

## The Gift of Love

*as found in the Renew Hymnal #155*

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,  
And spirits long to be made whole.  
Let inward love guide every deed;  
By this we worship, and are freed.