

From a Canaanite

This metal comes from the



From Canaan I traveled, My family left me in a pit near their home. to Egypt I roamed.



and they feed us for free!



the Nile, oh grow near and I fill all the silos.

and I'm made in the fire

near the palace royal.

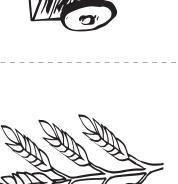
earth beneath the soil,

grew in Lebanon and

was cut and planed.

I carried the loads

across the plains.



come from the sea shore I was used to make a coat of wonderful hues<u>!</u> far away it's true.

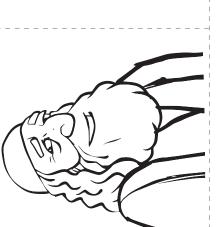
My children will take me

to a new land.

My father traveled

in their traveling band.





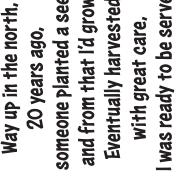
barn I was born, my huge horns. thankfully, grew into

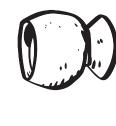
my father before me. I was made king like I know now all the people adore me.

My North African teachers

said I was the best

were placed within me<u>!</u> started as an oil jar near the Red Sea, light near Galilee. Finally fine gifts then was a night





at speaking the languages | was ready to be served! someone planted a seed and from that I'd grow! **Eventually harvested** Way up in the north, from east to west!

We work to gather all the the time of skinny cows! It won't be long 'til harvest for now.

seemed to be a faker!



the prince of the land, I was cooked in a pot Only the best for buried in sand!



I was brought from the West Coast as a baker, so sorry the last guy



