

Zachary Richard "Manchac"

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Way back up in the woods along the Bogue Chitto,
Where the Amite River meets the Ponchartrain.
People tell a story about a creole maid
Who fell in love with an Indian brave.

Manchac.

Late one night when the moon was down,
As quiet as the shadow of a bob cat's claw.
He stole her from the quarters and he hid her in the
cane,
And they made love until the morning and then they
ran away.

For many long days they had to keep a-running,
Through the muddy swamp bottom and the briar wood.
The hound and the posse and the master just behind
Â'em.
And If anybody could catch them it was him that could.

Manchac.

Chorus:
Tell me do you still hear the hounds a-coming,
Tell me will you stay with me Â'til the end.
Don't be worried for when we cross the river,
We will never come back this way again.

Way back up in the woods along the Notalbany River,
Near the ferry boat crossing called the Frenchman's
Bend,
Early one morning there was blood upon the water,
When the master caught his daughter and he killed his
friend.

Way back up in the woods along the Bogue Chitto,
Where the Amite River meets the Ponchartrain.
The spirit of a woman keeps a-moving on the water,
And she keeps on calling out an Indian name.

