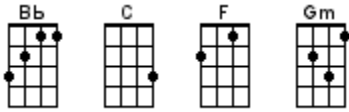


The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot 1976



6/8 TIME means / 1 2 3 4 5 6 / or
/ 1 2 /

INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[C] / [Gm] / [Bb][F] / [C] / [C]

The **[C]** legend lives on from the **[Gm]** Chippewa on down
Of the **[Bb]** big lake they **[F]** called Gitche **[C]** Gumee **[C]**
The **[C]** lake, it is said, never **[Gm]** gives up her dead
When the **[Bb]** skies of No-**[F]**vember turn **[C]** gloomy **[C]**

With a **[C]** load of iron ore twenty-six **[Gm]** thousand tons more
Than the **[Bb]** Edmund Fitz-**[F]**gerald weighed **[C]** empty **[C]**
That **[C]** good ship and true, was a **[Gm]** bone to be chewed
When the **[Bb]** gales of No-**[F]**vember came **[C]** early **[C]**

The **[C]** ship was the pride of the A-**[Gm]**merican side
Comin' **[Bb]** back from some **[F]** mill in Wis-**[C]**consin
As the **[C]** big freighters go, it was **[Gm]** bigger than most
With a **[Bb]** crew and good **[F]** captain well-**[C]**seasoned

Con-**[C]**cludin' some terms with a **[Gm]** couple of steel firms
When they **[Bb]** left fully **[F]** loaded for **[C]** Cleveland
And **[C]** later that night when the **[Gm]** ship's bell rang
Could it **[Bb]** be the north **[F]** wind they'd been **[C]** feelin'?

[C] / [Gm] / [Bb][F] / [C] / [C]

The **[C]** wind in the wires made a **[Gm]** tattle-tale sound
When the **[Bb]** wave broke **[F]** over the **[C]** railin' **[C]**
And **[C]** every man knew, as the **[Gm]** captain did too
'Twas the **[Bb]** witch of No-**[F]**vember come **[C]** stealin' **[C]**

The **[C]** dawn came late and the **[Gm]** breakfast had to wait
When the **[Bb]** gales of No-**[F]**vember came **[C]** slashin'
When **[C]** afternoon came it was **[Gm]** freezin' rain
In the **[Bb]** face of a **[F]** hurricane **[C]** west wind

[C] / [Gm] / [Bb][F] / [C] / [C]

When **[C]** suppertime came, the old **[Gm]** cook came on deck sayin'
[Bb] "Fellas, it's **[F]** too rough to **[C]** feed ya" **[C]**
At **[C]** seven p.m. a main **[Gm]** hatchway caved in, he said
[Bb] "Fellas, it's **[F]** been good to **[C]** know ya" **[C]**

The [C] captain wired in he had [Gm] water comin' in
And the [Bb] good ship and [F] crew was in [C] peril
And [C] later that night when his [Gm] lights went out o' sight
Came the [Bb] wreck of the [F] Edmund Fitz-[C]gerald

[C] / [Gm] / [Bb][F] / [C] / [C]

Does [C] anyone know where the [Gm] love of God goes
When the [Bb] waves turn the [F] minutes to [C] hours? [C]
The [C] searchers all say they'd have [Gm] made Whitefish Bay
If they'd [Bb] put fifteen [F] more miles be-[C]hind her [C]

They [C] might have split up or they [Gm] might have capsized
They [Bb] may have broke [F] deep and took [C] water
And [C] all that remains is the [Gm] faces and the names
Of the [Bb] wives and the [F] sons and the [C] daughters

[C] / [Gm] / [Bb][F] / [C] / [C] /

[C] Lake Huron rolls, Su-[Gm]perior sings
In the [Bb] rooms of her [F] ice-water [C] mansion
Old [C] Michigan steams like a [Gm] young man's dreams
The [Bb] islands and [F] bays are for [C] sportsmen [C]

And [C] farther below Lake On-[Gm]tario
Takes [Bb] in what Lake [F] Erie can [C] send her
And the [C] iron boats go as the [Gm] mariners all know
With the [Bb] gales of No-[F]vember re-[C]membered

[C] / [Gm] / [Bb][F] / [C] / [C]

In a [C] musty old hall in De-[Gm]troit they prayed
In the [Bb] Maritime [F] Sailors' Ca-[C]thedral [C]
The [C] church bell chimed 'til it rang [Gm] twenty-nine times
For each [Bb] man on the [F] Edmund Fitz-[C]gerald [C]

The [C] legend lives on from the [Gm] Chippewa on down
Of the [Bb] big lake they [F] call Gitche [C] Gumee [C]
Su-[C]perior, they said, never [Gm] gives up her dead
When the [Bb] gales of No-[F]vember come [C] early

[C] / [Gm] / [Bb][F] / [C] / [C]↓

