

Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald – Gordon Lightfoot

<http://www.kanikapila.us/lyrics.html>

[G] [Dm] [F] [C] [G]

The **[G]**legend lives on from the **[Dm]**Chippewa on down,
Of the **[F]**big lake they **[C]**call Gitche **[G]**Gumee,
the **[G]**lake it is said never **[Dm]**gives up its dead
when the **[F]**skies of No**[C]**vember turn **[G]**gloomy,
with a **[G]**load of iron ore twenty-six **[Dm]**thousand tons more,
than the **[F]**Edmund Fitz**[C]**gerald weighed **[G]**empty,
that good ship and crew, were a **[Dm]**bone to be chewed,
when the **[F]**gales of No**[C]**vember came **[G]**early.

The **[G]**ship was the pride of the **[Dm]**American side
coming **[F]**back from some **[C]**mill in Wis**[G]**consin,
as the **[G]**big freighters go it was **[Dm]**bigger than most,
with a **[F]**crew and good **[C]**captain well **[G]**seasoned,
con**[G]**cluding some terms with a **[Dm]**couple of steel firms,
when **[F]**they left fully **[C]**loaded for **[G]**Cleveland,
and later that night when the **[Dm]**ships bell rang,
could it **[F]**be the north **[C]**wind they'd been **[G]**feeling?

[G] [Dm] [F] [C] [G]

The **[G]**wind in the wires made a **[Dm]**tattle-tale sound,
and **[F]**a wave broke **[C]**over the **[G]**railing,
and **[G]**every man knew as the **[Dm]**captain did too,
t'was **[F]**the witch of **[C]**November come **[G]**stealing,
the **[G]**dawn came late and **[Dm]**breakfast had to wait,
when **[F]**the gales of **[C]**November came **[G]**slashing,
when the **[G]**afternoon came it was **[Dm]**freezing rain,
in the **[F]**face of a **[C]**hurricane west **[G]**wind.

When **[G]**suppertime came the old **[Dm]**cook came on deck,
Saying **[F]**fellas its too **[C]**rough to feed **[G]**ya,
at **[G]**seven p.m. a main **[Dm]**hatch way caved in,
he said **[F]**fellas its **[C]**been good to know **[G]**ya.
the **[G]**captain wired in, he had **[Dm]**water coming in,
and **[F]**the good ship and **[C]**crew were in **[G]**peril,
and **[G]**later that night when his **[Dm]**lights went of sight,
came the **[F]**wreck of the **[C]**Edmund Fitz**[G]**gerald.

[G] [Dm] [F] [C] [G]

Does **[G]**anyone know where the **[Dm]**love of God goes,
when the **[F]**waves turn the **[C]**minutes to **[G]**hours,
the **[G]**searchers all say they'd have **[Dm]**made Whitefish Bay,
if they'd **[F]**put fifteen **[C]**more miles behind **[G]**her,
they **[G]**might have split up, or they **[Dm]**might have capsized,
they **[F]**may have broke **[C]**deep and took **[G]**water,
all **[G]**that remains is the **[Dm]**faces and names
of the **[F]**wives and the **[C]**sons and the **[G]**daughters.

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Lake [G]Huron rolls, Superior [Dm]sings,
in the [F]rooms of her [C]ice water man[G]sions,
old [G]Michigan steams like a [Dm]young mans dreams,
the [F]islands and [C]bays are for sports[G]men,
and [G]farther below Lake [Dm]Ontario
takes [F]in what Lake [C]Erie can send [G]her,
and the [G]iron boats go as the [Dm]mariners all know,
with the [F]gales of [C]November re[G]membered.

In a [G]musty old hall in De[Dm]troit they prayed,
in the [F]Maritime [C]Sailors Ca[G]thedral,
the [G]church bell chimed till it rang [Dm]twenty-nine times,
for each [F]man on the [C]Edmund Fitz[G]gerald,

The [G]legend lives on from the [Dm]Chippewa on down,
of the [F]big lake they call [C]Gitche [G]Gumee,
the [G]lake it is said never [Dm]gives up her dead
when the [F]gales of No[C]vember come [G]early.

