

Pontchartrain

Jane Siberry

O it was one fine morning
I bid New Orleans adieu
And took the road to Jackson Town
My fortune to renew
I cursed all foreign money
No credit could I gain
Which had my heart a-longing
For the Lakes of Pontchartrain

I stowed aboard a railroad car
Beneath the morning sun
And I rode the rails 'til eventide
'Til I finally lay me down
No stranger would befriend me
'Til a dark girl toward me came
And I fell in love with a Creole girl
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain

I said 'My bonnie Creole lass,
My money 'tis no good
And if it weren't for the alligators
I'd sleep here in the wood.'
'You're welcome here kind stranger
Our house is very plain
But we never turn a stranger out
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain.'

She took me into her mama's house
And she treated me right well
The hair upon her shoulders
In jet black ringlets fell
To try to paint her beauty
'Twould surely be in vain
So handsome was my Creole lass
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she'd marry me,
She said that ne'er could be
For she had a lover
Who was far away at sea
She said that she would wait for him
And true she would remain
'Til he returned to his Creole lass
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain

So fare thee well, my Creole lass,
I'll ne'er see you no more
And I'll ne'er forget your kindness
In the cottage by the shore
And at each social gathering
A flowing bowl I'll drain
I'll raise a glass to my Creole lass
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain
I'll raise a glass to my bonnie lass
On the Lakes of Pontchartrain