

Hank Williams, On The Banks Of The Old Ponchartrain

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I [a] travelled from [a7] texas to [d] old louis-[a] anne
Thru valleys, o'er mountains and [e7] plains
Both [a] footsore and [a7] weary I [d] rested a-[a] while
On the [e7] banks of the old ponchar-[a] train.

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 ponchartrain.

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 ponchartrain.

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 ponchartrain.

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 ponchartrain.

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
To the banks of the old ponchartrain.