

The Parable of the Treasure

Matthew 13:44

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Paraphrased by Tiffany Dortignac

1. See the field, dor - mant ly - ing Sleep - y in the win - ter's weeds, Rows un -
2. What was that, midst the rub - ble Dull and tarn - ished, hard and cold? And the
3. Son of man, heav - ens a - gent, Seeks the land - lord of the lot. Worth - less

kempt, plow a - wait - ing Bro - ken shards a - mong the reeds. See the man, For - eign
stones, crus - ted, mud - died, Who would think of jewels and gold? See the shards gent - ly
field, yet he owns it Asks for all the man has got Prince of earth drives a

No - ble King of heav'n in peas - ant's garb In the field, pause to pon - der Gent - ly
lift - ed Hol - low place made in the ground Pre - cious stones, hands car - ress them place be -
bar - gain well he knows his Lord will pay Life for life, God buys the field In the

lifts the bro - ken shard. See the dawn, - death is bro - ken! But three
neath the slight - est mound. lay. See the dawn, - death is bro - ken! But three
grave it's bod - y

days had passed that way. God re - turns and claims His pur - chase; no one dares to say Him nay!

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