

## *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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They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
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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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