

# The House Of The Rising Sun

**Jacquie Lee**

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one  
My mother was a tailor  
She sewed my new bluejeans  
My daddy was a gamblin' man  
Down in New Orleans  
Now the only thing a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and trunk  
And the only time he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk  
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 Sun  
Well, I got one foot on the platform  
The other foot on the train  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain  
Well, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one

Songwriters

PRICE, ALAN

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