

House of the rising sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time that he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

Oh mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
To spend your life in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun

With one foot on the platform
And the other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

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Traditionell

If you divide God's country

There is a land in Middle East
they call the Promised Land.
The Jews received it from their God,
He gave it to their hands.

He gave them His commandments,
they were to keep them well.
They didn't, so they lost their land
and had to say farewell.

But God is not resentful,
He loved to bring them home.
So no one should attack them now,
to God's wrath he'd be prone!

So listen, proud America,
I heard it in my sleep:
If you divide God's country,
His anger you will reap.

If you divide God's country,
yours will be cut as well:
From Canada to Mexico,
there'll be a giant well.

The coast of east, the coast of west
will sink into the tide
and that's because you didn't spare
the land that is God's pride.

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