If I Can Speak in Tongues of Fire (Minterbrook)



If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but have not love... I am nothing... (1 Corinthians 13)

If I can speak in tongues of fire
Yet fail to do what love requires,
I'm nothing—though high mountains move—
I'm nothing without perfect love.

I'm nothing if I try to hide Resentment, envy, selfish pride. I'm nothing—though high myst'ries find— If I'm not patient, humble, kind.

His heav'nly gifts God gives to me So Christ's perfected love I'd see And know—and speak, and serve and give— And like my holy Bridegroom live. In faith and hope, love perseveres, No anger and no rudeness hears; Such lovingkindness—fully blessed— Gives foretastes of eternal rest.

I see in part like children here, A poor reflection in a mirror; Yet in my heart I long to find Love more by Jesus' love refined.

Above I'll know, as Christ has known, How vast his love for sinners shown! With eyes undimmed I'll end my race And gaze on Jesus face to face!