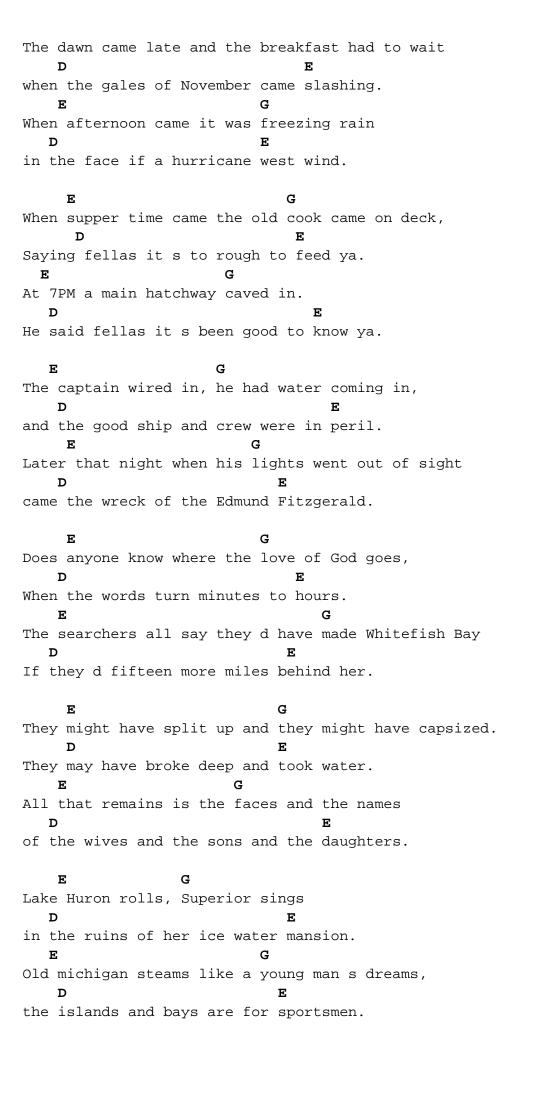
The Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald Gordon Lightfoot

(strum up on the first three chords) The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down to the big lake they call Gitche Gumee The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead When the skies of November turn gloomy With a load of iron ore -26,000 tons more than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed When the gales of November came early Е The ship was the pride of the American side coming back from some mill in Wisconson As the big freighters go it was bigger than most. With a crew and the captain well seasoned. E Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms When they left fully loaded for Cleveland, and later that night when the ships bell rang, could it be the North wind they d been feeling. The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound and a wave broke over the railing. Every man knew, as the captain did, too, T was the witch of November came stealing.

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.