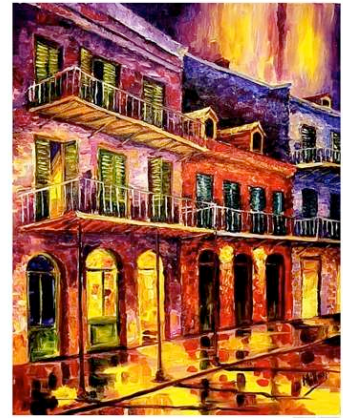


House of the Rising Sun



Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans,
Am C E7
They call the Rising Sun
Am C D F
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Am E7 Am C - D - F - C - E - Am
And God, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor, she sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gambling man, down in New Orleans

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

Oh mothers tell your children, not to do what I have done
Don't spend your life in sin and misery in the house of the rising
sun

Optional
Versus {
He fills his glass up to the brim, and he'll pass the cards around
And the only pleasure he gets outa life, is ramblin from town to
town
Well I'm goin' back to New Orleans, my race is almost run
I'm goin' back to end my life, down in 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

Many versions of this song and melody exist, which musicologists trace as far back as the 16th and 17th centuries. Many people are familiar with the version recorded by the British rock group The Animals. If you prefer that version, sing all verses except for those enclosed in brackets. The additional verses provided here appear in many traditional folk versions. Several other verses can be found in other versions of this song.