

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

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Words and Music by
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Moderately (♩ = 3/4)

Dm F G Bb Dm F A7

There is a house in New Or - leans they call the Ris - ing Sun. And it's

Dm F G Bb Dm A7 Dm F G Bb

been the ruin of man - y a poor boy, and God, I know - I'm one.

Dm A7 Dm A7 Dm F G Bb Dm F

My moth - er was a tai - lor, sewed my new blue
on - ly thing a gam - bler needs is a suit - case and a

A7 Dm F G Bb Dm A7 Dm F

jeans, My fa - ther was a gam - blin' man down in New Or - leans.
trunk, and the on - ly time he'll be sat - is - fied is when he's all a - drunk.

G Bb Dm A7 1 Dm A7 2 Dm A7 Dm F

Now, the Oh! moth - er, tell your

G Bb Dm F A7 Dm F G Bb

chil - dren not to do what I have done: Spend your lives in sin and mis - er - y in the

Dm A7 Dm F G Bb Dm A7 Dm A7

house of the Ris - ing Sun. Well, I've got

Dm F G Bb Dm F A7

one foot on the plat - form, the oth - er foot on the train. I'm
is a house in New Or - leans they call the Ris - ing Sun. And it's

Dm F G Bb Dm A7

ing tae back to New Or - leans to wear that ball and
ruin of man - y a poor boy, and, God, I know I'm

Dm F G Bb Dm A7 1 Dm A7 2 Dm

Well, there