

Lakes of Pontchartrain

It was on one bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu
And I took the road to Jackson town, my fortune to renew
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain
Which filled my heart with longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain

I stepped on board a railroad car beneath the morning sun
I road the roads till evening and I laid me down again
All strangers there no friends to me till a dark girl towards me came
And I fell in love with a creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain

I said, me pretty Creole girl my money here's no good
But if it weren't for the alligators I'd sleep out in the wood
You're welcome here kind stranger our house is very plain
But we never turn a stranger out on the banks of Pontchartrain

She took me into her mammy's house and treated me quite well
The hair upon her shoulder in jet black ringlets fell
To try to paint her beauty I'm sure t'would be in vain
So handsome was my creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she'd marry me she said it could never be
For she had got another and he was far at sea
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain
Till he returned for his creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain

So fare thee well my bonny ol' girl I ne'er will see you no more
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness In the cottage by the shore
And at each social gathering a flowing glass I'll raise
And I'll drink a health to my creole girl and the lakes of Pontchartrain