

# The Reach

Dan Fogelberg

It's Maine and it's Autumn  
The birches have just begun turning  
It's life and it's dying  
The lobster men's boats come returningWith the catch of the day in their holds  
And the young boys cold and complaining  
The fog meets the beaches  
And out on the Reach it is rainingIt'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 waitsAnd the days are all lonely and long  
And the seas grow so stormy and strong but  
The Reach will sing welcome  
As homeward they hurry alongAnd the morning will blow away  
As the waves crash and fall  
And the Reach like a siren sings  
As she beckons and callsAs 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 soulThe wind brings a chill  
There's a frost on the sill in the morning  
It creeps through the door  
On the edge of the shore ice is formingSoon the northerns will bluster and blow  
And the woods will be whitened with snowfall  
And the Reach will lie frozen  
For the lost and unchosen to rowAnd the morning will blow away  
As the waves crash and fall  
And the Reach like a siren sings  
As she beckons and callsAs 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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