**Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald** (By Gordon Lightfoot)

Guitar capo at 2 (Gordon Lightfoot’s recorded version is in the key of B)

**Instrumental Riff: A-Em-G-D-A, G-D-A**

A  
Em
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
G  
D  
A
Of the big lake they call “Gitche gumee”
Em
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
G  
D  
A
When the skies of November turn gloomy
A  
Em
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more
G  
D  
A
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty
Em
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed
G  
D  
A
When the gales of November came early
A  
Em
The ship was the pride of the American side
G  
D  
A
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
Em
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most
G  
D  
A
With the crew and good captain well seasoned
A  
Em
Concluding some terms with a couple steel firms
G  
D  
A
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
Em
And later that night, when the ship’s bell rang
G  
D  
A
Could it be the North wind they’d been feeling?

**(Instrumental)**

A  
Em
The wind and the wire made a tattletale sound
G  
D  
A
As a wave broke over the railing
Em
And every man knew, as the Captain did, too
G  
D  
A
‘Twas the Witch of November come stealing
A  
Em
The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
G  
D  
A
As the gales of November came slashing
Em
When afternoon came, it was freezing rain
G  
D  
A
In the face of a hurricane west wind

**(Instrumental)**

A  
Em
When supper time came, the old cook came on deck
G  
D  
A
Saying, “Fellas, it too rough to feed ya”
Em
At seven P.M., the main hatchway caved in
G  
D  
A
He said, “Fellas, it’s been good to know ya”
A                  Em
The Captain wired in he had water coming in
G                D                A
And the good shippin’ crew was in peril
Em
And later that night, when his lights went out of sight
G                D                A
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

(Instrumental)

A                  Em
Does anyone know where the love of God goes
G                D                A
When the waves turn the minutes to hours
Em
The searchers all say they’d have made Whitefish Bay
G                D                A
If they’d put fifteen more miles behind her
A                  Em
They might have split up or they might have capsized
G                D                A
They may have broke deep and took water
Em
Now all that remains are the faces and the names
G                D                A
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters

(Instrumental)

A                  Em
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
G                D                A
In the rooms of her ice water mansion
Em
Old Michigan steams like a young man’s dreams
G                D                Em
Her islands and bays are for sportsman
A                  Em
And farther below, Lake Ontario
G                D                A
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her
Em
As the iron boats go and the mariners all know
G                D                A
With the gales of November remembered

(Instrumental)

A                  Em
In a musty old hall in Detroit, they prayed
G                D                A
In the maritime sailors’ cathedral
Em
The church bell chimed ‘til it rang twenty-nine times
G                D                A
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald
A                  Em
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
G                D                A
Of the big lake they call “Gitche gumee”
Em
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead
G                D                A
When the gales of November come early

(Instrumental ending)