Divine love suffers long; divine love is kind; divine love envies not; does not make a display of itself, is not puffed up, does not behave itself uncomely, seeks not its own, is not provoked, thinks no evil; it does not rejoice in unrighteousness, but it rejoices in the truth; it bears all things, it believes all things, it hopes all things, it endures all things.

Divine love never fails: but whether there are prophecies, they shall be done away; whether there are tongues, they shall cease; whether there is knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and prophesy in part: but when the perfect may come, that which is in part shall be done away. When I was an infant, I talked like an infant, I thought like an infant, I reasoned like an infant: when I became a man, I put away the things of the infant. For we now see through a mirror in an enigma; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know perfectly even as I am perfectly known. But now abide faith, hope, divine love, these three; but the greatest of these is divine love.