

## Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald by Gordon Lightfoot

D Am C G D

          D                                Am  
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down  
          C        G                D  
Of the big lake they called gitche gumee  
          D                                Am  
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead  
          C        G                D  
When the skies of November turn gloomy  
          D                                Am  
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more  
          C                        G                D  
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.  
          D                                Am  
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed  
          C                        G                D  
When the gales of November came early.

[[[[[[[[ D Am C G D ]]]]]]]

          D                                Am  
The ship was the pride of the American side  
          C                        G                D  
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin  
          D                                Am  
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most  
          C                        G                D  
With a crew and good captain well seasoned  
          D                                Am  
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms  
          C                        G                D  
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland  
          D                                Am  
And later that night when the ships bell rang  
          C                        G                D  
Could it be the north wind they d been feelin?

D Am  
The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound  
C G D  
And a wave broke over the railing  
D Am  
And every man knew, as the captain did too,  
C G D  
Twas the witch of November come stealin.  
D Am  
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait  
C G D  
When the gales of November came slashing.  
D Am  
When afternoon came it was freezing rain  
C G D  
In the face of a hurricane west wind.

D Am  
When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck sayin.  
C G D  
Fellas, its too rough to feed ya.  
D Am  
At seven p.m. a main hatchway caved in, he said  
C G D  
Fellas, its been good to know ya  
D Am  
The captain wired in he had water coming in  
C G D  
And the good ship and crew was in peril.  
D Am  
And later that night when his lights went outta sight  
C G D  
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

[[[[[[[ D Am C G D ]]]]]]]

D Am  
Does any one know where the love of God goes  
C G D  
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?  
D Am  
The searches all say they d have made whitefish bay  
C G D  
If they d put fifteen more miles behind her.  
D Am

They might have split up or they might have capsized;

C G D

May have broke deep and took water.

D Am

And all that remains is the faces and the names

C G D

Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

D Am

Lake Huron rolls, superior sings

C G D

In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.

D Am

Old Michigan steams like a young mans dreams;

C G D

The islands and bays are for sportsmen.

D Am

And farther below lake Ontario

C G D

Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,

D Am

And the iron boats go as the mariners all know

C G D

With the gales of November remembered.

D Am

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,

C G D

In the maritime sailors cathedral.

D Am

The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times

C G D

For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

D Am

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down

C G D

Of the big lake they call gitche gumee.

D Am

Superior, they said, never gives up her dead

C G D

When the gales of November come early!