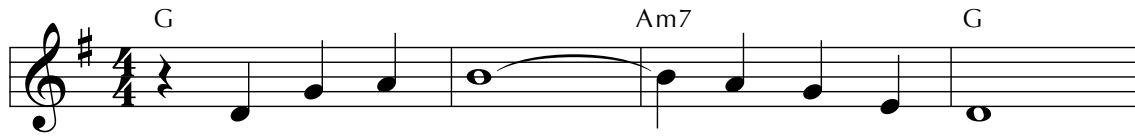


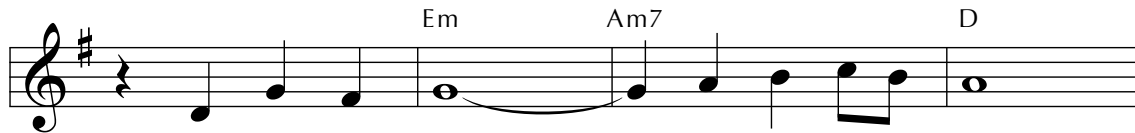
Though I May Speak

693

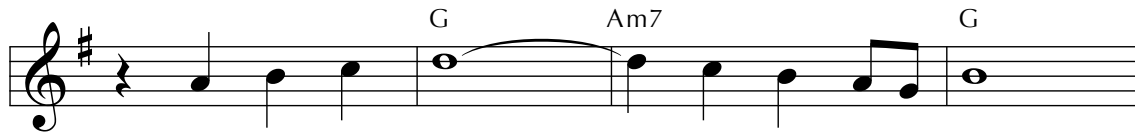
The Gift of Love



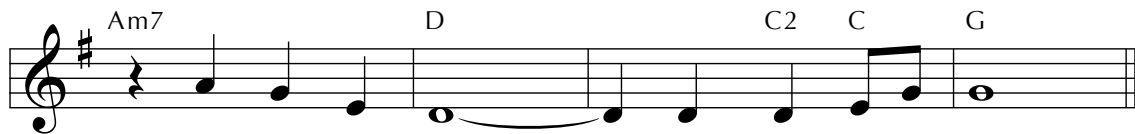
1 Though I may speak with brav - est fire,
 2 Though I may give all I pos - sess,
 3 Come, Spir - it, come, our hearts con - trol;



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.

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.

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go 833

1 O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
 2 O Light that fol - lowest all my way, I yield my
 3 O Joy that seek - est me through pain, I can - not
 4 O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not

wea - ry soul in thee; I give thee back the life I owe, that
 flick-ering torch to thee; my heart re - stores its bor - rowed ray, that
 close my heart to thee; I trace the rain - bow through the rain, and
 ask to fly from thee; I lay in dust life's glo - ry dead, and

in thine o - cean depths its flow may rich - er, full - er be.
 in thy sun - shine's blaze its day may bright - er, fair - er be.
 feel the prom - ise is not vain that morn shall tear - less be.
 from the ground there blos - soms red life that shall end - less be.

This intense hymn of commitment to God (addressed as Love, Light, and Joy) closes with an invocation of the ultimate testimony to those attributes (the Cross). The composer, a Scotsman, named this specially-composed tune for the 11th-century patroness of Scotland.