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The Gift Of Love
Hal Hopson

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G                        Am7     G
Though I may speak with bravest fire,
               Em     Am7 D
And have the gift to all inspire,
     Am7    G        Am7      G
And have not love, my words are vain,
     Am7      D           C       G
As sounding brass, and hopeless gain.
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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.