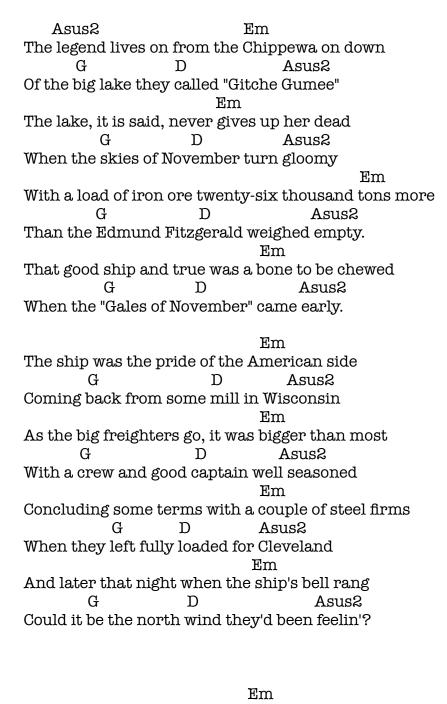
The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot

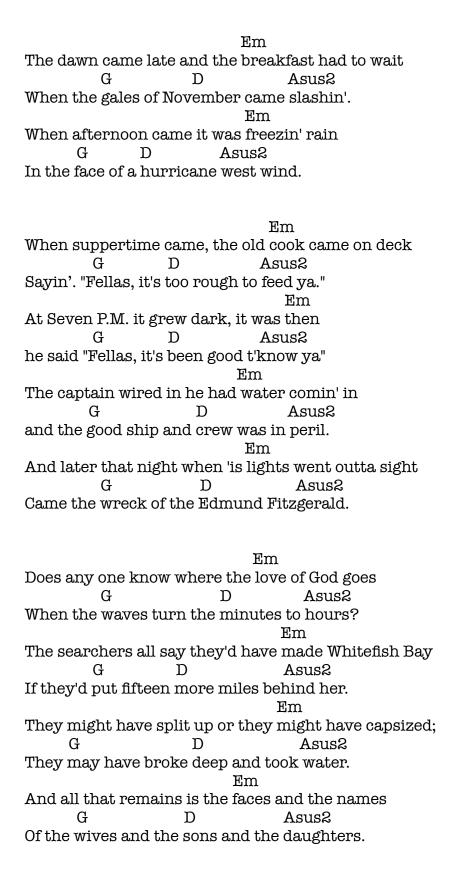


The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound G D Asus2

And a wave broke over the railing Em

And every man knew, as the captain did too, G D Asus2

T'was the witch of November come stealin'.



Em	
Lake Huron rolls, Superior	sings
G D	Asus2
In the rooms of her ice-wate	er mansion.
I	Em
Old Michigan steams like a	young man's dreams;
G D	Asus2
The islands and bays are for	r sportsmen.
·	² m
And farther below Lake Ont	ario
G D	Asus2
Takes in what Lake Erie car	n send her,
	Em
And the iron boats go as the	e mariners all know
G D	Asus2
with the gales of November	remembered.
Em	
In a musty old hall in Detro	it they prayed,
G D	Asus2
In the "Maritime Sailors' Ca	thedral."
	Em
The church bell chimed till i	it rang twenty-nine times
G D	Asus2
For each man on the Edmur	nd Fitzgerald.
	Em
The legend lives on from the	
G D	Asus2
Of the big lake they call "Git	che Gumee".
	Em
"Superior", they said, "never	r gives up her dead
G D	Asus2
When the 'Gales of Novembe	er' come early!"