

Edmund Fitzgerald Ukulele Chords by Gordon Lightfoot

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Edmund Fitzgerald by: Gordon Lightfoot
 Chords By: RT237

Dsus2 = DM **Am**
 The legend lives on from the chippewa on down
 C G Dsus2
 Of the big lake they called "Gitche Gumee"
 Am
 The lake, it is said, never gives up her dead
 C G Dsus2
 When the skies of November turn gloomy
 Am
 With a load of iron ore twenty-six thousand tons more
 C G Dsus2
 Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty.
 Am
 That good ship and crew was a bone to be chewed
 C G Dsus2
 When the "Gales of November" came early.
 Am
 The ship was the pride of the American side
 C G Dsus2
 Coming back from some mill in Wisconsin
 Am
 As the big freighters go, it was bigger than most
 C G Dsus2
 With a crew and good captain well seasoned
 Am
 Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
 C G Dsus2
 When they left fully loaded for Cleveland
 Am
 And later that night when the ship's bell rang
 C G Dsus2
 Could it be the north wind they'd been feelin'?

Am
 The wind in the wires made a tattle-tale sound
 C G Dsus2
 And a wave broke over the railing
 Am
 And every man knew, as the captain did too,
 C G Dsus2
 T'was the witch of November come stealin'.
 Am
 The dawn came late and the breakfast had to wait
 C G Dsus2
 When the Gales of November came slashin'.
 Am
 When afternoon came it was freezin' rain
 C G Dsus2
 In the face of a hurricane west wind.

Am
 When supertime came, the old cook came on deck
 C G Dsus2
 Sayin'. "Fellas, it's too rough to feed ya."
 Am
 At Seven P.M. a main hatchway caved in',
 C G Dsus2
 he said "Fellas, it's been good t'know ya"
 Am
 The captain wired in he had water comin' in
 C G Dsus2
 and the good ship and crew was in peril.

Am
 And later that night when 'is lights went outta sight
 C G Dsus2
 Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald.

Am
 Does any one know where the love of God goes
 C G Dsus2
 When the waves turn the minutes to hours?
 Am
 The searches all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
 C G Dsus2
 If they'd put fifteen more miles behind her.
 Am
 They might have split up or they might have capsized;
 C G Dsus2
 They may have broke deep and took water.
 Am
 And all that remains is the faces and the names
 C G Dsus2
 Of the wives and the sons and the daughters.

Am
 Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
 C G Dsus2
 In the rooms of her ice-water mansion.
 Am
 Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams;
 C G Dsus2
 The islands and bays are for sportsmen.
 Am
 And farther below Lake Ontario
 C G Dsus2
 Takes in what Lake Erie can send her,
 Am
 And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
 C G Dsus2
 with the Gales of November remembered.

Am
 In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed,
 C G Dsus2
 In the "Maritime Sailors' Cathedral."
 Am
 The church bell chimed till it rang twenty-nine times
 C G Dsus2
 For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald.
 Am
 The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down
 C G Dsus2
 Of the big lake they call "Gitche Gumee".
 Am
 "Superior", they said, "never gives up her dead
 C G Dsus2
 When the 'Gales of November' come early!"

