

# Love

## Joni Mitchell

Although  
I speak in tongues of men and angels  
Im 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 didnt have love, Id be nothing Love never looks for love  
Loves 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, loves the greatest beauty Love, love, love

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