

The Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald
Gordon Lightfoot

(strum up on the first three chords)

E **G**
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
D **E**
to the big lake they call Gitche Gumee
E **G**
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
D **E**
When the skies of November turn gloomy

E **G**
With a load of iron ore -26,000 tons more
D **E**
than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
E **G**
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
D **E**
When the gales of November came early

E **G**
The ship was the pride of the American side
D **E**
coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
E **G**
As the big freighters go it was bigger than most.
D **E**
With a crew and the captain well seasoned.

E **G**
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
D **E**
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland,
E **G**
and later that night when the ships bell rang,
D **E**
could it be the North wind they d been feeling.

E **G**
The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound
D **E**
and a wave broke over the railing.
E **G**
Every man knew, as the captain did, too,
D **E**
T was the witch of November came stealing.

E **G**

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait

D

E

when the gales of November came slashing.

E

G

When afternoon came it was freezing rain

D

E

in the face if a hurricane west wind.

E

G

When supper time came the old cook came on deck,

D

E

Saying fellas it s to rough to feed ya.

E

G

At 7PM a main hatchway caved in.

D

E

He said fellas it s been good to know ya.

E

G

The captain wired in, he had water coming in,

D

E

and the good ship and crew were in peril.

E

G

Later that night when his lights went out of sight

D

E

came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

E

G

Does anyone know where the love of God goes,

D

E

When the words turn minutes to hours.

E

G

The searchers all say they d have made Whitefish Bay

D

E

If they d fifteen more miles behind her.

E

G

They might have split up and they might have capsized.

D

E

They may have broke deep and took water.

E

G

All that remains is the faces and the names

D

E

of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

E

G

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings

D

E

in the ruins of her ice water mansion.

E

G

Old michigan steams like a young man s dreams,

D

E

the islands and bays are for sportsmen.

E **G**
And farther below Lake Ontario
D **E**
takes in what Lake Erie can send her
E **G**
and the iron boats go as the mariners all know
D **E**
with the gales of November remembered.

E **G**
In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
D **E**
in the Maritime Sailors Cathedral
E **G**
The church bell chimed, til it rang 29 times
D **E**
for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

E **G**
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
D **E**
to the big lake they call Gitche Gumee.
E **G**
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead
D **E**
when the gales of november come early.