

House of the rising sun

Der traditionelle Liedtext

(wie von Alan Lomax aufgenommen)

Am **C** **D** **F**
There is a house in New Orleans,
 Am **C** **E**
They call the Rising Sun.
 Am **C** **D** **F**
It's been the ruin of many poor girl,
 Am **E** **Am**
And me, O God, for one.

If I had listened what Mamma said,
I'd 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,
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 life,
Beneath that Rising Sun.

Songtext von The Animals

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 father 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