

Jolie louise

Isabelle Boulay

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 Lafontaine where we can live, if you marry me

Une belle maison Lafontaine where we will live you and me. Oh Louise, ma jolie 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 was done.

And one day, the foreman said "Jean-Guy, we must let you go"

Et puis, mon nom est pas bon at the mill anymore. 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

A carousel turns in my head and I can't hide, oh no no no no.

And the rage turned 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, 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, uh uh uh uh

And I remember the days and the promises that we made. Oh Louise, ma jolie Louise, 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.

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