

Rose Funeral

"On The Banks Of The Old Ponchartrain"

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I traveled from Texas to old Louisianne through valleys
o'er mountains and plains
Both footsore and weary I rested awhile on the banks
of the old Ponchartrain
The fairest young man that I ever did see passed by as
it started to rain
We both found a shelter beneath the same tree on the
banks of the old Ponchartrain
We hid from the shower an hour or so he asked me
how long I'd remain
I told him that I'd spend the rest of my days on the
banks of the old Ponchartrain
[guitar]
I just couldn't tell him that I ran away from jail on a west
Texas plain
I prayed in my heart I would never be found on the
banks of the old Ponchartrain
Then one day a man put his hand on my arm and said I
must go west again
I left him alone without saying goodbye on the banks of
the old Ponchartrain
Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell I know that he's
waiting in vain
I'm hoping and praying someday to return on the banks
of the old Ponchartrain

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