

Martin Simpson

"Lakes Of Ponchartrain"

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The Lakes of Pontchartrain
by Harvey Reid
(as sung by Martin Simpson)

Through streams and bogs and under bush, I made my
weary way,
Though windfalls thick and devil's floods, my aching
feet did stray.
Until at last by evening start, on higher ground I
gained,
And there I met with a Creole girl, by the Lakes of
Pontchartrain.

Good evening to you Creole girl, my money is no good,
Although I fear the 'gaitors, well I must defend the
wood.
You are welcome here kind stranger, my house is very
plain,
But we never turn a stranger out, by the Lakes of
Pontchartrain.

She took me to her mammy's house, and she treated
me right well,
The hair around her shoulders, in them jet black
ringlets fell.
I'd try to describe her beauty, but I find the words in
vain,
So beautiful that Creole girl, by the Lakes of
Pontchartrain.

Well I asked if she'd marry me, she said that could not
be,
Because she loved a sailor, and he's far away at sea.
She said that she would marry him, and true she would
remain,
Even through he never did comeback, to the Lakes of
Pontchartrain.

So farewell farwell you Creole girl, I'll ne'er see you no
more,
I'll ne'er forget your kindness, in the cottage by the

shore.

And at each social gathering, a flowing glass I'd drain,
And I drink a health to the Creole girl, by the Lakes of
Pontchartrain

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