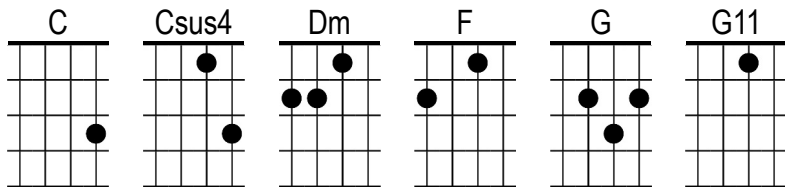


# The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot



## Intro

**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G G11 C G |**

The **G** legend lives on from the **Dm** chippewa on down  
Of the **1/2F** big lake they **1/2C** called "Gitche **G** Gumee" |  
The | lake, it is said, never **Dm** gives up her dead  
When the **1/2F** skies of No **1/2C**vember turn **G** gloomy |  
With a | load of iron ore twenty-**Dm**six thousand tons more  
Than the **1/2F** Edmund Fitz **1/2C**gerald weighed **G** empty |  
That | good ship and true was a **Dm** bone to be chewed  
When the **1/2F** "Gales of No **1/2C**vember" came **G** early |

The **G** ship was the pride of the **Dm** American side  
Coming **1/2F** back from some **1/2C** mill in Wis **G**consin  
As the | big freighters go, it was **Dm** bigger than most  
With a **1/2F** crew and good **1/2C** captain well **G** seasoned  
Con | cluding some terms with a **Dm** couple of steel firms  
When they **1/2F** left fully **1/2C** loaded for **G** Cleveland  
And | later that night when the **Dm** ship's bell rang  
Could it **1/2F** be the north **1/2C** wind they'd been **G** feelin'?

**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G 1/2G11 1/2C**

The **G** wind in the wires made a **Dm** tattle-tale sound  
And **1/2F** a wave broke **1/2C** over the **G** railing |  
And | every man knew, as the **Dm** captain did too,  
T'was the **1/2F** witch of No **1/2C**vember come **G** stealin' |  
The | dawn came late and the **Dm** breakfast had to wait  
When the **1/2F** Gales of No **1/2C**vember came **G** slashin'  
When | afternoon came it **Dm** was freezin' rain  
In the **1/2F** face of a **1/2C** hurricane **G** west wind

**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G G11 C G |**

When **G** suppertime came, the old **Dm** cook came on deck sayin'  
**1/2F** "Fellas, it's **1/2C** too rough to **G** feed ya" |  
At | Seven PM a main hatchway **Dm** caved in', he said  
**1/2F** "Fellas, it's **1/2C** been good t' **G** know ya" |  
The | captain wired in he had **Dm** water comin' in  
And the **1/2F** good ship and **1/2C** crew was in **G** peril  
And | later that night when 'is **Dm** lights went outta sight  
Came the **1/2F** wreck of the **1/2C** Edmund Fitz **G**gerald

**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G G11 C G | | |**

Does **G** any one know where the **Dm** love of God goes  
When the **1/2F** waves turn the **1/2C** minutes to **G** hours? |  
The | searches all say they'd have **Dm** made Whitefish Bay  
If they'd **1/2F** put fifteen **1/2C** more miles be **G**hind her |  
They | might have split up or they **Dm** might have capsized  
**1/2F** May have broke **1/2C** deep and took **G** water  
And | all that remains is the **Dm** faces and the names  
Of the **1/2F** wives and the **1/2C** sons and the **G** daughters

**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G G11 C G |**

Lake **G** Huron rolls, **Dm** Superior sings  
 In the **1/2F** rooms of her **1/2C** ice-water **G** mansion  
 Old | Michigan steams like a **Dm** young man's dreams  
 The **1/2F** islands and **1/2C** bays are for **G** sportsmen |  
 And | farther below Lake **Dm** Ontario  
 Takes **1/2F** in what Lake **1/2C** Erie can **G** send her  
 And the | iron boats go as the **Dm** mariners all know  
 With the **1/2F** Gales of No **1/2C**vember re**G**membered

**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G G11 C G |**  
**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G G11 C G | | |**

In a **G** musty old hall in **Dm** Detroit they prayed,  
 In the **1/2F** "Maritime **1/2C** Sailors' Ca**G**thedral" |  
 The | church bell chimed till it **Dm** rang twenty-nine times  
 For each **1/2F** man on the **1/2C** Edmund Fit**G**zgerald |  
 The **G** legend lives on from the **Dm** Chippewa on down  
 Of the **1/2F** big lake they **1/2C** call "Gitche **G** Gumee" |  
 | "Superior", they said, "never **Dm** gives up her dead  
 When the **1/2F** 'Gales of No **1/2C**vember' come **G** early"

**G G11 1/2Csus4 1/2C G G11 C G ↓**