

Lakes Of Pontchartrain

G D C Em G D G
It was on one fine March morning, when I bid New Orleans adieu,
G D C Em G C
and I was on the road to Jackson town, my fortunes to renew,
G D C EmG C
I cursed all foreign money,, no credit could I gain,
G D C Em G D G
which filled my heart with longing for, the lakes of Pontchartrain

I sat on board a railway car beneath the morning sun
and I rode the rails till evening when I lay me down again,
all strangers he hum hum till dark woods me came, and
I fall in love with a creol giron the lakes of Pontchartrain

I said "my pretty creol girl, My money here's no good,
If it weren't for the alligators, I would sleep out in the wood,
your welcome here, kind stranger our house is very plain,
but we never turn a stranger out on the lakes of Pontchartrain"

She took me to her mamma's house, and treated me right well,
her hair upon here shoulders, in jet black ringlets fell,
to try to preen here beauty I'm sure would be in vain
so handsome was my creol girl on the lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her would she marry me, and she it never would be,
while she had got a lover, and he was off at sea
she said that she would wait for him and faithful she remained
waiting for her sailor on the lakes of Pontchartrain

she value well my bonny old girl. Ill never see you no more
I wont forget your kindness in that cottage by the shore
and at every social gathering a golden glass I'll drain,
and drink the health to the creol girl on the lakes of Pontchartrain.