

The Lakes Of Pontchartrain

Andy M. Stewart

Being 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 of a railroad car
Beneath the morning sun
And I rode the rods till evening
And laid me down again
No friend to me, all strangers
Till a dark girl towards me came
And I fell in love with a Creole girl
By the lakes of Pontchartrain

I said, "My pretty Creole girl
My money here's no good
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 turned a stranger out
On the banks of Pontchartrain"

She took me to her mammy's house
And treated me right well
The hair upon her shoulders
in long dark ringlets fell
To try to paint her beauty
I'm sure would be in vain
So handsome was my Creole girl
By the lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she'd marry me
Oh no, that could never be
For she had got a lover
and he was far at sea
And she vowed that she would wait for him
And true she would remain
So constant was my Creole girl
By the lakes of Pontchartrain

So fare-thee-well, my bonnie young girl
I never will see you 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 drink
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl
By the lakes of Pontchartrain