

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down  
 Of the big lake they called Gitchee Gumee  
 The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead  
 When the skies of November turn gloomy  
 With a load of iron ore, 26,000 tons more  
 Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty  
 That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed  
 When the gales of November came early

/ Asus2 Em / GD Asus2 / :

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 tattletale 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 to 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 out of sight  
 Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald

Does anyone know where the love of God goes  
 When the waves turn the minutes to hours  
 The searchers 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 'til 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 called Gitchee Gumee  
 Superior, they said, never gives up her dead  
 When the gales of November come early