



## The Poem

As I have gone alone in there  
And with my treasures bold,  
I can keep my secret where,  
And hint of riches new and old.

Begin it where warm waters halt  
And take it in the canyon down,  
Not far, but too far to walk.  
Put in below the home of Brown.

From there it's no place for the meek,  
The end is ever drawing nigh;  
There'll be no paddle up your creek,  
Just heavy loads and water high.

If you've been wise and found the blaze,  
Look quickly down, your quest to cease,  
But tarry scant with marvel gaze,  
Just take the chest and go in peace.

So why is it that I must go  
And leave my trove for all to seek?  
The answers I already know,  
I've done it tired, and now I'm weak.

So hear me all and listen good,  
Your effort will be worth the cold.  
If you are brave and in the wood  
I give you title to the gold.