

A Heart Of Gold

A Heart of Gold
and pockets filled with Gold
Journey to Mecca what will unfold?
Make way as he comes behold!
sixty thousand men he brought
camels, horses, elephants distraught,
carrying 18 tons of Gold they depart
twelve thousand slaves in chains they marched
Lips dry throats parched
As the dry Sahara heat scorched
Town after town they crossed
pounds of Gold he lost
But all for a good cause
People coming in mobs
Screaming & yelling because
Mansa Musa “king of kings” calls
Upon everyone behind closed doors
In the halls
& behind the walls
“Come & this gold is Yours”
In every town he lured,
People asking for more
he could not ignore
their strident roars.
So in every town, he poured
More & more gold, it couldn't be ignored
Crashing Egypt's economy, word spread abroad
Soon Everyone knew the king adored.
From the corners of his kingdom and far beyond
Mansa Musa truly has shown
He is a King with the heart of Gold.

