

# Love

Joni Mitchell

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