

Leonard Cohen, The Lost Canadian

(by Antoine Gerin-Lajoie)

Un Canadien Errant
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays trangers.
Parcourait en pleurant
Des pays trangers.

Un jour, triste et pensif,
Assis au bord des flots,
Au courant fugitif
Il adressa ces mots:
Au courant fugitif
Il adressa ces mots:

“Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va dire a mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.
Va dire mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.

O jours si pleins d'appas,
Vous tes disparus...
Et ma patrie, hélas!
Je ne la verrai plus.
Et ma patrie, hélas!
Je ne la verrai plus.

(A wandering Canadian,
banned from his hearths,
travelled while crying
in foreign lands.
travelled while crying
in foreign lands.

One day, sad and pensive,
sitting by the flowing waters,
to the fleeing current
he addressed these words:
to the fleeing current
he addressed these words:

If you see my country,
my unhappy country,
go tell my friends
that I remember them.
go tell my friends
that I remember them.

O days so full of charms,
you have vanished...
And my native land, alas!
I will see it no more.
And my native land, alas!
I will see it no more.