Lakes Of Pontchartrain

Christy Moore

It was one fine 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 a longing for, the Lakes of PonchartrainI stepped on board of a railroad car beneath the morning sun
I rode the rods till evening and I laid me down again
All strangers there no friends to me 'til a dark girl towards me came
And I fell in love with the Creole Girl, by the Lakes of PonchartrainI said "Me pretty Creole Girl, me money here's no good,
If it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out there in the wood"
"You're welcome here kind stranger, from such sad thoughts refrain"
"For me Mammy welcomes strangers, by the Lakes of Ponchartrain"She took me into her mammy's house and treated me right well
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell
To try and paint here beauty, I'm sure i't would be in vain
So handsome was my Creole girl by the Lakes of PonchartrainI asked her if she'd marry me, she said that ne'er could be
For she had got a lover and he was far at sea
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain
Till he'd return to his Creole girl, on the Lakes of PonchartrainIt's fare thee well, me Creole girl, I'll never see you more
I'll never forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I'll drain
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl, by the Lakes of Ponchartrain

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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