

The Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald by Gordon Lightfoot

Capo 2

Asus2 Em  
The legend lives on from the chippewa on down  
G D Asus2  
Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"  
Em  
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead  
G D Asus2  
When the skies of November turn gloomy  
Em  
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more  
G D Asus2  
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.  
Em  
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed  
G D Asus2  
When the "Gales of November" came early.

Em  
The ship was the pride of the American side  
G D Asus2  
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin  
Em  
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most  
G D Asus2  
With a crew and good captain well seasoned  
Em  
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms  
G D Asus2  
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland  
Em  
And later that night when the ship's bell rang  
G D Asus2  
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

Em  
The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound  
G D Asus2  
And a wave broke over the railing  
Em  
And every man knew, as the captain did too,  
G D Asus2

T'was the witch of November come stealin'.

Em

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait

G D Asus2

When the Gales of November came slashin'.

Em

When afternoon came it was freezin' rain

G D Asus2

In the face of a hurricane west wind.

Em

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck

G D Asus2

Sayin'. "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."

Em

At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in',

G D Asus2

he said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"

Em

The captain wired in he had water comin' in

G D Asus2

and the good ship and crew was in peril.

Em

And later that night when 'is lights went outta sight

G D Asus2

Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Em

Does any one know where the love of God goes

G D Asus2

When the waves turn the minutes to hours?

Em

The searches all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay

G D Asus2

If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.

Em

They might have split up or they might have capsized;

G D Asus2

They may have broke deep and took water.

Em

And all that remains is the faces and the names

G D Asus2

Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Em

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings

G D Asus2  
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.  
Em  
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;  
G D Asus2  
The islands and bays are for sportsmen.  
Em  
And farther below Lake Ontario  
G D Asus2  
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,  
Em  
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know  
G D Asus2  
with the Gales of November remembered.

Em  
In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,  
G D Asus2  
In the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."  
Em  
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times  
G D Asus2  
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.  
Em  
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down  
G D Asus2  
Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee".  
Em  
"Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead  
G D Asus2  
When the 'Gales of November' come early!"