

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

American Folk Song
 TabEdited by James Kuder

There is a house in New Or- leans They

call the Ris- ing Sun. It's

been the ru- in of man- y a poor girl, And

I, oh Lord, was one.

If I had a-listened to what mama said,
 I'd be at home today.
 But I was young and foolish, poor girl,
 A gambler led me astray.

My mother, she's a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans.
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord,
He drinks down in New Orleans.

Go tell my baby sister now:
"Don't do what I have done,
Stay away from that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun."

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

I'm goin' back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run.
I'm goin' back to spend my life
Beneath the risin' sun.