

**Andy M. Stewart****"The Lakes Of Pontchartrain"**

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Being on one bright March morning  
I bid New Orleans adieu  
And I took the road to Jackson Town  
My fortune to renew  
I cursed all foreign money  
no credit could I gain  
Which filled my heart with longing for  
The lakes of Ponchartrain

I stepped on board of a railroad car  
Beneath the morning sun  
And I rode the rods till evening  
And laid me down again  
No friend to me, all strangers  
Till a dark girl towards me came  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl  
By the lakes of Ponchartrain

I said, "My pretty Creole girl  
My money here's no good  
If it weren't for the alligators  
I'd sleep out in the wood"  
"You're welcome here, kind stranger  
Our house is very plain  
But me mammy welcomes strangers,  
On the banks of Pontchartrain"

She took me to her mammy's house  
And treated me right well  
The hair upon her shoulders  
in long dark ringlets fell  
To try to paint her beauty  
I'm sure would be in vain  
So handsome was my Creole girl  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she'd marry me  
Oh no, that could never be  
For she had got a lover  
and he was far at sea  
And she vowed that she would wait for him

And true she would remain  
So constant was my Creole girl  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain

So fare-thee-well, my Creole girl  
I never will see you more  
But I'll ne'er 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 Creole girl  
By the lakes of Pontchartrain

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