Joni Mitchell, Love

[Corinthians II:13]

Although I speak in tongues Of men and angels I'm just sounding brass And tinkling cymbals without love-

Love suffers long-Love is kind!-Enduring all things-Love has no evil in mind

If I had the gift of prophecy-And all the knowledge-And the faith to move the mountains Even if I understood all of the mysteries-If I didn't have love I'd be nothing

Love-never looks for love-Love's not puffed up-Or envious-Or touchy-Because it rejoices in the truth Not in iniquity Love sees like a child sees

As a child I spoke as a child-I thought and I understood as a child-But when I became a woman-I put away childish things And began to see through a glass darkly

Where, as a child, I saw it face to face Now, I only know it in part Fractions in me Of faith and hope and love And of these great three Love's the greatest beauty Love Love Love