

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald – Gordon Lightfoot

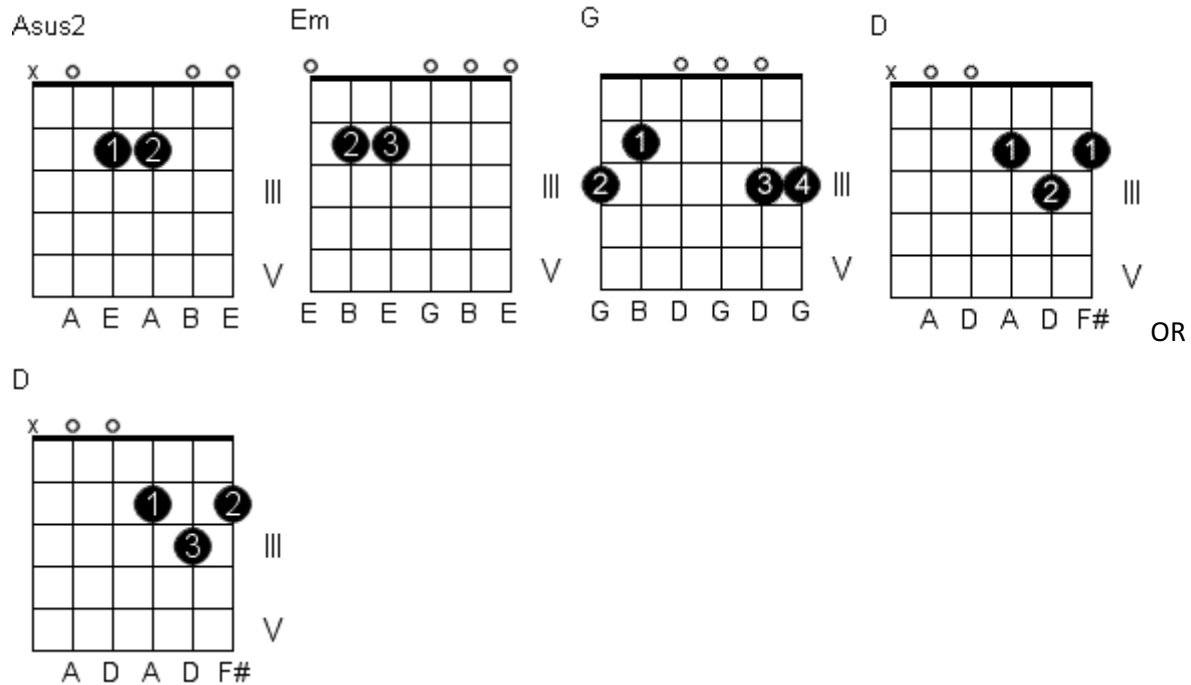
Strumming Pattern: D, DUDU

To keep song consistency I basically left all chords the same throughout the entire song. The original only adds a quick chord here and there, which I thought might throw you off (it did me) so I just kept the progression a “running” one. My friend and I have played this live a dozen times, and no one ever seems to mind the interpretation. ☺

The entire song is one big verse, but I did add a few breaks between sections. Be SURE to take a breath during these breaks!

Chords Used:

(Asus2 can also be played as 2, 3 like in the Am chord formation)



Capo on Fret 2

Intro: Asus2 – Em – G – D – Asus2 (repeat)

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The legend lives on from the Chippewas on down of the big lake they called "Gitche Gume." "

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead when the skies of November turn gloomy.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
that good ship and true was a bone to be chewed when the "Gales of November" came early.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The ship was the pride of the American side coming back from some mill in Wisconsin.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most with a crew and good captain well-seasoned,

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
concluding some terms with a couple o' steel firms when they left fully loaded for Cleveland.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
And later that night when the ship's bell rang, could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

Break: (Asus2) – Em – G – D – Asus2 (x2)

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The wind in the wires made a tattle-tell sound and a wave broke over the railing.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
And ev'ry man knew, as the captain did too 'twas the witch of November come stealin'.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait when the Gales of November came slashin'.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain in the face of a hurricane west wind.

Break: (Asus2) – Em – G – D – Asus2 (x2)

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
When supertime came the old cook came on deck sayin', "Fellas, it's too rough t'feed ya."

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
At seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in; he said, "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya!"
(*2010 lyric change: At 7 p.m., it grew dark, it was then he said,)

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The captain wired in he had water comin' in and the good ship and crew was in peril.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
And later that night when its lights went outta sight came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Break: (Asus2) – Em – G – D – Asus2 (x2)

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
Does anyone know where the love of God goes when the waves turn the minutes to hours?

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay if they'd put fifteen more miles behind 'er.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
They might have split up or they might have capsized; they may have broke deep and took water.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
And all that remains is the faces and the names of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Break: (Asus2) – Em – G – D – Asus2 (x2)

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings in the rooms of her ice-water mansion.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams; the islands and bays are for sportsmen.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
And farther below Lake Ontario takes in what Lake Erie can send her,

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know with the Gales of November remembered.

Break: (Asus2) – Em – G – D – Asus2 (x2)

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
The legend lives on from the Chippewas on down of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee."

(Asus2) Em G D Asus2
"Superior," they said, "never gives up her dead when the Gales of November come early!"