

It was 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 Pontchartrain  
  
I stepped on board of a railroad car beneath  
the morning sun  
I rode the rails till evening and I laid me down  
again  
All strangers there, no friends to me till a  
dark girl towards me came  
And I fell in love with a Creole girl by the  
lakes of Pontchartrain

I said my pretty Creole girl my money here's  
no good  
And 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 we never turned a stranger out  
On the banks of Pontchartrain"

She took me to her mammy's house and she  
treated me right well  
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black  
ringlets fell  
To try to paint her beauty I'm sure 'twould be  
in vain  
So handsome was my Creole girl by the  
lakes of Pontchartrain

I asked her if she'd marry me she said this  
could never be  
For she had got a lover and he was far at  
sea  
She said that she would wait for him and true  
she would remain  
Till he'd return to his Creole girl by the Lakes  
of Pontchartrain

So fare thee well, my bonny own girl I never  
may see you 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 I'll drink a health to my Creole girl by the  
lakes of Pontchartrain