

There is a house in New Orleans
they call the "Rising Sun,"
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl,
and God, I know, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor.
She sewed those new blue jeans.
My husband, he's a gambling man,
(drinks) down in New Orleans.

My husband is a gambler.
He goes from town to town.
The only time he's satisfied,
is when he drinks his liquor down.

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.

One foot on the platform,
the other's 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.
I'm going to spend the rest of my life
beneath that "Rising Sun."