Though I May Speak with Bravest Fire # 581

Verse 1

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.

Verse 2

Though I may give all I possess,
And striving so my love profess,
But not be giv'n by love within,
The profit soon turns strangely thin.

Verse 3

Come, Spirit come, our hearts control,
Our spirits long to be made whole.
Let inward love guide ev'ry deed.
By this we worship and are freed.