THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Words and Music by
ALAN PRICE

Slow Beat tempo

Verse 1

1. There is a house in New Orleans, They
   call the Rising Sun. And it's been the ruin of
   me—me a poor boy, And God, I know I'm one.

2. My

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mother was a tailor
Sewed my new blue jeans
My only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the

father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans,
only time he'll be satisfied
Is when he's all a-drunk.

Verse 2

3. Now the

Verse 3

4. Oh! mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have
done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the house of the Rising

The House of the Rising Sun - 3 - 2
5. Well I've got one foot on the platform
in a house in New Orleans.
The other foot on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans.
To wear that ball and chain.
And God, I know I'm one.