

Though I Speak

Susan Peterson, 1998.

Charles Converse, 1868.

Though I speak in every language,
Prophesy for God above,
Though I understand all mysteries,
I am nothing without love.
Though through faith I can move mountains,
Give the poor all that I gain,
Though I'm burned alive for Jesus,
Without love, my life is vain.

Love is patient, kind, and selfless,
Envy not, nor boasts in pride,
Is not rude or quickly angered,
Never holds a grudge inside.
Love does not delight in evil,
But with truth rejoices e'er;
Trusts, protects, and hopes forever,
Perseveres and always cares.

One day prophecies will finish;
Tongues will in that day be stilled;
Knowledge, too, will pass forever,
When God's Word is all fulfilled.
Now we only know a fraction,
And as children think and speak;
When perfection comes upon us,
Childish ways no more we'll seek.

Now we see as in a mirror,
In a blurred and hazy way.
But reflections soon will vanish;
Face to face we'll see some day.
In that day we'll all know fully,
As we're known by God above;
Till then, faith, hope, love still linger,
But the greatest far is love.