

THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

By
ALAN PRICE

Very Slow

There is a house in New Or-leans They call the Ris - ing Sun And it's
moth - er tell your chil - dren Not to do what I have done,

been the ruin of man - y a poor boy, And God, I know I'm one. My
Spend your lives in sin and mis - e - ry In the house of the Ris - ing Sun. Well, I've got

moth - er was a tail - or, Sewed my new blue jeans. My
one foot on the plat - form, The oth - er foot on the train. I'm

fa - ther was a gam - blin' man Down in New Or - leans. Now the
go - ing back to New Or - leans To wear that ball and chain. Well, there

on - ly thing a gam - bler needs Is a suit - case and a trunk And th
is a house in New Or - leans They call the Ris - ing Sun And it
And it

on - ly time he'll be sat - is - fied Is when he's all a - drunk. Oh,
been the ruin of man - y a poor boy, And God, I know I'm one.

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