# The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot 1976

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**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]↓**

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