

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

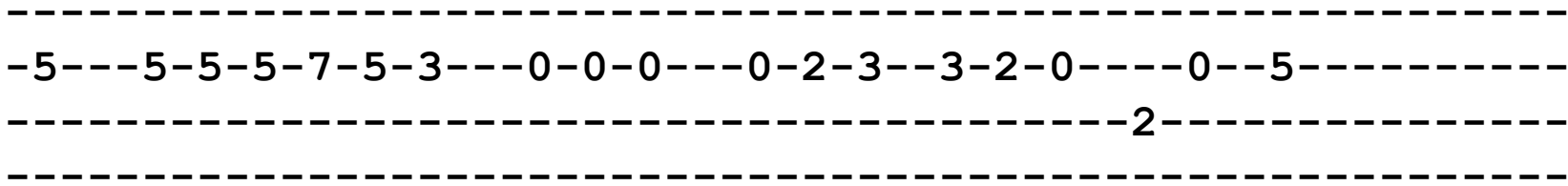
2x

A

G

D

A



A Em7

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down

G D |A | |

Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"

A Em7

The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead

G D |A | |

When the skies of November turn gloomy

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A

Em7

With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more

G

D

|A

|

|

Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.

A

Em7

That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed

G

D

|A

|

|

When the Gales of November came early.

A 2100

G 0232

D 2220

Em7 0202

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

A Em7

The ship was the pride of the American side

G D A

Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin

A Em7

As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most

G D A

With a crew and good captain well seasoned

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

| | | | | | |
|--|---|--|-----|-----|------|
| | | | | A | 2100 |
| A | | | Em7 | G | 0232 |
| Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms | | | | | |
| | G | | D | | D |
| | | | A | Em7 | 0202 |
| When they left fully loaded for Cleveland | | | | | |
| A | | | Em7 | | |
| And later that night when the ship's bell rang | | | | | |
| | G | | D | | A |
| Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'? | | | | | |

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

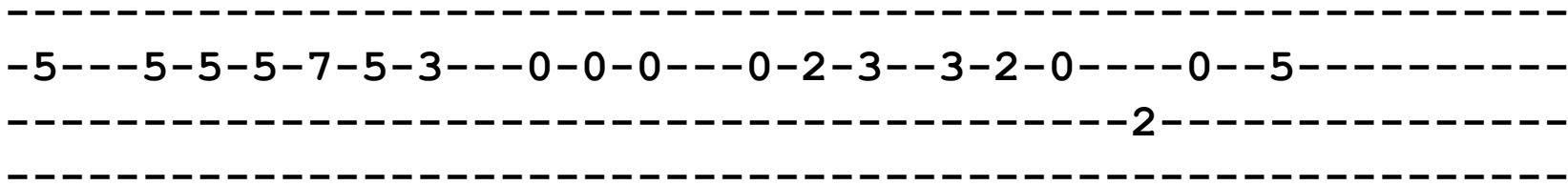
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A

G

D

A



A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

A Em7

The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound

G D | A | |

And a wave broke over the railing

A Em7

And every man knew, as the captain did too,

G D | A | |

T'was the Witch of November come stealin'.

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

A Em7

The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait

G D A

When the Gales of November came slashin'.

A Em7

When afternoon came it was freezin' rain

G D A

In the face of a hurricane west wind.

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

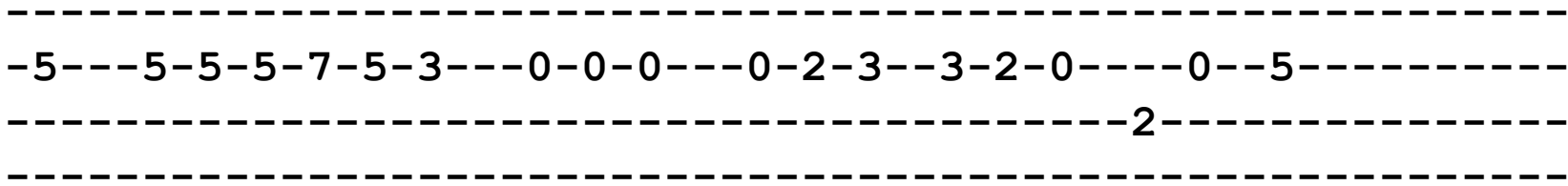
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A

G

D

A



A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

A Em7
When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck
G D | A |

Sayin', "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."

A Em7
At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in',
G D | A | |

he said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

A Em7

The captain wired in he had water comin' in

G D A

and the good ship and crew was in peril.

A Em7

And later that night when his lights went outta sight

G D A

Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

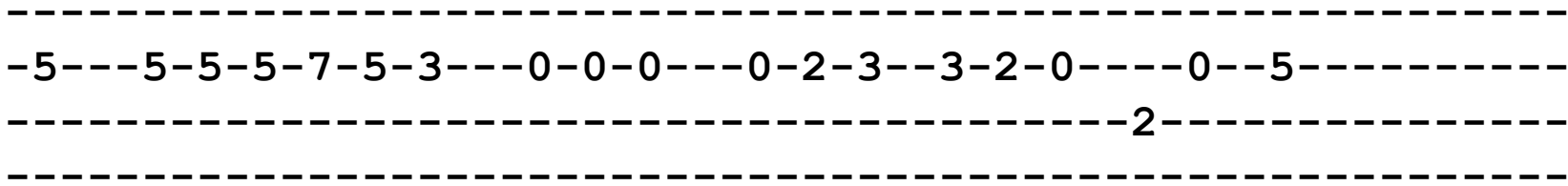
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A

G

D

A



A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

A

Em7

Does anyone know where the love of God goes

G

D

|A

|

|

When the waves turn the minutes to hours?

A

Em7

The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay

G

D

|A

|

|

If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A

Em7

They might have split up or they might have capsized;

G

D

A

They may have broke deep and took water.

A

Em7

And all that remains is the faces and the names

A 2100

G

D

A

G 0232

Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

D 2220

Em7 0202

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

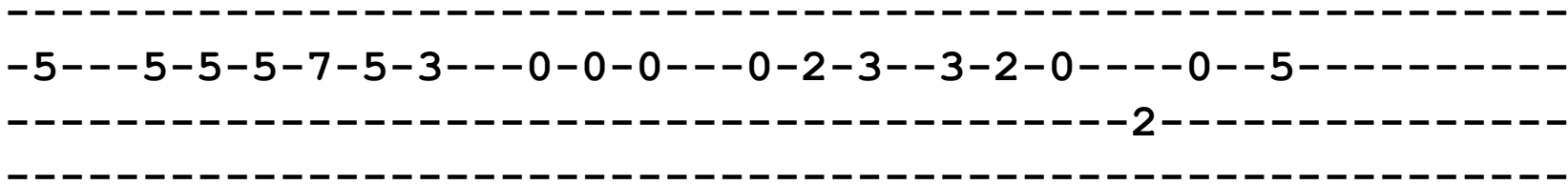
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A

G

D

A



| | | | |
|--|-----|-----|--------|
| A | Em7 | | |
| Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings | | | |
| G | D | A | |
| In the rooms of her ice-water mansion. | | | |
| A | Em7 | | |
| Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams; | | A | 2100 |
| G | D | A | |
| | | | G 0232 |
| | | | D 2220 |
| The islands and bays are for sportsmen. | | Em7 | 0202 |

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A Em7

And farther below Lake Ontario

G D A

Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,

A Em7

And the iron boats go as the mariners all know

G D A

with the Gales of November remembered.

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

Solo

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|--|
| A | G | D | A | |
| G | D | A | | |
| A | G | D | A | |
| G | D | A | | |
| A | | | | |

| | |
|-----|------|
| A | 2100 |
| G | 0232 |
| D | 2220 |
| Em7 | 0202 |

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

| | | | |
|---|-----|-----|------|
| A | Em7 | A | 2100 |
| In a musty old hall in De-tro-it they prayed, | | G | 0232 |
| G | D | A | |
| In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral | | D | 2220 |
| A | Em7 | Em7 | 0202 |
| The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times | | | |
| G | D | A | |
| For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald. | | | |

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

A Em7
The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down

G D A
Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee".

A Em7
"Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead

G D A
When the Gales of November come early!"

A 2100
G 0232
D 2220
Em7 0202

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot

Solo

| | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|--|
| A | G | D | A | |
| G | D | A | | |
| A | G | D | A | |
| G | D | A | | |
| A! | | | | |

| | |
|-----|------|
| A | 2100 |
| G | 0232 |
| D | 2220 |
| Em7 | 0202 |

The Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald - Gordon Lightfoot - LAST