

# Girl from the North Country

*Written by Bob Dylan*

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*chorus:* If you're traveling in the north country fair,  
Where the wind blows cold on the borderline,  
Remember me to the one who lives there,  
For she once was a true love of mine.

1. If you're traveling in a snowflakes storm,  
When the rivers freeze and summer ends,  
Please see that she has a coat so warm,  
To shield her from the howlin' winds.

*chorus:*

2. Please see for me that her hair hangs long,  
And falls in ringlets 'round her breast,  
Please, see for me that her hair's hangs long,  
For that's the way I remember her best.

*chorus:*

3. I'm wonderin' if she remembers me at all,  
Many times I've often prayed,  
In the darkness of my night,  
In the brightness of my day.

*chorus:*