

## **Reid Harvey**

### **"Lakes Of Pontchartrain V2"**

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The Lakes of Pontchartrain  
by Harvey Reid  
(as sung by Martin Simpson )  
Through streams and bogs and under bush, I made my  
weary way,  
Though windfalls thick and devil's floods, my aching  
feet did stray.  
Until at last by evening start, on higher ground I  
gained,  
And there I met with a Creole girl, by the Lakes of  
Pontchartrain.  
Good evening to you Creole girl, my money is no good,  
Although I fear the 'gaitors, well I must defend the  
wood.  
You are welcome here kind stranger, my house is very  
plain,  
But we never turn a stranger out, by the Lakes of  
Pontchartrain.  
She took me to her mammy's house, and she treated  
me right well,  
The hair around her shoulders, in them jet black  
ringlets fell.  
I'd try to describe her beauty, but I find the words in  
vain,  
So beautiful that Creole girl, by the Lakes of  
Pontchartrain.  
Well I asked if she'd marry me, she said that could not  
be,  
Because she loved a sailor, and he's far away at sea.  
She said that she would marry him, and true she would  
remain,  
Even through he never did comeback, to the Lakes of  
Pontchartrain.  
So farewell farwell you Creole girl, I'll ne'er see you no  
more,  
I'll ne'er forget your kindness, in the cottage by the  
shore.  
And at each social gathering, a flowing glass I'd drain,  
And I drink a health to the Creole girl, by the Lakes of  
Pontchartrain.

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