







## 1 Corinthians 13

<sup>1</sup>If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, but do not have love, I have become a noisy gong or a clanging cymbal. <sup>2</sup>If I have the gift of prophecy, and know all mysteries and all knowledge; and if I have all faith, so as to remove mountains, but do not have love, I am nothing. <sup>3</sup>And if I give all my possessions to feed the poor, and if I surrender my body to be burned, but do not have love, it profits me nothing. <sup>4</sup>Love is patient, love is kind and is not jealous; love does not brag and is not arrogant, <sup>5</sup>does not act unbecomingly; it does not seek its own, is not provoked, does not take into account a wrong suffered, <sup>6</sup>does not rejoice in unrighteousness, but rejoices with the truth; <sup>7</sup>bears all things, believes all things, hopes all things, endures all things. <sup>8</sup>Love never fails; but if there are gifts of prophecy, they will be done away; if there are tongues, they will cease; if there is knowledge, it will be done away. <sup>9</sup>For we know in part and we prophesy in part; <sup>10</sup>but when the perfect comes, the partial will be done away. <sup>11</sup>When I was a child, I used to speak like a child, think like a child, reason like a child; when I became a man, I did away with childish things. <sup>12</sup>For now we see in a mirror dimly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then I will know fully just as I also have been fully known. <sup>13</sup>But now faith, hope, love, abide these three; but the greatest of these is love.

What gift of grace is Jesus my redeemer  
There is no more for heaven now to give  
He is my joy, my righteousness, and freedom  
My steadfast love, my deep and boundless peace  
To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus  
For my life is wholly bound to His  
Oh how strange and divine, I can sing: all is mine  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me  
The night is dark but I am not forsaken  
For by my side, the Saviour He will stay  
I labour on in weakness and rejoicing  
For in my need, His power is displayed  
To this I hold, my Shepherd will defend me  
Through the deepest valley He will lead  
Oh the night has been won, and I shall overcome  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me  
No fate I dread, I know I am forgiven  
The future sure, the price it has been paid  
For Jesus bled and suffered for my pardon  
And He was raised to overthrow the grave  
To this I hold, my sin has been defeated  
Jesus now and ever is my plea  
Oh the chains are released, I can sing: I am free  
Yet not I, but through Christ in me  
With every breath I long to follow Jesus  
For He has said that He will bring me home  
And day by day I know He will renew me  
Until I stand with joy before the throne

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus

All the glory evermore to Him

When the race is complete, still my lips shall repeat

Yet not I, but through Christ in me

To this I hold, my hope is only Jesus

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Yet not I, but through Christ in me (X 3)