# The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot 1976

**C:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\C.png**C:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\Dm.png**C:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\F.pngC:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\G.png**

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

**/ 1 2 /**

**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 /**

**[G]** **/ [Dm]** **/** **[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] / [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]** **/ [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] / [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]** **/ [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] / [G]↓**

**C:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\C.png**C:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\Dm.png**C:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\F.pngC:\Ourfiles\Bytown Ukulele Group\Chord Boxes\Hans chord boxes\uke-chords\48x64\G.png**

[www.bytownukulele.ca](http://www.bytownukulele.ca)