

A FLOWING GLASS I'LL RAISE

I was thinking about our October Second Saturday concert with Bryan Bowers, and remembered Bryan's lovely rendition of this song. The story obviously happens in America, though the song is a staple in the repertoire of many Irish groups, such as the Hothouse Flowers, whose beautiful version can be heard at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GKq0odvgtmc>.

THE LAKES OF PONCHARTRAIN

Traditional

C **G** **Am**
It was on one fine March morning
F **G** **C**
I bid New Orleans adieu.
C **G** **Am** **G**
And I took the road to Jackson town,
C **F**
My fortune to renew,
C **G** **Am** **G**
I cursed all foreign money,
C **F**
No credit could I gain,
C **G** **Am**
Which filled my heart with longing for
F **G** **C**
The lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board a railway car,
Beneath the morning sun,
We rode the roads till evening,
Till I laid me down again
No stranger would befriend me,
Till a dark girl towards me came,
And I fell in love with a Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl,
My money here's no good,
But if it weren't for the alligators,
I would sleep out in the woods".
"You're welcome here kind stranger,
Our house is very plain.
But we never turn a stranger out,
From the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me home to her momma's house,
And treated me right well,
The hair upon her shoulder
In jet black ringlets fell.

To try and paint her beauty,
I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her would she marry me,
She said it could never be,
For she had got another,
Who was far away at sea.
She said that she would wait for him
And true she would remain.
Waiting for her sailor,
By the lakes of Pontchartrain.

So fare you well my Bonny ol girl,
I never will see you no more,
I wont forget your kindness
In the cottage by the shore.
At every social gathering
A flowing glass I'll raise,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl,
And the lakes of Pontchartrain.