## Lakes of the Ponchartrain (4)

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Over logs and alligators I made my weary way.
Over railroad ties and crossings, until the close of day,
Till at last when night was falling, some higher ground I gained.
And a Creole girl who waited there by the Lakes of the Ponchartrain.

I asked her if she would marry; she said that never could be,
For she told me she had a lover, and he was out to sea.
Yes, she told me she had a lover, and true she would remain,
Till he returned to her again by the Lakes of the Ponchartrain.

Now I tried to tell her beauty, but I find that it's in vain,
So lovely was that Creole girl, by the Lakes of Ponchartrain.
Now at home once more in Boston, the flowing bowl we'll drain,
And we'll drink a health to that Creole girl by the Lakes of the
Ponchartrain.

As recorded by Lisa Null on "The Feathered Maiden & Other Ballads."
This version collected by Gale Huntington. This minor-key version
is far removed from the common text of the song, but a similar text
(though with a different tune) is printed in The New Green Mountain
Songster and may be found in this collection.  RW

DT #648
Laws H9
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