

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

vi I II IV
There is a house down in New Orleans

vi I III
They call the rising sun
iv I II IV
And it's been the ruin of many poor girl
iv III iv
And me, oh God, I'm one.

C# E F# A
C# E G#

iv I II~IV
My mother (she) was a tailor
iv I III
She sowed these new blue jeans
iv I II IV
My sweetheart (he) was a gambler, Lord
iv III iv
Down in New Orleans.

iv I II IV
Now the only thing a gambler needs {has}
iv I III
Is a suitcase and a trunk
iv I II~IV
And the only time he's satisfied
iv III iv
Is when he's on a drunk (alt - "run").

iv I II IV
He fills his glass up to the brim
iv I III
And he'll pass the cards around
iv I II IV
And the only pleasure he gets out of (alt- "in") life
iv III iv
Is rambling from town to town.

iv I II IV
Well if I would 'a listened to what Mama say {added verse}
iv I III
I'd have a home and sweet child this day
iv I II IV
Oh but I couldn't listen to what Mama say
iv III iv
Let that gambling man lead me astray

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iv I II~IV
So go tell my baby sister

iv I III
Don't do what I have done

iv I II IV iv I II IV
But shun that house in New Orleans { 'Cause you'll spend your life in sin and misery }
iv III iv iv III iv
They call the rising sun. { Beneath that 'ol rising sun }

iv I II ~ IV
Well it's one foot on the platform

iv I III
And the other foot on the train

iv I II IV
I'm going back to New Orleans
iv III iv
To wear that ball and chain.

iv I II IV
I'm going back to New Orleans

iv I III
My race is almost run
iv I II IV iv I II IV
I'm going back to end my life { I'm going back to spend out my days }
iv III iv iv III iv
Down in the rising sun. { Beneath that 'ol rising sun }

iv I II IV
{And} There is a house in New Orleans

iv I III
They call the rising sun
iv I II IV
It's been the ruin of many poor girl
iv III iv
And me, oh God, I'm one.

Bm

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Am C D F Am C E7
There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Risin' sun.

Am C D F
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and

Am E7 Am C D
God I know I'm one.

E7 Am C D F Am C E7
My mother was a tailor. Sewed my new blue jeans, My

Am C D F Am E7 Am C D E7
father was a gambling man, down in New Orleans.

Am C D F Am C E7
Now the only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk,

Am C D F Am E7 Am C D E
And the only time he'll be satisfied is when he's all a drunk.

Am C D F Am C E7
Oh mother tell your children not to do what I have done.

Am C D F Am E7 Am C D
Spend your lives in sin and misery in the house of the risin' sun.

E7 Am C D F Am C
Well I've got one foot on the platform the other foot on the

E7 Am C D F Am E7 Am C D E7
train. I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain.

Am C D F Am C E7
Well there is a house in New Orleans they call the Risin' Sun.

Am C D F Am E7 Am C D E7 Am
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and God I know I'm one.