

# Banks Of The Old Pontchartrain

Trad.

*G* *C* *G* *D7*  
 I trav-eled from Tex-as to low Loui-si - an', Through val-leys, o'er moun-tains and plain. Both  
*G* *C* *G* *D7* *G* *G*  
 The fair - est young mai-den that I ev - er saw Passed by as it start - ed to rain. We  
 foot - sore and wear-y, I rest - ed a while On the banks of the Old Pont - char - train. train. I  
 both found a shel-ter be - neath the same tree On the banks of the Old Pont - char -  
*C* *G* *D7* *G*  
 ven-tured a smile, but she thought I was bold. I hast-ened to try and ex - plain, But some-how I  
*C* *G* *D7* *G*  
 knew I would ling-er a while On the banks of the Old Pont - char - train.

## Instrumental

**We hid from the shower an hour or so.  
 She asked me how long I'd remain.  
 I told her I'd spend the rest of my life  
 On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.**

**As time drifted by, we fell deeper in love,  
 A love that could just bring her pain.  
 I knew that one day I would leave her alone  
 On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.**

**I just couldn't tell her that I ran away  
 From jail on an old Texas plain.  
 I prayed in my heart I would never be found  
 On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.**

## Instrumental

**Then one day a man put his hand on my arm  
 And said I must go west again.  
 I left her alone without saying goodbye,  
 On the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.**

**Tonight as I sit here alone in my cell,  
 I know that she's waiting in vain.  
 I'm hoping and praying someday to return  
 To the banks of the Old Pontchartrain.**