

Lakes Of Pontchartrain
Christy Moore

C Em Am G F C G
It was one fine March morning I bid New Orleans adieu,
C Em Am G Am C F
and I took the road to Jackson town, my fortune to renew.
C Em Am G Am C F
I cursed all foreign mo..ney, no credit could I gain,
C Em Am G F C G
till I fell in love with the Creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

C Em Am G F C G
She took me into her Mamma s house, and treated me right well,
C Em Am G Am C F
the hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell.
C Em Am G Am C F
To try and paint her beauty, I knew, it would be in vain,
C Em Am G F C G
so handsome was my Creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain.

C Em Am G F C
I asked her if she d marry me, she said that ne er could be,
C Em Am/G C F
for she had got a lover and he was far at sea.
C Em Am G C F
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain,
C Em Am G F C G
till he d return to his Creole girl on the lakes of Pontchartrain.

C Em Am G F C G
It s fare thee well, my Creole girl, I never will see you more,
C Em Am G Am C F
I won t forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore.
C Em Am G Am C F
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I ll drain,
C Em Am G F C
and I ll drink a health to my Creole girl by the lakes of Pontchartrain.