

Roxy Williams**"Rising Sun"**

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There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising
Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor boy and me oh Lord
poor one
Go to tell my youngest brother not to do as I have done
Who shuned that house in New Orleans they call the
Rising Sun
[fiddle]
Go fill the glasses to the brim and let the drinks go
marry around
We'll drink to the half of a rounder poor boy who goes
from town to town
The only thing a rounder needs is a suitcase and a
trunk
The only time he is satisfied is when he's on a drunk
[harmonica]
So shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising
Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor boy and me oh Lord
poor one

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