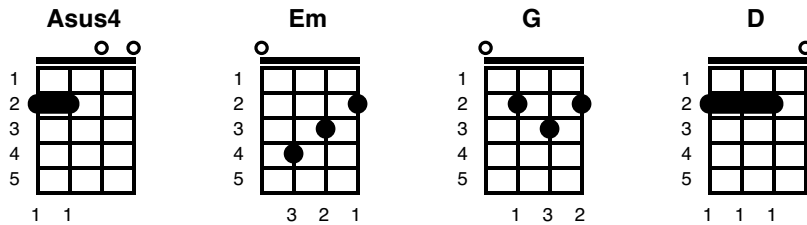


The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot

Key of A



Intro: Asus4 /// Asus4 /// Asus4 /// Asus4 ///

Verse 1:

Asus4 **Em**
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
G **D** **Asus4** **Asus4**
Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"
Em
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
G **D** **Asus4** **Asus4**
When the skies of November turn gloomy
Em
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more
G **D** **Asus4** **Asus4**
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
Em
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed
G **D** **Asus4** **Asus4**
When the "Gales of November" came early

Verse 2:

Em
The ship was the pride of the American side
G **D** **Asus4**
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
Em
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most
G **D** **Asus4**
With a crew and good captain well seasoned

sing note is e

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'?

Em /// /// D /// /// Asus4 /// /// Asus4 /// ///

Verse 3:

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
T'was 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

Em /// /// D /// /// Asus4 /// /// Asus4 /// ///

Verse 4:

When suppertime 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

G D Asus4 Asus4
He said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"

Em
The captain wired in he had water comin' in

G D Asus4
And the big ship and crew was in peril

Em
And later that night when 'is lights went outta sight

G D Asus4
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Em /// /// D /// /// Asus4 /// /// Asus4 /// ///

Verse 5:

Em
Does any one know where the love of God goes
G D Asus4 Asus4
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?

Em
The searches all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
G D Asus4
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her

Em
They might have split up or they might have capsized
G D Asus4
They may have broke deep and took water

Em
And all that remains is the faces and the names
G D Asus4
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters

Em /// /// D /// /// Asus4 /// /// Asus4 /// ///

Verse 6:

Em
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
G D Asus4
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion

Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams
G D Asus4 Asus4

The islands and bays are for sportsmen

And farther below Lake Ontario

Takes in what Lake Erie can send her

But the iron boats go as the mariners all know

With the Gales of November remembered

Verse 7:

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
G D Asus4 Asus4

In the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."

The church bell...chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
G D Asus4 Asus4

For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
G D Asus4 Asus4

Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee"

"Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead

When the 'Gales of November' come early!"

Em /// /// D /// /// Asus4 /// /// Asus4 /// /