

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot

Capo II

A2 G D A2 G D A2 A2

A2 Em G D A2 A2
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee"

A2 Em G D A2 A2
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead when the skies of November turn gloomy

A2 Em G D A2 A2
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty

A2 Em G D A2 A2
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed when the "Gales of November" came early

A2 Em G D A2
The ship was the pride of the American side coming back from some mill in Wisconsin

A2 Em G D A2
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most with a crew and good captain well seasoned

A2 Em G D A2
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms when they left fully loaded for Cleveland

A2 Em G D A2
Then later that night when the ship's bell rang could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

A2 G D A2 A2

A2 Em G D A2
The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound and a wave broke over the railing

A2 Em G D A2 A2
And every man knew, as the captain did too, t'was the witch of November come stealin'

A2 Em G D A2
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait when the Gales of November came slashin'

A2 Em G D A2
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain in the face of a hurricane west wind

A2 G D A2 G D A2 A2

A2 Em G D A2 A2
When supertime came, the old cook came on deck sayin'. "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."

A2 Em G D A2 A2
At seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in', he said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"

A2 Em G D A2
The captain wired in he had water comin' in and the good ship and crew was in peril

A2 Em G D A2
And later that night when his lights went outta sight came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

A2 G D A2 G D A2 A2 A2 A2

A2 Em G D A2 A2
 Does any one know where the love of God goes when the waves turn the minutes to hours?
 A2 Em G D A2 A2
 The searches all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay if they'd put fifteen more miles behind her
 A2 Em G D A2
 They might have split up or they might have capsized; they may have broke deep and took water
 A2 Em G D A2
 And all that remains is the faces and the names of the wives and the sons and the daughters

A2 G D A2 G D A2 A2

A2 Em G D A2
 Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings in the rooms of her ice-water mansion
 A2 Em G D A2 A2
 Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams; the islands and bays are for sportsmen
 A2 Em G D A2
 And farther below Lake Ontario takes in what Lake Erie can send her
 A2 Em G D A2
 And the iron boats go as the mariners all know with the Gales of November remembered

A2 G D A2 G D A2 A2
 A2 G D A2 G D A2 A2 A2 A2

A2 Em G D A2 A2
 In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."
 A2 Em G D A2 A2
 The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald
 A2 Em G D A2 A2
 The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee"
 A2 Em G D A2
 "Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead when the 'Gales of November' come early!"

A2 G D A2 G D A2 A2
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