

## The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

| Asus2 | Asus2 | Em | Em | G | D | Asus2 | Asus2 |

The legend lives on from the chippewa on  
down  
Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"  
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead  
When the skies of November turn gloomy

With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand  
tons more  
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.  
That good ship and crew was a bone to be  
chewed  
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 ship's bell rang  
Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

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 the breakfast had to  
wait  
When the Gales of November came slashin'  
When 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, it's too rough to feed ya."  
At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in',  
he said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"

The captain wired in he had water comin' in  
and the good ship and crew was in peril.  
And later that night when its lights went outta  
sight  
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Does any one know where the love of God  
goes  
When the waves turn the minutes to hours?  
The searches all say they'd have made  
Whitefish Bay  
If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.

They might have split up or they might have  
capsized;  
They may have broke deep and took water.  
And all that remains is the faces and the  
names  
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings  
In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.  
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 till it rang 29 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 her dead  
When the 'Gales of November' come early