## Lakes Of Pontchartrain Christy Moore

C	Em	Am G	F		C G		
It was one	fine March	morning	I bid Ne	w Orleans	adieu,		
C	Em	Am	G	Am	С	F	
and I took	the road t	o Jacksor	n town, m	y fortune	to	renew.	
C				С		?	
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain,							
C	Em		Am G		F		C G
till I fel	l in love w	ith the C	Creole gi	rl by the	lakes of	Pontchar	train.
C	Em	Am	G	F		C G	
She took m	ne into her	Mamma s h	nouse, an	d treated	me right	well,	
C	Em An	ı G	Am	C	F		
the hair u	ipon her sho	ulders ir	ı jet bla	ck ringle	ts fell.		
C	Em	Am G	Am	C	F		
To try and	l paint her	beauty, 1	knew, i	t would be	e in vain	,	
C	Em A	am G		F	(	C G	
so handsom	ne was my Cr	eole girl	by the	lakes of 1	Pontchart:	rain.	
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	; (	2	F			
for she ha	ıd got a lov	er and he	e was far	at sea.			
C	Em	Am	G	C		F	
She said that she would wait for him and true she would remain,							
С	Em	Am	G	F		С	G
till he d	return to h	is Creole	e girl on	the lake	s of Ponto	chartrain	•
C	Em		G	F		C G	
It s fare	thee well,		e girl, I	never wi	ll see yo	u more,	
С	Em A	_	Am	_	F		
I won t fo	rget your k	indness i	n the co	ttage by	the shore	•	
С	Em An		Am	С	F		
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I ll drain,							
_	C Em		Am G		F	_	C
and I ll d	lrink a heal	th to my	Creole g	irl by the	e lakes o	f Pontcha	rtrain.