

# Miscellania

CHATHAM REACH  
by Bruce Coughlan

Along Chatham Reach  
My memory wanders still  
To gaze upon the splendour  
From her shoreline to her peaks  
  
A painter's dream of heaven  
And to my soul she speaks  
As spring breaks through,  
down on Chatham Reach  
  
Ever since my younger days I have loved your misty shores  
I'd stare out from the tall grass  
Smell the sweetness on your breeze  
And at night around a fire  
We would gather on the beach  
Those friends I knew down on Chatham Reach  
  
And ever steeped in mystery your legends would unfold  
Of stalwart men to reach their end in search of Slumach's  
Gold  
And ever still, I'm haunted by the ghost of Louis Bee  
Sweet mystery, and it calls to me  
  
Now winter brings it's bitter chill  
My breath hangs in the air  
The frost has turned the tall grass  
To the colour of my hair  
My life is done, my race is run  
But with a longing I am filled  
To linger still, down on Chatham Reach

*From:*  
*Stirring Up Ghosts: Songs  
& Stories of Historic British  
Columbia*

Reproduced with kind per-  
mission of *TILLER'S FOLLY*.

BRUCE COUGHLAN -  
Songwriter, vocals, guitar,  
bodhran, flute and whistles

LAURENCE KNIGHT - Pro-  
ducer, bass, vocals

NOLAN MURRAY - Fiddle,  
mandolin, banjo, viola,  
guitar

