

A Em G D A A  
 The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they called Gitche Gumee  
 A Em G D A A  
 The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead when the skies of November turn gloomy.  
 A Em G D A A  
 With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty,  
 A Em G D A A  
 That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed 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  
 A Em G D A  
 As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most with a crew and good captain well seasoned,  
 A Em G D A  
 Concluding some terms with a couple a steel firms when they left fully loaded for Cleveland.  
 A Em G D A  
 And later that night when the ship's bell rang could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?  
 (Band comes in here)

Intro A A D A A

A Em G D A A  
 The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound and a wave broke over the railing.  
 A Em G D A A  
 And ev'ry man knew, as the captain did too 'twas the witch of November come stealin'.  
 A Em G D A  
 The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait when the Gales of November came slashin'.  
 A Em G D A  
 When afternoon came it was freezin' rain in the face of a hurricane west wind.

Intro: A A D A A D A A

A Em G D A A  
 When suppertime came the old cook came on deck sayin Fellas it's too rough t' feed ya."  
 A Em G D A A  
 At seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in he said Fellas, it's been good t' know ya  
 A Em G D A  
 The captain wired in he had water comin' in and the good ship and crew was in peril.  
 A Em G D A  
 And later that night when its lights went outta sight came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Intro: A A D A A D A A A A

A Em G D A A  
 Does any one know where the love of God goes when the waves turn the minutes to hours?  
 A Em G D A A  
 The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay if they'd put fifteen more miles behind 'er.

A                      Em                      G                      D                      A  
 They might have split up or they might have capsized they may have broke deep and took water.  
 A                      Em                      G                      D                      A  
 And all that remains is the faces and the names of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

*Intro:* A A D A A D A A

A                      Em                      G                      D                      A  
 Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings in the rooms of her ice-water mansion.  
 A                      Em                      G                      D                      A A  
 Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams the islands and bays are for sportsmen.  
 A                      Em                      G                      D                      A  
 And farther below Lake Ontario takes in what Lake Erie can send her  
 A                      Em                      G                      D                      A  
 And the iron boats go as the mariners all know with the Gales of November remembered.

*Intro:* A A D A A D A A (2x)

A                      Em                      G                      D                      A A  
 In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed in the Maritime Sailors Cathedral  
 A                      Em                      G                      D                      A A  
 The church bell chimed 'til it rang twenty-nine times for each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.  
 A                      Em                      G                      D                      A A  
 The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee  
 A                      Em                      G                      D                      A  
 Superior they said, never gives up her dead when the gales of November come early