

The House Of The Rising Sun

Words & Music by:
Alan Price

Oh, so many transcriptions & versions. I'll do my best to distill them here. A version is transcribed in the March/April 2007 issue of Guitar Edge. An acoustic arrangement is in the April 2006 issue of Acoustic Guitar. I've also added more verses sent to me. Thanks to correspondent Yonatan Iny for providing the new chords!

Here are the trad chords as I learned them:

Am C D F Am C E
Am C D F Am E Am

Here is another version:

Am C D F Am E Am E

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor (boy/girl) & God, I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailor, she sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gamblin' man, down in New Orleans.

Now, the only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk.
And the only time he's satisfied is when he's all a-drunk.

Now, mother, tell your children not to do what I have done.
Spend your life in sin and misery in the House of the Rising Sun.

I have one foot on the platform, the other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain.

There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor (boy/girl) & God I know I'm one.

More verses:

If I had listened to what my Mama said, I'd a been at home today.
Being so young and foolish, poor boy, let a rambler lead me astray.

My mother was a tailor, she sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gamblin' man way down in New Orleans.

I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run.
I'm going back to spend the rest of my life beneath that Rising Sun.