

# The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald      Gordon Lightfoot

Intro: Asus2   A11   Dsus4   D   Asus2   A11   D   Asus2

**Every line:   Asus2   Em   G   D   Asus2**

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of 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 twenty-six thousand 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

The ship was the pride of the American side coming back from some mill in Wisconsin  
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most with a crew and good captain well seasoned  
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms when they left fully loaded for Cleveland  
And later that night when the ship's bell rang could it be the north wind they'd been feeling

A   A11   Dsus4   D   Asus2

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound and a wave broke over the railing  
And every man knew, as the captain did too, 'twas the witch of November come stealing  
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait when the Gales of November came slashing  
When afternoon came it was freezing rain in the face of a hurricane west wind

A   A11   Dsus4   D   Asus2   A11   D   Asus2

When supertime came, the old cook came on deck saying, 'Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya'  
At seven PM a main hatchway caved in, he said, 'Fellas, it's been good to know ya '  
The captain wired in he had water coming in and the good ship and crew was in peril  
And later that night when his lights went out of sight came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Does any one know where the love of God goes when the waves turn the minutes to hours  
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay if they'd put fifteen more miles behind her  
They might have split up or they might have capsized they may have broke deep and took water  
And all that remains is the faces and the names of the wives and the sons and the daughters

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings in the rooms of her ice water mansion  
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams, the islands and bays are for sportsmen  
And farther below Lake Ontario takes in what Lake Erie can send her  
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know with the Gales of November remembered

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral  
The church bell chimed til it rang twenty-nine times for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald  
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee  
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead when the gales of November come early

