

House Of The Rising Sun

Traditional English Folk Song

Gm Bb C Gm Bb D7

1. There is a House in New Orleans they call it the Rising Sun.
2. My mother was a tailor, she sewed those new blue jeans,
3. Go tell my baby sister not to do the things I've done,
4. I'm goin' back to New Orleans, my race is nearly run,

Gm Bb C Gm D7 Gm

1. It's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and I oh Lord, am one.
2. My father was a gamblin' man, way down in New Orleans.
3. But shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun.
4. I'm goin' back to spend my days beneath that Rising Sun.