

The House of the Rising Sun

American Folk Song

♩ = 120



(Instrumental to be played between each verse)



1. There
2. If

Verse



is a house in New Or - leans, they call the
I had listened to what mama had said, I'd a been at



Ris - ing Sun. It has been the ru - in of man - y a poor.
home to - day. Being so young and fool - ish poor.



girl, and I, oh Lord, was one.
girl, Let a gam - bler lead me a - stray.

Additional Lyrics:

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

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

*5. 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*

*6. 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*

*7. I'm going back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run.
Going back to end my life
Beneath the Rising Sun*