

Mitchell Joni

"Love"

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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
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