

(6/8 time)

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald – Gordon Lightfoot 1976

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they called *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 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 feelin'

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 stealin'
 The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait when the gales of November came slashin' ↑
 When afternoon came it was freezin' rain in the face of a hurricane west wind

When supertime came the old cook came on deck sayin' fellas it's too rough to feed ya
 At seven p.m. a main hatchway caved in he said fellas it's been good to know ya
 The captain wired in he had water comin' in and the good ship and crew was in peril
 And later that night when his lights went outta 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 15 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
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 Superior they said never gives up her dead when the gales of November come early

|G |G |Dm |Dm |F |C |G |G |F |C |G |G |G |G | (slower) |F |C |G (one-strum)