

## Deante

### "Lakes Of Pontchartrain"

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'Twas on one bright March morning I bid New Orleans  
adieu  
And I took the rode to Jackson town, me fortune to  
renew  
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain  
Which filled me heart with longing for the lakes of  
Pontchartrain

I stepped on board of a railroad car beneath the  
morning sun  
I rode the road 'til 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 a Creole girl by the lakes of  
Pontchartrain

I said, "My pretty Creole girl, me 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, it's  
very plain  
But we never turn a stranger out from the lakes of  
Pontchartrain"

She took me to her mammy's house and treated me  
right well  
The hair upon her shoulders in jet-black ringlets fell  
To try and paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain  
So handsome was my Creole girl by the lakes of  
Pontchartrain

And I asked her if she'd marry me, she'd said it could  
never be  
For she had got another, and he was far at sea  
She said that she would wait for him and true she  
would remain  
'Til he returned for his Creole girl by the lakes of  
Pontchartrain

So fare thee well, me bonny own girl, I never will see no  
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 raise  
And I'll drink a health to me Creole girl and the lakes of  
Pontchartrain

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