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The Lakes of Pontchartrain 3

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O'er railroad ties and crossings
I made my weary way,
Through swamps and elevations
My tired feet did stray
Until I resolved at sunset
Some higher ground to win.
'Twas there I met with a Creole girl
By the lake of Ponchartrain.

"Good evening, fair maiden,
My money does me no good.
If it wan't for the allegators
I'd stay out in the wood."
"You're welcome, welcome, stranger.
At home it is quite plain
For we never turn a stranger
From the lake of Ponchartrain."

She took me to her mother's home
And she treated me quite well;
Her long black hair in ringlets
Upon her shoulders fell.
I tried to paint her picture
But, alas, it was in vain
So handsome was that Creole girl
By the lake of Ponchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me
She said that ne'er could be;
She said she had a lover,
And he was on the sea,
She said she had a lover
It was true she would remain,
Until he returned for the Creole girl
By the lake of Ponchartrain.

"Adieu, adieu, fair maiden,
You ne'er shall see me more
And when you are thinking of the old times
And the cottage by the shore
And when I meet a sociable

With a glass of the foaming main
I'll drink good health to the Creole girl
By the lake of Ponchartrain."

From The New Green Mountain Songster, Flanders et al.
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