**Wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald**

Capo III

**A Em G D A**

 **A Em**

**The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down**

 **G D A**

**Of the big lake they called gitche gumee**

 **A 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.**

 **A Em**

**That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed**

 **G D A**

**When the gales of November came early.**

**A Em G D A**

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 ships 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 slashing.

When afternoon came it was freezing rain

In the face of a hurricane west wind.

When suppertime came, the old cook came on deck sayin.

Fellas, its too rough to feed ya.

At seven p.m. a main hatchway caved in, he said

Fellas, its been good to know ya

The captain wired in he had water coming in

And the good ship and crew was in peril.

And later that night when his 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;

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 mans 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 twenty-nine 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!