

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.