

Harvey Reid

"Lakes Of Pontchartrain V1"

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The Lakes of Pontchartrain

by Harvey Reid

from Of Wind and Water

(traditional)

Twas on one bright morning I bid New Orleans adieu
And I took the Road to Jackson town, my fortunes to
renew.

I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain.
Which filled my heart with longing for the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

I climbed on board of a railroad car all in the morning
sun

And I rode the rods till evening and I lay me down
again.

All strangers were no friends to me til the dark road
towards me came.

And I fell in love with a Creole girl, by the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

And I said "Me pretty Creole girl, my money here's no
good

If it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out in the wood."

"Your welcome here kind stranger, our house is very
plain.

But we never turn a stanger out, on the lakes of
Pontchartrain."

And she took me to her mammy's house, she treated
me quite well.

The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell.

To try to paint her beauty there, I'm sure would be in
vain,

So handsome was my Creole girl, on the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

And I asked her would she marry me, she said "That
never 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,

Till he returned to his Creole girl, on the lakes of

Pontchartrain.

So fair thee well my Creole girl, I'll never see you no
more.

I'll never forget your kindness in the cottage by the
shore,

And at each social gathering, a foamy glass I'll drain.
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl on the lakes of
Pontchartrain.

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