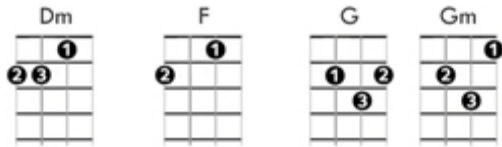
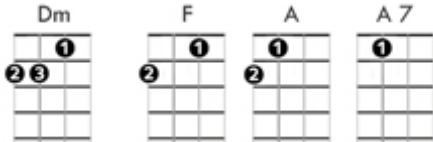


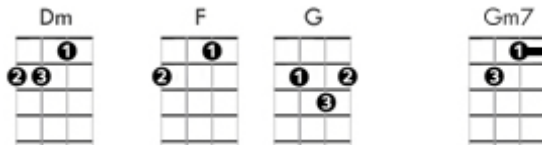
## House Of The Rising Sun - Soprano Ukulele



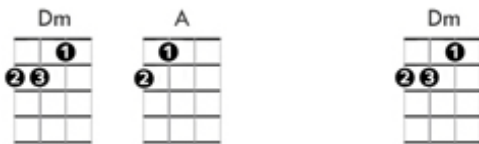
There is a house in New Orleans



They call the Rising Sun



It's been the ruin of many a poor girl



And I, oh Lord am 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 trunk  
And the only time he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk

My father was a travelin' man  
Left my mother when I was one  
Kept drinkin' and a gam--blin'  
Until his time was done

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

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

Go tell my baby sister  
Say "don't do as I have done  
And keep away from gamblin' men  
And the house of the rising sun"

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