Pontchartrain

Jane Siberry

O it was one fine morning
I bid New Orleans adieu
And took the road to Jackson Town
My fortune to renewI cursed all foreign money
No credit could I gain
Which had my heart a-longing
For the lakes of PontchartrainI stowed aboard a railroad car
Beneath the morning sun
And I rode the rails 'til eventide
'Til I finally lay me downNo stranger would befriend me
'Til a dark girl toward me came
And I fell in love with a Creole girl
On the Lakes of PontchartrainI said, my bonnie Creole lass
My money 'tis no good
And if it weren't for the alligators
I'd sleep here in the woodYou're welcome here kind stranger
Our house is very plain
But we never turn a stranger out
On the Lakes of PontchartrainShe took me into her mama's house
And she treated me right well
The hair upon her shoulders
In jet black ringlets fellTo try to paint her beauty
That would surely be in vain
So handsome was my Creole lass
On the lakes of PontchartrainI asked her if she'd marry me
She said that ne'er could be
For she had a lover
Who was far away at seaShe said that she would wait for him
And true she would remain
'Til he returned to his Creole lass
On the lakes of PontchartrainSo 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 shoreAnd 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

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