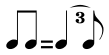


# House Of The Rising Sun

Traditional



♩ = 120

There is a house in New Orleans. They call the

Fm A♭ B♭m D♭ Fm

Rising Sun. It's been the ruin of many poor

A♭ C7 Fm A♭ B♭m

soul and me, oh God, I'm one.

D♭ Fm C7 Fm C7

1. 2.

Notes and Fingerings

**Houce Of The Rising Sun  
Traditional**

**There is a house in New Orleans,  
They call the Rising Sun.  
And it's been the ruin of many young poor boys,  
And God I know I'm one.**

**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 a trunk.  
And the only time that he's satisfied,  
Is when he's all drunk.**

**Oh mother tell your children,  
Not to do what I have done.  
To spend ther life in sin and misery,  
In the house of the Rising Sun.**

**With one foot on the platform,  
And the other foot on the train.  
I'm going back to New Orleans,  
To wear that ball and chain.**

**There is a house in New Orleans,  
They call the Rising Sun.  
And it's been the ruin of many young poor boys,  
And god I know I'm one.**