If I speak in the tongues of men and of angels, but don’t have love, I am only an echoing urn or a zinging cymbal.

And if I can prophesy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge, and if I have surpassing faith so as to move mountains, but don’t have love, I am nothing.

And if I give away all my possessions, and if I allow my body to be burned, but don’t have love, it is of no benefit.

Love is patient and kind, love isn’t jealous, love doesn’t put itself forward, isn’t proud, doesn’t behave shamefully, doesn’t seek for itself, doesn’t burst into anger, keeps no account of past wrongs, doesn’t rejoice over others’ misfortune, but rejoices with the truth.

Love forgives all, trusts all, hopes all, endures all.

Love never fails, but prophecies – they will be abolished, tongues – they will cease, knowledge – it will be rendered void.

For we know partially, and we prophesy partially; but when perfection comes, then the partial will be abolished. When I was a baby, I spoke babyishly, and I thought babyishly, and I reasoned babyishly; but when I grew up, I left behind babyish things.

For now we see an enigmatic reflection as in a mirror, but then we shall see face-to-face. Now I know partially, but then I will understand completely, and I will be completely understood.

And now three things are enduring – faith, hope, and love – but the greatest of these is love.