

The Lakes of Pontchartrain

American/Irish Folk

T'was on one fine March morn - ing, I bid New Or - leans a - dieu,
And I took the ro - ad to Jack - son Town, my for - tune to re - new,
I cursed all fore - reign mo - ney, no cred - it co - uld I gain,
Which filled my heart with long - ing for, the Lakes of Ponch - ar - train

I stepped on board a railroad car beneath the morning sun,
I rode the rods 'til evening and I laid me down again,
All strangers there no friends to me 'til a dark girl towards me came
And I fell in love with the Creole girl, by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said "Me pretty Creole girl, me money here's no good,
If it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out there in the wood,"
"You're welcome here kind stranger, from such sad thoughts refrain,
For me Mammy welcomes strangers, by the Lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me to her mammy's house and treated me right well,
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell,
To try to paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl, by the Lakes of Ponchartrain."

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said that ne'er could be,
For she had got a lover and he was far at sea,
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain,
'Til he'd return to his Creole girl, on the Lakes of Ponchartrain.

It's fare thee well, me Creole girl, I'll never see you more,
I'll never forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore,
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I'll drain,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,
by the Lakes of Ponchartrain.