

# Christy Moore, Lakes Of Pontchartrain

It was one fine 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 me heart with longing for the lakes of Ponchartrain.

I stepped on board of a railroad car beneath the morning sun,  
I rode the rods 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 my Creole girl by the lakes of Ponchartrain.

I said, "Me pretty Creole girl, me 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, from such sad thoughts refrain,  
For me Mammy welcomes strangers by the lakes of Ponchartrain.

She took me into her Mammy's house, and treated me right well.  
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell.  
To try and paint her beauty, Im sure twould be in vain,  
So handsome was my Creole girl by the lakes of Ponchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me. She said that ne'er could 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 on the lakes of Ponchartrain.

Its fare thee well, me Creole girl, I never may see you more.  
I'll neer forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore  
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I'll drain  
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl by the lakes of Ponchartrain.