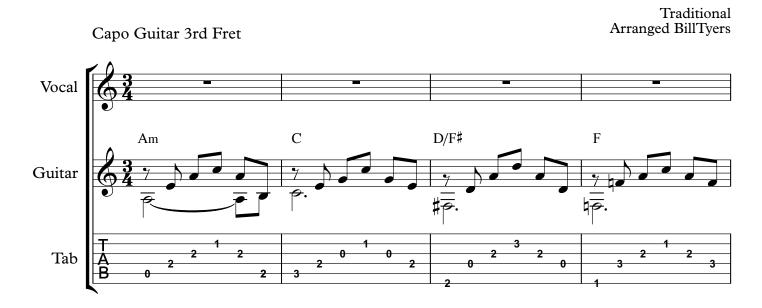
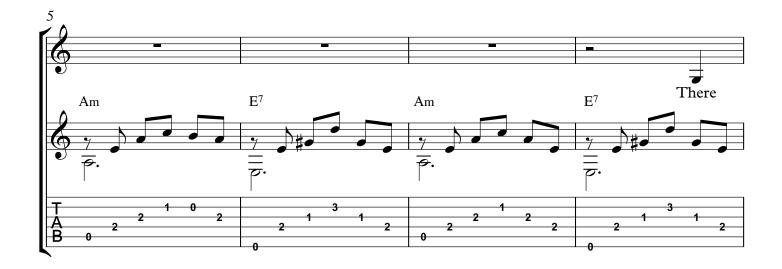
## House Of The Rising Sun

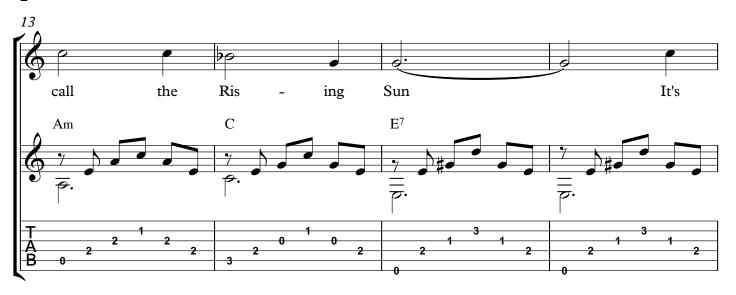
Vocal & Guitar

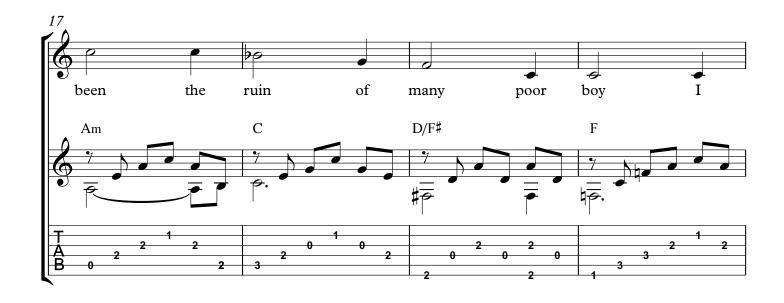


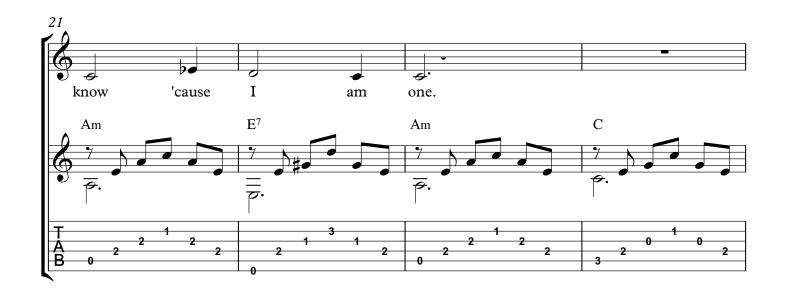


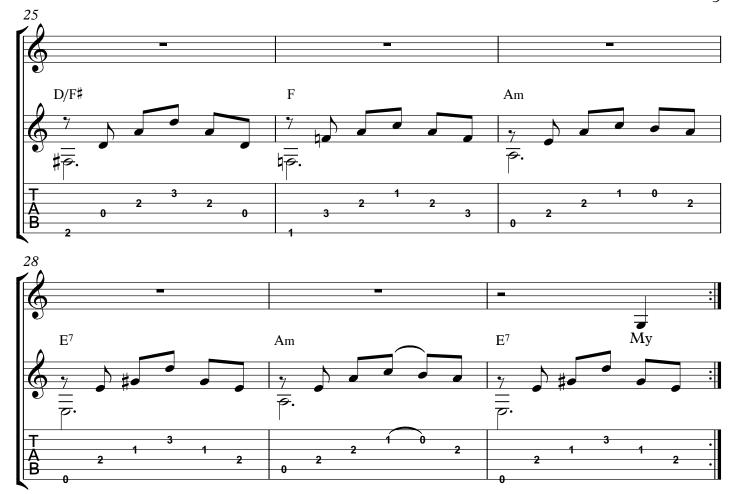












My mother was a tailor She sewed my new bluejeans My father was a gamblin' man Down in New Orleans

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

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

Well, I got one foot on the platform The other foot on the train I'm goin' back to New Orleans To wear that ball and chain

Well, 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.