

King Midas and the Golden Touch - Glorious, Aureus Gold

King Midas was a greedy Greek
"I want money!" he would shriek.
He howled and hissed
And beat his fist
For glorious, aureus gold.

An ancient satyr passed one day,
And Midas let him come and stay,
But in return for company,
The satyr had to pay a fee
Of glorious, aureus gold.

"Dear King, you're my top man,"
The satyr said. "So here's my plan,
I'll grant a wish, as 'thanks very much'."
So Midas asked for a special touch
Of glorious, aureus gold

So Midas' wish soon came true,
But the wise old satyr secretly knew,
It would soon be a hex,
On the foolish rex,
A hex of glorious, aureus gold.

He poked a plant, he tapped a tree,
He was happy as can be,
But when he went to hug his son,
His darling froze into a ton,
Of glorious, aureus gold.

He couldn't eat, he couldn't sleep,
So he decided he couldn't keep,
His greedy golden gift,
But nothing made it fade or shift,
That glorious, aureus gold.

He begged the gods to let him be,
And prayed they'd hear his pathetic plea,
The satyr returned and told him to wade,
In the river Pactolus, which still has a shade,
Of glorious, aureus gold.

by Kirsty, Year 6