

Love

P.P.B.

P.P.Bliss

Melody

1.) Love, of all gifts, is the great - est Which the Spir - it does be -
2.) O, Thou Spir - it, which has giv - en To me grace to seek my
3.) Love is of a friend - ly na - ture, Does no self - ish thought pos -

4
stow. Though I had a voice like an - gels, Lack - ing love, I tru - ly
Lord, Teach me strive for love of heav - en And to love Thy pre - cious
sess; Love is not a sin par - tak - er, And is free from bit - ter -

5 6 7

8
know That I'd be a tink - ling cym - bal Or a wretch - ed sound - ing
Word! Love has mer - cy and is pa - tient; Has - ty ways it does not
ness. Love is truth - ful, not de - ceit - ful, Does here ev - 'ry bur - den

9 10 11

12
brass; For al - though the sound were pre - sent, Life - less thru this world I'd pass.
own; Hum - ble - ness of mind is pre - sent; With true peace it has its home.
bear; And, en - dur - ing is so fruit - ful In all tri - als joy to share.

13 14 15 16