

# Bob Dylan - North Country Blues

Tom: C

**Dm**  
Come gather 'round friends  
**G C**  
 And I'll tell you a tale  
**Dm A7**  
 Of when the red iron pits ran plenty.  
**Dm**  
 But the cardboard filled windows  
**G C**  
 And old men on the benches  
**Dm G Dm**  
 Tell you now that the whole town is empty.

In the north end of town,  
 My own children are grown  
 But I was raised on the other.  
 In the wee hours of youth,  
 My mother took sick  
 And I was brought up by my brother.

The iron ore poured  
 As the years passed the door,

'Til one day my brother  
 Failed to come home  
 The same as my father before him.

Well a long winter's wait,  
 From the window I watched.  
 My friends they couldn't have been kinder.  
 And my schooling was cut  
 As I quit in the spring  
 To marry John Thomas, a miner.

Oh the years passed again  
 And the givin' was good,

With the lunch bucket filled every season.  
 What with three babies born,  
 The work was cut down  
 To a half a day's shift with no reason.

Then the shaft was soon shut  
 And more work was cut,  
 And the fire in the air, it felt frozen.  
 'Til a man come to speak  
 And he said in one week  
 That number eleven was closin'.

They complained in the East,  
 They are paying too high.  
 They say that your ore ain't worth digging.  
 That it's much cheaper down  
 In the South American towns  
 Where the miners work almost for nothing.

So the mining gates locked  
 And the red iron rotted  
 And the room smelled heavy from drinking.  
 Where the sad, silent song  
 Made the hour twice as long  
 As I waited for the sun to go sinking.

I lived by the window  
 As he talked to himself,  
 This silence of tongues it was building.  
 Then one morning's wake,  
 The bed it was bare,  
 And I's left alone with three children.

The summer is gone,  
 The ground's turning cold,

My children will go  
 As soon as they grow.  
 Well, there ain't nothing here now to hold them.

## Acordes

