



The Legend Of Hidden Lake
(End of the Rainbow.)

Hidden Lake is the lake of dreams
That fills each night by a magic stream
But only when the moon is full
A magic well begins to fill
Oh so high that it would spill
And fill a stream that went up hill
To Hidden Lake below.

On a night when the moon was full
I found that stream that went up hill
Where the thickness of the trees was thin
Where man nor beast has never been.
Protected by the birds of night,
And when approached they take to flight.
They circle left and circle right
To steer you away with all their might.
If you persist you'll have to fight
And when you do it takes all night.
Away I fight with all my might
Until the night has turned to light.
A mist upon the lake begins,
The water stops its flow.
The stream has gone for another day
Until the next moon's glow.

This stream comes from the Rainbow Forest
High up on a hill.
The water from the well,
The full moon makes it spill.
The magic in the water
Carries it up the hill,
Ten thousand rainbows follow it
To its final spill.
The mist upon the lake begins,
The water starts to glow,
Making a rainbow from here to there
On Hidden Lake below.

