

¹Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.²And 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 charity, I am nothing.³And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.⁴Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up,⁵Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;⁶Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the

truth;⁷Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.⁸Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.⁹For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.¹⁰But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.¹¹When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.¹²For 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.¹³And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.