

## On the Banks of the Old Pontchartrain

Hank Williams

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 Pontchartrain.

The fairest young maiden that I ever saw  
Passed by as it started to rain  
We both found a shelter beneath the same tree  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain.

We hid from the shower an hour or so  
She asked me how long I'd remain  
I told her that I'd spend the rest of my days  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain.

I just couldn't tell her 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 Pontchartrain.

Then one day a man put his hand on my arm  
And said I must go west again  
I left her alone without saying goodbye  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain.

Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell  
I know that she's waiting in vain  
I'm hoping and praying someday to return  
On the banks of the old Pontchartrain