Downhere, Little Is Much

What is the measure of a life well lived If all I can offer seems too small to give This is a song for the weaker, the poorer And so-called failures

Little is much when God's in it And no one can fathom the plans He holds Little is much when God's in it He changes the world with the seeds we sow Little is much, little is much

Who feels tired and under-qualified Who feels deserted, and hung out to dry This is a song for the broken, the beat-up And so-called losers

Consider a Kingdom in the smallest seed Consider that giants fall to stones and slings Consider a child in a manger Consider the story isn't over What can be done with what you still have