

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 returning With 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 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 And 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 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
On 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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