

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