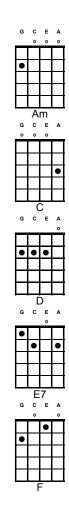
House of the Rising Sun

Text und Musik: Traditional



C



```
D
         C
     Am
There *is a *house in *New Or*leans,
                 E7 E7
        C
They *call the *Rising *Sun,*
It's *been the *ruin of *many a poor *girl (boy),
        E7
And *God, I *know, I'm *one.
My *mother *was a tai*lor,*
  Am C E7
She *sewed my *new blue *jeans,*
  Am C D
My *father *was a *gambling *man,
       E7
            Am
*down in *New Or*leans.
            C
                   D
Now, the *only *thing a *gambler *needs
    Am C E7 E7
Is a *suitcase *and a *trunk*
               D
      Am
          C
And the *only *time he's *satis*fied
           E7
is *when he's *on a *drunk.
       C
                     D
Oh, *mother, *tell your *children *
            C
Not to *do what *I have *done:*
*Spend your *lives in *sin and mise*ry
                  E7
In the *house of the *Rising *Sun
           C
I've *got one *foot on the *platform,*
   Am C
                 E7 E7
The *other's *on the *train,*
        C
             D
I'm *going *back to *New Or*leans,
           E7
```

to *wear that *ball and *chain.

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C
I'm *going *back to *New Or*leans,
             C
                     E7 E7
My *race is *almost *run,*
              C
                          D
I'm *going to *spend the *rest of my *life,
             E7
                       Am
Be*neath that *Rising *Sun.
      \mathsf{Am}
            C
                       D
                              F
There *is a *house in *New Or*leans,
                        E7
They *call the *Rising *Sun,*
                C
It's *been the *ruin of *many a poor *girl (boy),
                        \mathsf{Am}
    \mathsf{Am}
             E7
And *God, I *know, I'm *one.
```