You'll never catch me alive", said he,
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by
that billabong,
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me".

Waiting Matilda, Waiting Matilda
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me"
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by
that billabong,
"You'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with me."
"Oh, you'll come a-Waiting Matilda, with
me."