

House of the Rising Sun

Lyrics

Links about song:

[Wikipedia](#)

[A Brief History of the "House of the Rising Sun" \(americanbluesscene.com\)](#)

[Legendary House – Some Notes on The House of the Rising Sun \(guitarnoise.com\)](#)

Version 1

Told from the perspective of a "poor girl" led astray by a gambler. Her mother is a tailor, and her sweetheart is a drunkard.

Unique Line: "Somebody go get my baby sister; Tell her not to do, not to do what I have done."

Lyrics

There is a house in New Orleans
They call it the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl,
And me, oh God, I'm one.
If I had only listened of what my mama said,
I'd be at home today.
But bein' so young and foolish, my Lord,
Let a gambler lead me astray.
Now, my mother is a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans.
And my sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord,
Drinks down in New Orleans.
Now the only thing a drunken man needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk.
And the only time he's satisfied,
Lord, is when he's on the drunk.

Somebody go get my baby sister;
Tell her not to do, not to do what I have done.
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call it the Rising Sun.
Well, I'm goin' back to New Orleans;
My race is almost run.
Yes, I'm goin' back to spend my life
Beneath, beneath, the rising sun.

Version 2

Told from the perspective of a "young boy." His father is the gambler, not a lover or sweetheart.

Unique Line: "With one foot on the platform, Got my fist upon the stage."

Lyrics

There is a house in New Orleans
It's called the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin
Of many young boys
In God, I know I'm one.
My mother was a tailor,
She sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gambling man,
Down in New Orleans.
And the only thing that a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk.
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he is on that drunk.
Oh 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.
With one foot on the platform,
Got my fist upon the stage.
Yea I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.
That's alright.
It's only alright.

Version 3

*Follows a "poor girl," but she is led astray by a "rambler." This version also mentions her sweetheart is a drunkard and adds more detail about his lifestyle.
Unique Line: "Fills his glasses to the brim, Passes them around"*

Lyrics

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl,
And me, O God, for one.
If I had listened what Mamma said,
I'd 'a' been at home today.
Being so young and foolish, poor boy,
Let a rambler lead me astray.
Go tell my baby sister
Never do like I have done
To shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.
My mother she's a tailor;
She sold those new blue jeans.
My sweetheart, he's a drunkard, Lord, Lord,
Drinks down in New Orleans.
The only thing a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk.
The only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.
Fills his glasses to the brim,
Passes them around
Only pleasure he gets out of life
Is hoboin' from town to town.
One foot is on the platform
And the other one on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.
Going back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run.

Going back to spend the rest of my days
Beneath that Rising Sun.

Version 4

From the perspective of a "poor girl" whose lover was a "gambler." This version includes a specific warning from her mother.

Unique Line: "If I'd only list'nd when my dear mamma said: Beware, my child, when you roam,"

Lyrics

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
Its been the ruin of many a poor girl
And me, Oh Lord! Was one
My mother was a tailor,
She sewed them new blue jeans.
My lover, he was a gambler, Oh Lord,
Gambled down in New Orleans.
My lover, he was a gambling man,
He went from town to town;
And the only time he was satisfied
Was when he drank his liquor down.
Now the only thing a gambling man needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk;
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.
If I'd only list'nd when my dear mamma said:
Beware, my child, when you roam,
Keep away from drunkards and all those gambling men,
It's best by far to come home.
Go tell my baby sister
Never do like I have done
But to shun that house in New Orleans
That they call the Rising Sun.
With one foot on the platform,
And one foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear the ball and chain..

I'm going back to New Orleans
The race is almost run;
I'm going back to spend the rest of my life.