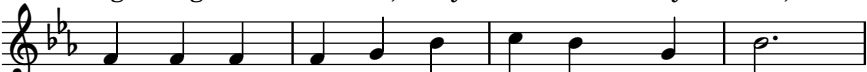




1. Be thou my vi-sion, O Lord of my heart;
2. Be thou my Wis-dom, and thou my true Word;
3. Be thou my bat-tle shield, sword for the fight;
4. Rich-es I heed not, nor man's emp-ty praise,
5. High King of heav-en, my vic-to-ry won,



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 presence 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 treasure 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