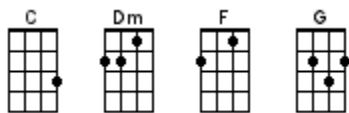


The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot 1976



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

INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /

[G] / [Dm] / [F][C] / [G] / [F] / [C] / [G] / [G]

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

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

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

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

[G] / [Dm] / [F][C] / [G] / [G]

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

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

[G] / [Dm] / [F][C] / [G] / [F] / [C] / [G] / [G]

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

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

[G] / **[Dm]** / **[F][C]** / **[G]** / **[F]** / **[C]** / **[G]** / **[G]** / **[G]** / **[G]**

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

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

[G] / **[Dm]** / **[F][C]** / **[G]** / **[F]** / **[C]** / **[G]** / **[G]** /

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

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

[G] / **[Dm]** / **[F][C]** / **[G]** / **[F]** / **[C]** / **[G]** / **[G]** /

[G] / **[Dm]** / **[F][C]** / **[G]** / **[F]** / **[C]** / **[G]** / **[G]** / **[G]** / **[G]**

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

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

[G] / **[Dm]** / **[F][C]** / **[G]** / **[F]** / **[C]** / **[G]** / **[G]** /

[G] / **[Dm]** / **[F][C]** / **[G]** / **[F]** / **[C]** / **[G]** / **[G]** ↓

