

Ma jolie Louise

Ma jolie, how do you do?
Mon nom est Jean-Guy Thibault-Leroux
I come from East of Gatineau
My name is Jean-Guy, ma jolie
J'ai une maison à Lafontaine
Where we can live, if you marry me
Une belle maison À Lafontaine
Where we will live, you and me
O-oh Louise... ma jolie Louise

Tous les matins au soleil
I will work till work is done
Tous les matins au soleil
I did work till work is done
And one day the foreman
Said «Jean-Guy, we must let you go
Et puis mon nom, why est pas bon
At the mill any more
O-oh Louise, I'm losing my head
I'm losing my head

My kids are small, four and three
Et la bouteille, she's mon amie
I drink the rum till I can't see
It hides the shame Louise does not see
The carousel turns in my head
And I can't hide, oh no no no
And the rage turns in my head
And Louise, I struck her down
Down on the ground... I'm losing my mind
I'm losing my mind

En septembre soixante-trois
The kids are gone and so is Louise
Ontario they did go
Near la ville de Toronto
Now my tears, they roll down
Tous les jours, o-o-o-oh
And I remember the days
And the promises that we made
O-oh Louise, ma jolie Louise, ma jolie Louise