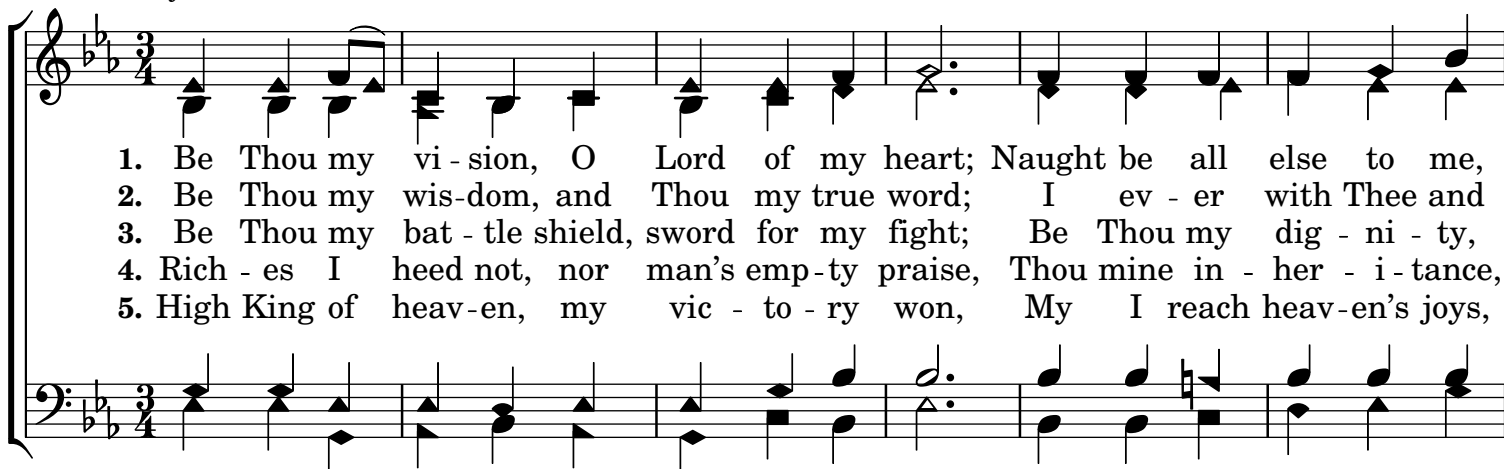


# Be Thou My Vision

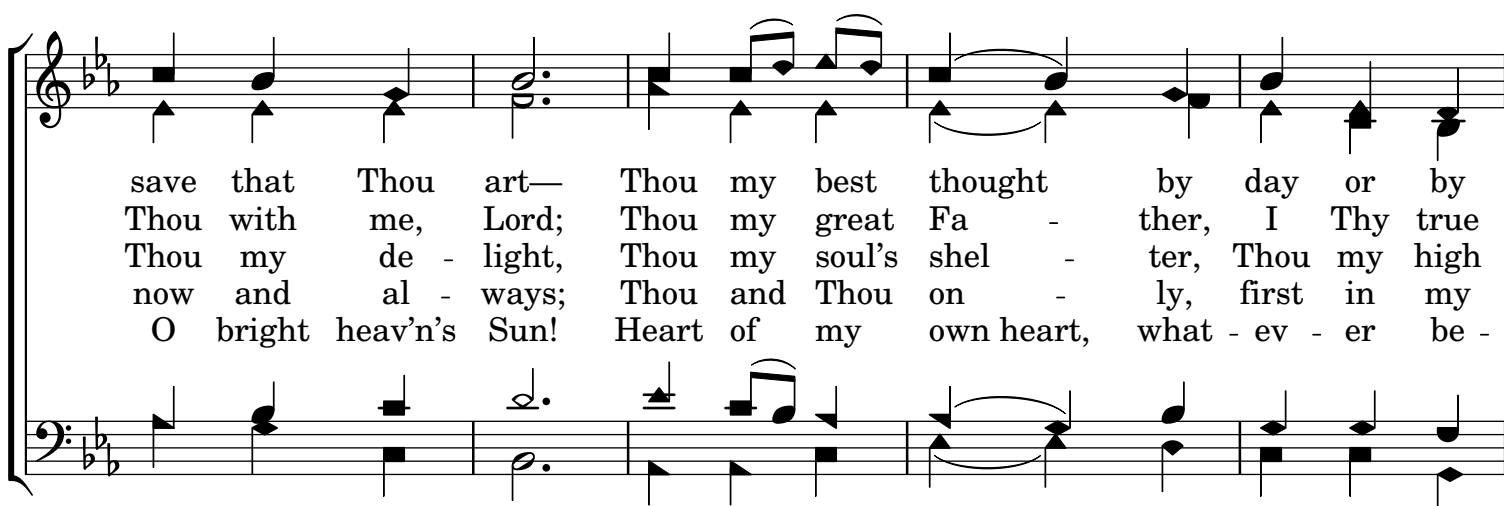
Ancient Irish Poem, Tr. Mary E. Byrne

Traditional Irish Melody

Stanza 3 by Eleanor H. Hull



1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart; Naught be all else to me,  
2. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word; I ev - er with Thee and  
3. Be Thou my bat - tle shield, sword for my fight; Be Thou my dig - ni - ty,  
4. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise, Thou mine in - her - i - tance,  
5. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won, My I reach heav - en's joys,



save that Thou art— Thou my best thought by day or by  
Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Fa - ther, I Thy true  
Thou my de - light, Thou my soul's shel - ter, Thou my high  
now and al - ways; Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my  
O bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be -



night, Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pre - sence my light.  
son; Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee, one.  
tow'r; Raise Thou me heav'n - ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.  
heart, High King of heav - en, my trea - sure Thou art.  
fall, Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.