

The Gift of Love

1. Though I may speak \_\_\_\_\_ with brav - est fire, \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Though I may give \_\_\_\_\_ all I pos - sess, \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Come, Spir - it, come, \_\_\_\_\_ our hearts con - trol, \_\_\_\_\_

and have the gift \_\_\_\_\_ to all in - spire, \_\_\_\_\_  
 and striv - ing so \_\_\_\_\_ my love pro - fess, \_\_\_\_\_  
 our spir - its long \_\_\_\_\_ to be made whole. \_\_\_\_\_

and have not love, \_\_\_\_\_ my words are vain, \_\_\_\_\_  
 but not be given \_\_\_\_\_ by love with - in, \_\_\_\_\_  
 Let in - ward love \_\_\_\_\_ guide ev - ery deed; \_\_\_\_\_

as sound - ing brass, \_\_\_\_\_ and hope - less gain. \_\_\_\_\_  
 the prof - it soon \_\_\_\_\_ turns strange - ly thin. \_\_\_\_\_  
 by this we wor - ship, and are freed. \_\_\_\_\_