

1 Corinthians

CHAPTER 13

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become *as* sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have *the gift of prophecy*, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not love, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed *the poor*, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not love, it profits me nothing.

4 Love suffers long, *and is kind*; love envies not; love vaunts not itself, is not puffed up,

5 Does not behave itself unseemly, seeks not her own, is not easily provoked, thinks no evil;

6 Rejoices not in iniquity, but rejoices in the truth;

7 Bears all things, believeth all things, hopes all things, endures all things.

8 Love never fails: but whether *there be* prophecies, they shall fail; whether *there be* tongues, they shall cease; whether *there be* knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abides faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these *is* love.