

Iona, Treasure

Consider the flowers of the field
In their beauty
More lovely than even the clothes of a king
Consider the birds of the air
Flying high, flying free
You are precious to me

Where your treasure is
There is your heart

If a son asks his father on earth
For fish or for bread
Who among you would give him
A snake or a stone
How much more does the Father above
Have a heart full of love
For the children that He calls His own