

The Lakes of Pontchartrain

Arr. Will Fly

Traditional

Mel.

Mel.

Mel.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. Each system includes a guitar part and two melodic lines. The guitar part is written in 3/4 time and uses a DADGAD tuning (D5, A4, G4, D4, A3, D3). The first system of the guitar part consists of six measures: a whole rest, followed by a half note D, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, a quarter note G, a quarter note A, and a quarter note B. The second system consists of six measures: a half note D, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, a quarter note G, and a quarter note A. The third system consists of six measures: a half note D, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, a quarter note G, and a quarter note A. The two melodic lines are written in 3/4 time and use a DADGAD tuning. The first melodic line consists of six measures: a half note D, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, a quarter note G, and a quarter note A. The second melodic line consists of six measures: a half note D, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, a quarter note G, and a quarter note A. The third melodic line consists of six measures: a half note D, a quarter note D, a quarter note E, a quarter note F#, a quarter note G, and a quarter note A.

D5
A4
G4
D4
A3
D3

0-2-4

D

DM7

D6

D

G

A7

D

A

D

DM7

D6

D

D

D7

G

G

D

The Lakes of Pontchartrain

Mel.

0 0 0 0 0 0

2 2 2 2 2 5

4 4 2 0 0 5

DM7 D6 D D D7 G

Mel.

0 0 0 0 0 0

2 2 2 2 2 5

5 5 0 4 2 0

G D DM7 D6 D G

Mel.

2 2 0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0 0 0

0 0 0 0 0 0

A7 D D

'Twas on a fine March morning I, bid New Orleans adieu,
And took the road to Jackson Town, my fortune to renew.
I cursed all foreign money for, no credit could I gain,
Which filled my heart with longing for the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

I stepped on board a railroad car beneath the morning sun.
I rode the rods till evening, then I laid me down again.
All strangers there, no friends to me 'til a dark girl to 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 for the alligators, I'd sleep out in the wood".
"You're welcome here kind sir", she said, "from such sad thoughts
refrain,
For my Mammy welcomes strangers, by the Lakes of Pontchartrain".

She took me to her mammy's house, and treated me right well.
The hair upon her shoulders, in jet-black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty here, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl, by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she'd marry me, she said that ne'er could be,
For she had got a lover, and he was far at sea.
She said that she would wait for him, and true she would remain,
Till he returned to his Creole girl, on the Lakes of Pontchartrain.

It's fare thee well, my Creole girl, I'll never see you more.
I'll ne'er forget your kindness in, the cottage by the shore.
And at each social gathering, a flowing bowl I'll drain,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl, by the Lakes of Pontchartrain.