

Hank Williams

"On The Banks Of The Old Pontchartrain"

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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

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