

## Forefathers

Dan Fogelberg

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 dr  
owned

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 w  
ills

My granddad 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 r  
etire

And the sons become the fathers and their daughters will be wiv  
es  
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 bor  
e  
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

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