

THE WRECK OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD

Gordon Lightfoot considers his 1976 song of ill-fated freighter, The Edmund Fitzgerald, his finest work. It is the largest sunken ship, to this day, at the bottom of the Great Lakes.

Chord=6 beats unless noted. Chords & rhythm of the intro are repeated thru the whole song.

Intro: 1,2,3,4,5,6 Dsus2/// /// Am/// /// C/// G/// Dsus2/// ///

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the Big Lake they call Gitche Gumee.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead, when the skies of November run gloomy. 12

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
With a load of iron ore: 26,000 tons more, than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2 12
That good ship & true was a bone to be chewed, when the gales of November came early.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The ship was the pride of the American side, coming back from some mill in Wisconsin.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most, with a crew & good captain well-seasoned.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms, when they left fully-loaded for Cleveland
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2 12
And later that night when the ship's bell rang, could it be the north wind they'd been feeling?

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound, and a wave broke over the railing.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
And every man knew, as the captain did too, 'twas the Witch of November come stealing.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The dawn came late & the breakfast had to wait, when the gales of November came slashing.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
When afternoon came, it **was** freezing rain, in the face of a hurricane west wind.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
When supertime came, the old cook came on deck, sayin', "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2 12
At 7 PM, a main hatchway caved in, he said, "Fellas, it's been good to know ya."

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The captain wired in he had water coming in, and the good ship and crew was in peril.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
& later that night when his lights went out of sight, came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Instrumental: Dsus2/// /// Am/// /// C/// G/// Dsus2/// ///

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
Does any one know where the love of God goes, when the waves turn the minutes to hours?
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The searchers all say, they'd have made Whitefish Bay, if they'd put 15 more miles behind her.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
They might have split up or they might have capsized; they may have broke deep&took water.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2 12
And all that remains is the faces & the names, of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings, in the rooms of her icewater mansions.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams; the islands and bays are for sportsmen.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
And farther below, Lake Ontario, takes in what Lake Erie can send her.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know, when the Gales of November remembered.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
In a rustic old hall in Detroit they prayed, in the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2 12
The church bell chimed, it rang 29 times, for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down, of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee.
Dsus2 Am C/// G/// Dsus2
Superior, they said, never gives up her dead, when the gales of November come early.

Dsus2/// /// Am/// /// C/// G/// Dsus2/ (Play last chord strongly & let it ring)



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