

WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD

Gordon Lightfoot

6/8 time

INTRO: [A] / [Em] / [G] [D] / [A] / [G] / [D] / [A] / [A]

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

With a [A] load of iron ore twenty-six [Em] thousand tons more
Than the [G] Edmund Fitz-[D]gerald weighed [A] empty [A]
That [A] good ship and true was a [Em] bone to be chewed
When the [G] gales of No-[D]vember came [A] early [A]

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

Con-[A]cluding some terms with a [Em] couple of steel firms
When they [G] left fully [D] loaded for [A] Cleveland
And [A] later that night when the [Em] ship's bell rang
Could it [G] be the north [D] wind they'd been [A] feelin'?

[A] / [Em] / [G] [D] / [A] / [A]

The [A] wind in the wires made a [Em] tattle-tale sound
And a [G] wave broke [D] over the [A] railing [A]
And [A] every man knew, as the [Em] captain did too
'Twas the [G] witch of No-[D]vember come [A] stealin' [A]

The [A] dawn came late and the [Em] breakfast had to wait
When the [G] gales of No-[D]vember came [A] slashing
When [A] afternoon came it was [Em] freezing rain
In the [G] face of a [D] hurricane [A] west wind

[A] / [Em] / [G] [D] / [A] / [G] / [D] / [A] / [A]

When [A] suppertime came, the old [Em] cook came on deck saying
[G] Fellas, it's [D] too rough to [A] feed ya [A]
At [A] seven p.m. a main [Em] hatchway caved in, he said
[G] Fellas, it's [D] been good to [A] know ya [A]

The [A] captain wired in he had [Em] water coming in
 And the [G] good ship and [D] crew was in [A] peril
 And [A] later that night when his [Em] lights went outta sight
 Came the [G] wreck of the [D] Edmund Fitz-[A]gerald

[A] / [Em] / [G] [D] / [A] / [G] / [D] / [A] / [A]

Does [A] anyone know where the [Em] love of God goes
 When the [G] waves turn the [D] minutes to [A] hours? [A]
 The [A] searchers all say they'd have [Em] made Whitefish Bay
 If they'd [G] put fifteen [D] more miles be-[A]hind her [A]

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

[A] / [Em] / [G] [D] / [A] / [G] / [D] / [A] / [A]

[A] Lake Huron rolls, Su-[Em]perior sings
 In the [G] rooms of her [D] ice-water [A] mansion
 Old [A] Michigan steams like a [Em] young man's dreams
 The [G] islands and [D] bays are for [A] sportsmen [A]

And [A] farther below Lake On-[Em]tario
 Takes [G] in what Lake [D] Erie can [A] send her
 And the [A] iron boats go as the [Em] mariners all know
 With the [G] gales of No-[D]vember re-~~D~~membered

[A] / [Em] / [G] [D] / [A] / [G] / [D] / [A] / [A]

In a [A] musty old hall in De-[Em]troit they prayed
 In the [G] maritime [D] sailors ca-[A]thedral [A]
 The [A] church bell chimed till it rang [Em] twenty-nine times
 For each [G] man on the [d] Edmund Fitz-[A]gerald [A]

The [A] legend lives on from the [Em] Chippewa on down
 Of the [G] big lake they [D] call Gitche [A] Gume [A]
 Su-[A]perior, they said, never [Em] gives up her dead
 When the [G] gales of No-[D]vember come [A] early!

[A] / [Em] / [G] [D] / [A] / [G] / [D] / [A] / [A]↓

Asus2 Preferably replace all A's with Asus2

