

## **Dan Fogelberg "Forefathers"**

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They came from Scandinavia  
The land of midnight sun  
And crossed the North Atlantic  
When this century was young  
They'd heard that in America  
Every man was free  
To live the way he chose to live  
And be who he could be.  
Some of them were farmers there  
And tilled the frozen soil  
But all they got was poverty  
For all their earnest toil  
They say one was a sailor  
Who sailed the wide world round  
Made home port--got drunk one night  
Walked off the pier and drowned.  
My mother was of Scottish blood  
It's there that she was born  
They brought her to America in 1924  
They left behind the highlands  
And the heather covered hills  
And came to find America  
With broad, expectant dreams  
And iron wills.  
My grandad worked the steel mills  
Of central Illinois

His daughter was his jewel  
His son was just his boy  
For thirty years he worked the mills  
And stoked the coke-fed fires  
And looked toward the day  
When he'd at last turn 65  
And could retire.

Chorus  
And the sons become the fathers  
And the daughters will be wives  
As the torch is passed from hand to hand  
And we struggle through our lives  
Though the generations wander  
The lineage survives  
And all of us

From dust to dust  
We all become forefathers  
By and by.  
The woman and the man were wed  
Just after the war  
And they settled in this river town  
And three fine sons she bore  
One became a lawyer  
And one fine pictures drew  
And one became this lonely soul  
Who sits here now  
And sings this song to you.  
(Repeat chorus)

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