

## Nicole C. Mullen

# "Sharecropper's Seed"

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He's never been scared of hard work  
So why are his hands trembling  
And how could something so small  
Be all so weighty  
On the scales of what could be

This tiny seed has potential  
For a better way of life  
And how he sows it is crucial  
For his little ones, his wife

Chorus

So he prays to the Lord of the harvest  
Would you rain down on the least of these  
Would you please multiply and divide them  
These are my sharecropper seeds  
These are my Sharecropper seeds

It yielded more, than he'd ever hoped for  
Enough to take care of things  
'Til the landowner came and said, "I want more"  
And gave him less than agreed

Chorus

So he cry to the Lord of the harvest  
Please remember the least of these  
Would you shine on my sons, and my daughters  
Cause these are my sharecropper seeds  
These are my Sharecropper seeds  
So Bring me, my flowers  
While I can see them  
So that I will know the beauty that they bring, that they  
bring

Stories like these told to me from my mother  
Of my grandpa and them back when  
She said, most of the good crops, today that I, was  
reaping  
Were sown in love by them

So I'm praising the Lord of the harvest  
For remembering the least of these

And I'm proud of the title I'm wearing  
'Cause I am Sharecropper seed.  
Yeah I am the lest of these  
God still cares for the least the sharecropper's seed

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