

Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

[A5]The legend lives on from the [Em]Chippewa on down
Of the [G]big lake they [D]called 'Gitche[A5] Gumee'[12]
The lake, it is said, never [Em]gives up her dead
When the [G]skies of [D]November turn [A5]gloomy[12]

With a load of iron ore twenty-six [Em]thousand tons more
Than the [G]Edmund Fitz[D]gerald weighed [A5]empty.[12]
That [A5]good ship and true was a [Em]bone to be chewed
When the [G]gales of [D]November came [A5]early. ♠[12]

The ship was the pride of the [Em]American side
Coming [G]back from some [D]mill in Wis[A5]consin[6]
As the big freighters go, it was [Em]bigger than most
With a [G]crew and good [D]captain well [A5]seasoned♠[6]

concluding some terms with a [Em]couple of steel firms
when they [G]left fully [D]loaded for [A5]Cleveland[6]
And later that night when the [Em]ship's bell rang
could it [G]be the north [D]wind they'd been [A5]feelin'? ♠[6]

[A5 Em G D A5]

[repeat chord progression for remaining stanzas]

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound
And a wave broke over the railing[12]
And every man knew, as the captain did too,
T'was the witch of November come stealin'.♠[12]

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
When the Gales of November came slashin'.♠[6]
When afternoon came it was freezin' rain
In the face of a hurricane west wind. ♠[6]

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck sayin'
Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya.[12]
At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in, he said
Fellas, it's been good t'know ya♠[12]

The captain wired in he had water comin' in
And the good ship and crew was in peril.[6]
And later that night when his lights went outta sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.♠[6]

[A5 Em G D A5]

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?[12]
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her. ♠[12]

They might have split up or they might have capsized
They may have broke deep and took water.[6]
And all that remains is the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters. ♠[6]
[A5 Em G D A5 G D A5]

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings In the
rooms of her ice-water mansion.[6]
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams
The islands and bays are for sportsmen. ♠[12]

And farther below Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,[6]
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the Gales of November remembered. ♠[12]

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,
In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral.[12]
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald. ♠[12]

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
Of the big lake they call 'Gitche Gumee'. [12]
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead
When the gales of November come early! ♠[6]
[A5 Em G D A5 G D A5]