Wreck Of The Edmund Fitzgerald
Chords And Lyrics
By Gordon Lightfoot

Capo on 2\textsuperscript{nd} Fret

Intro – Asus2

\begin{align*}
\text{Asus2} & \quad \text{Em} \\
\text{The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{Asus2} \\
\text{Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee} & \\
\text{Em} & \\
\text{The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{Asus2} \\
\text{When the skies of November turn gloomy} & \\
\text{Em} & \\
\text{With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{Asus2} \\
\text{Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty} & \\
\text{Em} & \\
\text{That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{Asus2} \\
\text{When the gales of November came early} & \\
\text{Em} & \\
\text{The ship was the pride of the American side} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{Asus2} \\
\text{Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin} & \\
\text{Em} & \\
\text{As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most} & \\
\text{G} & \quad \text{D} & \quad \text{Asus2} \\
\text{With a crew and good captain well seasoned} & \\
\end{align*}

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Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms

When they left fully loaded for Cleveland

Then later that night when the ship's bell rang

Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

Break – A-Em-G-D-Asus2

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound

When the wave broke over the railing

And every man knew, as the captain did too

'Twas the witch of November come stealin'

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait

When the gales of November came slashin'

When afternoon came it was freezing rain

In the face of a hurricane west wind

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck
Saying, "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."
At seven PM a main hatchway caved in
He said, "Fellas, it's been good to know ya."

The captain wired in he had water comin' in
And the good ship and crew was in peril
And later that night when his lights went out of sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

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Break – A-Em-G-D-Asus2----Em-D-Asus2

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her

They might have split up or they might have capsized
They may have broke deep and took water
And all that remains is the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams
The islands and bays are for sportsmen

And farther below, Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the gales of November remembered

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral
The church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead
When the gales of November come early

Break – A-Em-G-D-Asus2----Em-D-Asus2