

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Gordon Lightfoot

Asus2 Em
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
G D Asus2
Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"
Em
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
G D Asus2
When the skies of November turn gloomy
Em
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more
G D Asus2
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.
Em
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
G D Asus2
When the "Gales of November" came early.

Em
The ship was the pride of the American side
G D Asus2
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
Em
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most
G D Asus2
With a crew and good captain well seasoned
Em
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
G D Asus2
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
Em
And later that night when the ship's bell rang
G D Asus2
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

Em
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
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
G D Asus2
When the gales of November came slashin'.

Em
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain
G D Asus2
In the face of a hurricane west wind.

Em
When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck
G D Asus2
Sayin'. "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."

Em
At Seven P.M. it grew dark, it was then
G D Asus2
he said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"

Em
The captain wired in he had water comin' in
G D Asus2
and the good ship and crew was in peril.

Em
And later that night when 'is lights went outta sight
G D Asus2
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Em
Does any one know where the love of God goes
G D Asus2
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?

Em
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
G D Asus2
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.

Em
They might have split up or they might have capsized;
G D Asus2
They may have broke deep and took water.

Em
And all that remains is the faces and the names
G D Asus2
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Em
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
G D Asus2
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.

Em
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;
G D Asus2
The islands and bays are for sportsmen.

Em
And farther below Lake Ontario
G D Asus2
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,

Em
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
G D Asus2
with the gales of November remembered.

Em
In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,
G D Asus2
In the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."

Em
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
G D Asus2
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Em
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
G D Asus2
Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee".

Em
"Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead
G D Asus2
When the 'Gales of November' come early!"