

# The Lakes of Pontchartrain (D)

Traditional, Arr. Mark Duvall via Paul Brady

D G F#m G Bm A G A D

'Twas on one bright March mor- ning I bid Or- leans a- dieu, and I

9 D D/C# Bm A G A

took the road to Jack-son town my for- tunes to re- new. I

17 D D/C# Bm A G A

cursed all for- eign mo- ney, no cre- dit could I gain; and it

25 D G F#m G Bm A G A

filled me heart with a long- ing for the lakes of Pontch- ar-

31 D G F#m G Bm A G A D

train.

*Verse: 2* I stepped on board the railway car beneath the morning sun;  
And I rode the lines 'till evening, then lay me down again.  
All strangers here, no friends to me, 'till a dark girl towards me came;  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl on the lakes of Pontchartrain.

*Verse: 3* I said "Me pretty Creole lass, 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, though very plain,  
Has never turned a stranger out on the banks of Pontchartrain."

*Verse: 4* She took me to her mother's house; they treated me quite well.  
Her hair upon her shoulders in amber ringlets fell.  
To try to paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,  
So handsome was my Creole girl on the lakes of Pontchartrain.

*Verse: Instrumental*

*Verse: 5* I asked her if she'd marry me; she said this cannot be.  
For she had got a lover, and he was far at sea.  
She said that she would wait for him, and true she will remain  
'Till he returns to his Creole girl on the lakes of Pontchartrain.

*Verse: 6* So it's fare thee well, my Creole lass, I shall see you no more.  
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore.  
And at each social gathering, a flowing glass I'll drain;  
And drink a health to my Creole girl on the lakes of Pontchartrain.