

The gift of love

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

Hal H. Hopson

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