Though I May Speak
The Gift of Love

1. Though I may speak with brav-est fire,
   and have the gift to all in-spire,
   and have not love, my words are vain,
   as sound-ing brass, and hope-less gain.

2. Though I may give all I pos-sess,
   and striv-ing so my love pro-fess,
   but not be given by love with-in,
   the prof-it soon turns strange-ly thin.

3. Come, Spir-it, come, our hearts con-trol;
   our spir-its long to be made whole.
   Let in-ward love guide ev-ery deed;
   by this we wor-ship, and are freed.

As paraphrases of 1 Corinthians 13:1, 3 the first two stanzas here are in the first person singular, yet they lead into a plural prayer for the gift of such love, for it thrives in community. These words are especially poignant with this adaptation of an English folk melody.

TEXT: Hal H. Hopson, 1972
MUSIC: English folk melody; adapt. Hal H. Hopson, 1972
Text and Music © 1972 Hope Publishing Company