

# Pontchartrain

Jane Siberry

O it was one fine morning  
I bid New Orleans adieu  
And took the road to Jackson Town  
My fortune to renew  
I cursed all foreign money  
No credit could I gain  
Which had my heart a-longing  
For the Lakes of Pontchartrain

I stowed aboard a railroad car  
Beneath the morning sun  
And I rode the rails 'til eventide  
'Til I finally lay me down  
No stranger would befriend me  
'Til a dark girl toward me came  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl  
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain

I said 'My bonnie Creole lass,  
My money 'tis no good  
And if it weren't for the alligators  
I'd sleep here in the wood.'  
'You're welcome here kind stranger  
Our house is very plain  
But we never turn a stranger out  
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.'

She took me into her mama's house  
And she treated me right well  
The hair upon her shoulders  
In jet black ringlets fell  
To try to paint her beauty  
'Twould surely be in vain  
So handsome was my Creole lass  
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she'd marry me,  
She said that ne'er could be  
For she had a lover  
Who was far away at sea  
She said that she would wait for him  
And true she would remain  
'Til he returned to his Creole lass  
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain

So fare thee well, my Creole lass,  
I'll ne'er see you no more  
And I'll ne'er forget your kindness  
In the cottage by the shore  
And at each social gathering  
A flowing bowl I'll drain  
I'll raise a glass to my Creole lass  
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain  
I'll raise a glass to my bonnie lass  
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain