# FUNERALOFDIANA,&nb

来源：网络 作者：落花时节 更新时间：2024-08-28

*¡¡¡¡though i speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, i am become as sounding brass, or a tinklin...*

¡¡¡¡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. 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 arn nothing. 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 profiteth me nothing. love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not; love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly. seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

¡¡¡¡love never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues. they shall cease; whether tliere be knowledge, it shall vanish away. for we know in part. and we prophesy in part. but when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

¡¡¡¡when i was a child, i spake as a child, i understood as a child, i thought as a child: hut when i became a man. i put away childish things. 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 and now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.

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