

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