

# On the Banks of the Pontchartrain

Hank Williams

I traveled from Texas to old Louisanne  
Through valleys, o'er mountains and plains  
Both footsore and weary, I rested awhile  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain The fairest young maiden that I ever saw  
Passed by as it started to rain  
We both found a shelter beneath the same tree  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain We hid from the shower, an hour or so  
She asked me, how long I'd remain?  
I told her that I'd spend the rest of my days  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain I just couldn't tell her that I ran away  
From jail on a West Texas plane  
I prayed in my heart, I would never be found  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain Then one day a man put his hand on my arm  
And said I must go west again  
I left her alone without saying goodbye  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell  
I know that she's waiting in vain  
I'm hoping and praying someday to return  
To the banks of the old Pontchartrain

Songwriters

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