

Christy Moore

"The Lakes Of Ponchartrain"

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It was one fine March morning, I bid New Orleans adieu
And I took the road to Jacksontown, and my fortune to
renew.

I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain,
Til I fell in love with the croi old girl, by the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

She took me into her Mama?s house, and treated me
right well,
The hair upon her shoulders, in jet-black reign lets fell.
To try and paint her beauty, I knew it would be in vain,
So handsome was my croi old girl, by the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she?d marry me, she said that nare 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,
Til he?d return to his croi old girl, by the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

Fair thee well my croi old girl, I?ll never will see you
more,
I won?t 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 croi old girl, by the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

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