

Keep Your Land, Keep Your Seed

In the heart of Uganda, our roots run strong and deep,
Where seeds once flourished, now whispers weep.
Indigenous grains, once bold and grand,
Are fading away from our sacred land.

Our mothers, our sisters, who passionately and relentlessly till the earth,
Struggle each day for the land's rebirth.
With calloused and hardened hands, they sow and reap,
Yet the harvest dwindles, and the loss cuts deep.

Keep your seed, keep your land, hold them near and close,
For in their embrace, our future is clear.
They fight to feed, with food so pure,
But the land's retreat leaves hope unsure.

Let the women, youth, government, CSOs, and development partners rise with a clear plan,
To protect our soil, to nurture our land.
For every seed sown, every hand that tills,
Is a promise kept, in the fields and hills to the future generations.

The power to feed, the power to grow,
Lies in the seeds that our ancestors sowed.
Keep your seed, keep your land, hold them tight,
For they are the key to our people's secure tenure rights.

Together we stand, united and strong,
For the land is ours, where we all belong.

With each seed we plant, with each root we tend,
Our mothers' struggle, we will defend.

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Disclaimer: LANDnet is a member of the Keep Your Land, Keep Your Seed Campaign in Uganda

To join the campaign, contact us at info@land-in-uganda.org