

# 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.