

Emerald Lake

Great faces of stone, eternally scarred
From the Ice, the Wind, and the Cold,
From above, cast a stern and imposing glance
On the Lake of Emerald and Gold.

The ageless peaks, through countless years,
Wear the marks of the three "Brothers Old".
Yet undaunted and undefeated they stand
On the Lake of Emerald and Gold.

I came to this place to find riches of stone,
Though I found not one nugget of gold;
I gained greater wealth, when my eyes looked across
On the Lake of Emerald and Gold.

Can one describe the wonder he feels
Or fathom the hold on his soul --
Discerning the distance across, shore to shore
On the Lake of Emerald and Gold?

When I sometimes feel beaten and scarred
By the Ice, the Wind, and the Cold --
I gaze in the water, my scarred face reflects,
In the Lake of Emerald and Gold.

The reflection of my aging face
Wears the marks of the three "Brothers Old".
I will not be defeated, I'll someday return
To the Lake of Emerald and Gold.

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