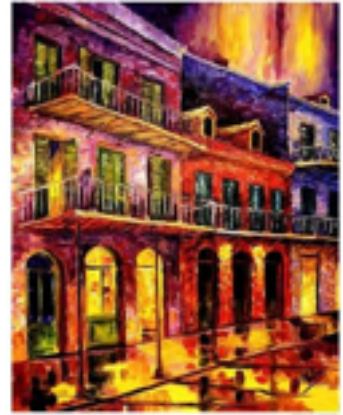


# House of the Rising Sun



Dm F G Bb  
There is a house in New Orleans,  
Dm F A  
They call the Rising Sun  
Dm F G Bb  
And it's been the ruin of many a po' girl  
Dm A Dm F G Bb F A Dm  
And me, Oh God, I'm one

My mother was a tailor, she sewed my new blue jeans  
My sweetheart was a gambler lord, 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

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 po' girl and me, Oh God, I'm one