

Dan Fogelberg

"The Reach"

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It's Maine...
And it's Autumn
The birches have just begun turning
It's life and it's dying
The lobstermen's boats come returning
With the catch of they day in their holds
and the young boys cold and complaining
The fog meets the beaches and out on
the Reach it is raining --
It's father and son
It's the way it's been done since the
old days
It's hauling by hand ten miles out
from the land where their chow waits
All the days get so lonely and long
and seas grow so stormy and strong but
The Reach will sing welcome as homeward
they hurry along.
And the morning will
blow away
As the waves crash and fall
And the Reach like a siren sings
as she beckons and calls
As the coastline recedes from view

And the seas swell and roll
I will take from the Reach
all that she has to teach
To the depths of my soul --
The wind brings a chill
There's a frost on the sill in the morning
It creeps through the door
At the edge of the shore
ice is forming
Soon the northers will bluster and blow
And the woods will be whitened
with snowfall
And the Reach will lie frozen
for the lost and unchosen to row --
And the morning will
blow away
As the waves crash and fall

And the Reach like a siren sings
as she beckons and calls
As the coastline recedes from view
And the seas swell and roll
I will take from the Reach
all that she has to teach
To the depths of my soul --

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