The WRECK of the EDMUND FITZGERALD

THE LEGEND LIVES ON FROM THE CHIPPEWA ON DOWN
OF THE BIG LAKE THEY CALL GITCHE GUMI
SUPERIOR, IT'S 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 HER CREW WERE A BONE TO BE CHEWED
WHEN THE GALES OF NOVEMBER CAME EARLY

OH SAY A PRAYER / FOR THE MEN OF THE EDMUND FITZGERALD
(2 X AFTER EACH TWO VERSES)

THE SHIP WAS THE PRIDE OF THE AMERICAN SIDE
LOADED DEEP AT A PORT IN WISCONSIN
AS THE BIG FREIGHTERS GO IT WAS BIGGER THAN MOST
WITH A CREW AND A CAPTAIN WELL-SEASONED

WITH NO STORMS YET TO HEED AND AT 14 KNOTS SPEED FOR THE RIVER ROUGE MILL SHE WAS STEERING BUT LATER THAT NIGHT WHEN THE SHIP'S BELL RANG TWICE COULD IT BE THE NORTH WIND SHE WAS FEELING?

THE WIND IN THE WIRES MADE A TATTLETALE SOUND AND THE WAVES TOOK A PIECE OF HER RAILING THEN EVERY MAN KNEW, AS THE CAPTAIN DID, TOO 'TWAS THE WITCH OF NOVEMBER COME A-STEALING

THE SKY WAS LIKE SLATE AND THE BREAKFAST WAS LATE
AS THE GALES OF NOVEMBER CAME SLASHIN'
WHEN AFTERNOON CAME IT WAS ALL FREEZING RAIN
IN THE FACE OF A HURRICANE WEST WIND

WHEN SUPPER TIME CAME THE OLD COOK CAME ON DECK SAYING "FELLAS, IT'S TOO ROUGH TO FEED YA!" AT SEVEN P.M. THE MAIN HATCHWAY GAVE IN HE SAID "FELLAS, IT'S BEEN GOOD TO KNOW YA!"

THE CAPTAIN THEN KNEW THAT THE WAVES HAD SMASHED THRU
AND THE GOOD SHIP WAS SURELY IN PERIL
AND WHEN LATER HER LIGHTS WERE NO LONGER IN SIGHT
'TWAS THE END 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 SHE'D HAVE MADE WHITEFISH BAY
IF THEY'D PUT FIFTEEN MORE MILES BEHIND HER

The WRECK of the EDMUND FITZGERALD

SHE MIGHT HAVE SPLIT UP OR SHE MIGHT HAVE CAPSIZED AS SHE PLOUGHED THRU THE FURIOUS WATERS NOW ALL THAT REMAINS ARE THE FACES AND THE NAMES FOR THE WIVES AND THE SONS AND THE DAUGHTERS

LAKE HURON ROLLS ON AND SUPERIOR SINGS
IN THE ROOMS OF ITS ICE-WATER MANSIONS
OLD MICHIGAN STEAMS LIKE A YOUNG MAN'S DREAMS
ITS ISLANDS AND BAYS ARE FOR SPORTSMEN

AND FARTHER BELOW LAKE ONTARIO
TAKES IN WHAT LAKE ERIE CAN SEND HER
AS THE IRON BOATS GO, THE LAKE MARINERS KNOW
TO BEWARE OF THE GALES OF NOVEMBER

ON A COLD WINTER DAY MANY GATHERED TO PRAY IN THE MARITIME SAILORS' CATHEDRAL THE CHURCH BELL IT CHIMED AND RANG 29 TIMES FOR EACH MAN ON THE EDMUND FITZGERALD

THE LEGEND LIVES ON FROM THE CHIPPEWA ON DOWN
OF THE BIG LAKE THEY CALL GITCHE GUMI
SUPERIOR, IT'S SAID, NEVER GIVES UP HER DEAD
WHEN THE GALES OF NOVEMBER COME EARLY