

Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald by Gordon Lightfoot (1976)

Asus2 *Asus2* *Em* *Em*
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the
G *D* *Asus2* *Asus2*
big lake they call they call "Gitche Gumee, "
Asus2 *Asus2* *Em* *Em*
The lake it is said never gives up its dead when the
G *D* *Asus2* *Asus2*
skies of November turn gloomy,

Asus2 *Asus2* *Em* *Em*
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more,
G *D* *Asus2* *Asus2*
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,
Asus2 *Asus2* *Em* *Em*
that good ship and true, was a bone to be chewed,
G *D* *Asus2* *Asus2*
when the gales of November came early.

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 ships bell rang, could it be the north wind they'd been feeling?

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, 'twas the witch of November come stealin',
the dawn came late and breakfast had to wait, when the gales of November came slashin',
when the afternoon came it was freezin' rain, in the face of a hurricane west wind.

When suppertime came the old cook came on deck, sayin', "Fellas its too rough to feed ya."
at seven p.m. a main hatch way caved in; he said, "Fellas its been good to know ya."
the captain wired in, he had water comin' in, and the good ship and crew were in peril,
and later that night when his lights went outta sight, came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

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

Lake Huron rolls, Superior swings, in the rooms of her ice water mansions,
old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams, the islands and bays are for sportsmen,
and farther below Lake Ontario takes in what Lake Erie can send her,
and the iron boats go as the mariners all know, with the gales of November remembered.

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the Maritime Sailors Cathedral,
the church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times, for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald,
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee,"
"Superior," they said, "never gives up its dead when the gales of November come early!"