



In the days of old, a long time ago,  
There was a high mountain with a village below.  
Up on the mountain stood a castle great,  
Where the King would gaze down from his big, golden gate.  
The people loved the King, and he loved them.  
Each day they'd look up, and sing songs to him.



His kindness spread like warm sun rays,  
So that everyone loved much like him in those days.

The most loving and joyful,  
the best King they'd had.  
In good weather he'd visit  
the happy and sad.

But, one dark moonless night,  
an evil wizard appeared,  
Slithering into the village,  
with a long scraggly beard.



Where did he come from?  
No one really knows.  
But, he hated the King  
from his head to his toes.



Was he jealous of them? Perhaps he was just rude.  
“Why are these people in such a good mood?!  
If I were the king, I’d set them all straight!  
I’d treat them all badly and teach them to hate!”



“Now here’s an idea!  
I’ll cast a dark spell!”  
Then he did it so shrewdly  
that no one could tell!



A dark, heavy cloud settled over the town.  
When the people woke up, they felt gloomy and down!

All around, it was dreary and gray.  
When they looked up, there was no light of day!  
And no sight of the castle way up in the sky.



They felt a bit lonely and didn't know why.

Before long, the people forgot their King.  
No more getting together to look up and sing.  
Now they spent their time bickering, snickering, and mad.  
The evil curse turned all the good into bad!

