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Glory to God #693

Though I May Speak ***(The Gift of Love)***

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Though I may speak with bravest
fire, and have the gift to all inspire,
and have not love,
my words are vain,
as sounding brass,
and hopeless gain.

Though I may give all I possess,
and striving so my love profess,
but not be given by love within,
the profit soon
turns strangely thin.

Come, Spirit, come,
our hearts control;
our spirits long to be made whole.
Let inward love guide every deed;
by this we worship, and are freed.