

Key: B

Genre: General

Harp Type: Diatonic

Skill: Beginner

The Wreck of the Edmond Fitzgerald

Verse 1:

6 7 7 7 7

The le-gend lives on

-8 7 -6 6 6 6 6

From the Chip-pe-wa on down

6 -6 -6 -6 -6 -6

Of the big lake they call

6 -5 6 4

Git-che Gu-mee.

The lake, it is said ne-ver gives up her dead



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When the skies of No-vem-ber turn gloo-my. v

Verse 2:

With a load of iron ore – 26,000 tons more
Than the Edmund Fitzgerald weighed empty. v
That good ship and true was a bone to be chewed
When the gales of November came early. ^

Verse 3:

The ship was the pride of the American side
Coming back from some mill in Wisconson. v
As the big freighters go it was bigger than most
With a crew and the Captain well seasoned. ^

Verse 4:

Concluding some terms with a couple of steel firms
When they left fully loaded for Cleveland. v
And later that night when the ships bell rang
Could it be the North Wind they'd been feeling. ^

Verse 5:

The wind in the wires made a tattletale sound
And a wave broke over the railing. v
And every man knew, as the Captain did, too,
T'was the witch of November come stealing. ^



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Verse 6:

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. ^

Verse 7:

When supper time came the old cook came on deck
Saying fellows it's too rough to feed ya. v
At 7PM a main hatchway caved in
He said fellas it's been good to know ya. ^

Verse 8:

The Captain wired in he had water coming in
And the good ship and crew was in peril. v
And later that night when his lights went out of sight
Came the wreck of the Edmund Fitzgerald. ^

Verse 9:

Does anyone know where the love of God goes
When the words turn the minutes to hours? v
The searchers all say they'd have made Whitefish Bay
If they'd fifteen more miles behind her. ^

Verse 10:



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They might have split up or they might have capsized
They may have broke deep and took water. v
And all that remains is the faces and the names
Of the wives and the sons and the daughters. ^

Verse 11:

Lake Huron rolls, Superior sings
In the ruins of her ice water mansion. v
Old Michigan steams like a young man's dreams,
The islands and bays are for sportsmen. ^

Verse 12:

And farther below Lake Ontario
Takes in what Lake Erie can send her. v
And the iron boats go as the mariners all know
With the gales of November remembered. ^

Verse 13:

In a musty old hall in Detroit they prayed
In the Maritime Sailors' Cathedral. v
The church bell chimed, 'til it rang 29 times
For each man on the Edmund Fitzgerald. ^

Verse 14:

The legend lives on from the Chippewa on down



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Of the big lake they call Gitche Gumee. v
Superior, they say, never gives up her dead
When the gales of November come early. ^

Lyrics



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