

Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot	G D Asus2	Em
	And a wave broke over the railing	They might have split up or they might have capsized;
Capo 2	Em	G D Asus2
	And every man knew, as the captain did too,	They may have broke deep and took water.
Asus2 Em	G D Asus2	Em
The legend lives on from the chippewa on down	T'was the witch of November come stealin'.	And all that remains is the faces and the names
G D Asus2	Em	G D Asus2
Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"	The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait	Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.
Em	G D Asus2	
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead	When the Gales of November came slashin'.	Em
G D Asus2	Em	Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
When the skies of November turn gloomy	When afternoon came it was freezin' rain	G D Asus2
Em	G D Asus2	In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.
With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more	In the face of a hurricane west wind.	Em
G D Asus2		Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.	Em	G D Asus2
Em	When supertime came, the old cook came on deck	The islands and bays are for sportsmen.
That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed	G D Asus2	Em
G D Asus2	Sayin'. "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."	And farther below Lake Ontario
When the "Gales of November" came early.	Em	G D Asus2
Em	At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in',	Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,
Em		Em
The ship was the pride of the American side	G D Asus2	And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
G D Asus2	Em	G D Asus2
Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin	he said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"	with the Gales of November remembered.
Em	G D Asus2	Em
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most	and the good ship and crew was in peril.	In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,
G D Asus2	Em	G D Asus2
With a crew and good captain well seasoned	And later that night when 'is lights went outta sight	In the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."
Em	G D Asus2	Em
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms	Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.	The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
G D Asus2	Em	G D Asus2
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland	Does any one know where the love of God goes	Em
Em	G D Asus2	The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
And later that night when the ship's bell rang	When the waves turn the minutes to hours?	G D Asus2
G D Asus2		Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee".
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?	Em	Em
Em	The searches all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay	"Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead
Em	G D Asus2	G D Asus2
The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound	If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.	When the 'Gales of November' come early!"