

MacPherson

Félix Leclerc's song , 1948

Translation: Pierre-Yves Pépin

**At Angelus time in the morning
The boss of drive big Malouin
Said: "The logs are jammed
Which one of you handling his hook
Will make a hole to open up?
That one shall never come back**

**While singing that tune of jazz
MacPherson moved in the open
On his parka a wild flower
Over his head a small cloud
Sun as far as the Occident
Lake Saint-Jean stud with diamonds
Symphonies under the billows
A lonely man on his raft**

**Ring ring go MacPherson
Ring ring where it rings
Ring ring don't be sorry for anyone
The wave is good good**

**When the black saw himself alone in the open
Nearby the buoy Eternity
Jazzing right under his nose
Forgot the whole world
About childhood he dreamt
Saw his old mommy again
Who gave him a hand to land**

**Ring ring come MacPherson
Ring ring come you shall receive
Ring ring what you deserved
Which thing you never got**

**In the eddies was found
An old raft all broken
The chains pulled out
But MacPherson is in paradise
Carried over by his friends
It's Malouin who said it**

**Angels were singing his tune of jazz
When MacPherson took to the open
On his parka a wild flower
Sparkling like the star of the Wise Men
And the sun at the Occident
Spreading red color on his garment
Symphonies under the billows
Busted the raft**

*Ring ring bells of lake Saint-Jean
The soul of the one succeeding
Ring ring the logs are flowing again
And Malouin is happy
And everybody is happy*

MacPherson is happy