

# Love (corinthians ii:13)

**Joni Mitchell**

Although  
I speak in tongues of men and angels  
I'm just soundin' brass and tinklin' cymbals  
Without love  
Love suffers long, love is kind  
Enduring all things, hopin' all things  
Love has no evil in mind  
If I had the gift of prophecy an' all the knowledge  
An' the faith to move the mountains  
Even if I understood all of the mysteries  
An' 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 an' I understood as a child  
But when I became a woman I put away childish things  
An' began to see through a glass darkly  
Where, as a child, I saw it face to face  
Now, I only know it in part, in part  
Fractions in me of faith an' hope an' love  
And of these great three, love's the greatest beauty  
Love, love, love

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