

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Traditional Old-Time Song; **DATE:** Early 1900's; **CATEGORY:** Early Country and Bluegrass Songs; **RECORDING INFO:** Tom Ashley and Gwen Foster recorded Rising Sun Blues on September 6, 1933 on Vocalion 02576; Texas Alexander recorded "The Risin' Sun" on November 15, 1928 [OK 8673]; Homer Callahan recorded "Rounder's Luck" on 11 April 1935 - issued on ARC in February 1936; Recorded by E. Tubb in 1936 (both he and Acuff where on Grand Old Opry); Roy Acuff recorded 'Rising Sun' on November 3, 1938 - issued as Vo/OK 04909 in August 1939.: Recorded by Josh White in 1942, copyrighted by Leeds Music Corp., N.Y.; Mike Auldridge; Joan Baez; Bob Dylan; Country Gentlemen; Roscoe Holcomb and Wade Ward (Rising Sun); Leadbelly; Doc Watson; Seldom Scene; **OTHER NAMES:** In New Orleans; Rising Sun Blues; **NOTES:** In 1905 "House of the Rising Sun" is said to have been known by miners. Clarence Ashley said he taught "Rising Sun Blues" or "House of the Rising Sun" to Roy Acuff after 1924, when Acuff graduated from high school in Knoxville and joined Dr Hauers Medicine Show. Ashley has said that he thought he recalled his grandmother, Enoch Ashley, singing it to him when he was a young boy. R. Shelton has in the *Josh-White-Songbook* the following information: "He (J. White) learned "Rising Sun" from a white hillbilly singer in N.C. His only time in North Carolina was in 1923 and early 1924, when he had been leased out by Arnold to Blind Lemmon Jefferson whom he led through the major cities of N.C., the same area Clarence Ashley toured with a medicine show since 1911. Ashley might have been the "white hillbilly singer." In 1937 a "ragged Kentucky Mountain girl" sang it to A. Lomax.

There is a house in New Orleans, They call the
 Ris - ing Sun. It's been the ru - in of man - y a poor
 boy, and me, oh Lord, I'm one. If Sun.

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Am C D F Am C E7 E7
 There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun.
Am C D F Am E Am
 It's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and me, O Lord, I'm one.

My mother, she's a tailor; she sold those new blue jeans.
 My father was a gamblin' man way down in New Orleans.

The only thing a drunkard needs is a suitcase and a trunk.
 The only time he's satisfied is when he's on a drunk.

Fills his glasses to the brim, pass them around.
 Only pleasure he gets out of life is hoboin' from town to town.

One foot is on the platform and the other one on the train,
 I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain.

Going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run.
 Going to spend the rest of my days beneath that Rising Sun.