

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot // 1976 // key: B // $\frac{6}{8}$ time

Intro: | B | F#m | A - E | B | B | B | B | B |

1. The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they called Gitche Gumee↓
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead when the skies of November turn gloomy↓
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty↓
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed when the gales of November came early↑

2. The ship was the pride of the American side coming back from some mill in Wisconsin↓
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most with a crew and good captain well seasoned↑
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms when they left fully loaded for Cleveland↓
And later that night when the ship's bell rang could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'↑

Interlude: | B | F#m | A - E | B | B |

3. The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound and a wave broke over the railing↓
And every man knew, as the captain did too, t'was the witch of November come stealin'↑
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait when the gales of November came slashing↑
When afternoon came it was freezing rain in the face of a hurricane west wind↑

Interlude: | B | F#m | A - E | B | A | E | B | B | B |

4. When supptime came, the old cook came on deck saying fellas, it's too rough to feed ya↓
At seven p.m. a main hatchway caved in, he said fellas, it's been good to know ya↑
The captain wired in he had water coming in and the good ship and crew was in peril↓
And later that night when his lights went outta sight came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald↑

Interlude: | B | F#m | A - E | B | A | E | B | B | B | B |

5. Does any one know where the love of God goes when the waves turn the minutes to hours?↓
The searches 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↑

Interlude: | B | F#m | A - E | B | A | E | B | B | |

- B** **F#m** **A - E** **B** **A** **E** **B** **B** |
6. Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings in the rooms of her ice-water mansion↓
B **F#m** **A - E** **B** **B**
Old Michigan steams like a young mans dreams; the islands and bays are for sportsmen↑
B **F#m** **A - E** **B**
And farther below lake Ontario, takes in what Lake Erie can send her↓
B **F#m** **A - E** **B**
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know with the gales of November remembered↑

Interlude: | B | F#m | A - E | B | A | E | B | B | |

- | B | F#m | A - E | B | A | E | B | B | B | B | |
- B** **F#m** **A - E** **B** **B**
7. In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the maritime sailors cathedral↓
B **F#m** **A - E** **B** **B**
The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald↑
B **F#m** **A - E** **B** **B**
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee↓
B **F#m** **A - E** **B**
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead when the gales of November come early!↑

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| B | F#m | A - E | B | A | E | B* | |

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