



1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
2. Be thou my Wis - dom, and thou my true Word;
3. Be thou my bat - tle shield, sword for the fight;
4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,
5. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,



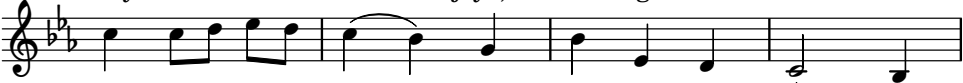
Naught be all else to me, save that thou art.

I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;

Be thou my dig - ni - ty, thou my de - light;

Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways:

May I reach Heav - en's joys, O bright Heav'n's Sun!



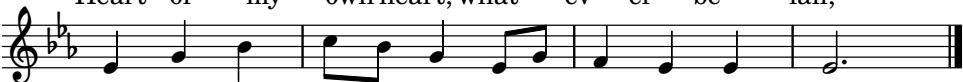
Thou my best thought, by day or by night,

Thou my great Fa - ther, I thy true son;

Thou my soul's shel - ter, thou my high tow'r:

Thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,

Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,



Wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pre - sence my light.

Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with thee one.

Raise thou me heav'nward, O pow'r of my pow'r.

High King of Heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.

Still be my vi - sion, O rul - er of all.

*Rop tú mo Baile, D. Forgaill, 6th cent.*

tr. M.E. Byrne, 1905; versified E.H. Hull, 1912