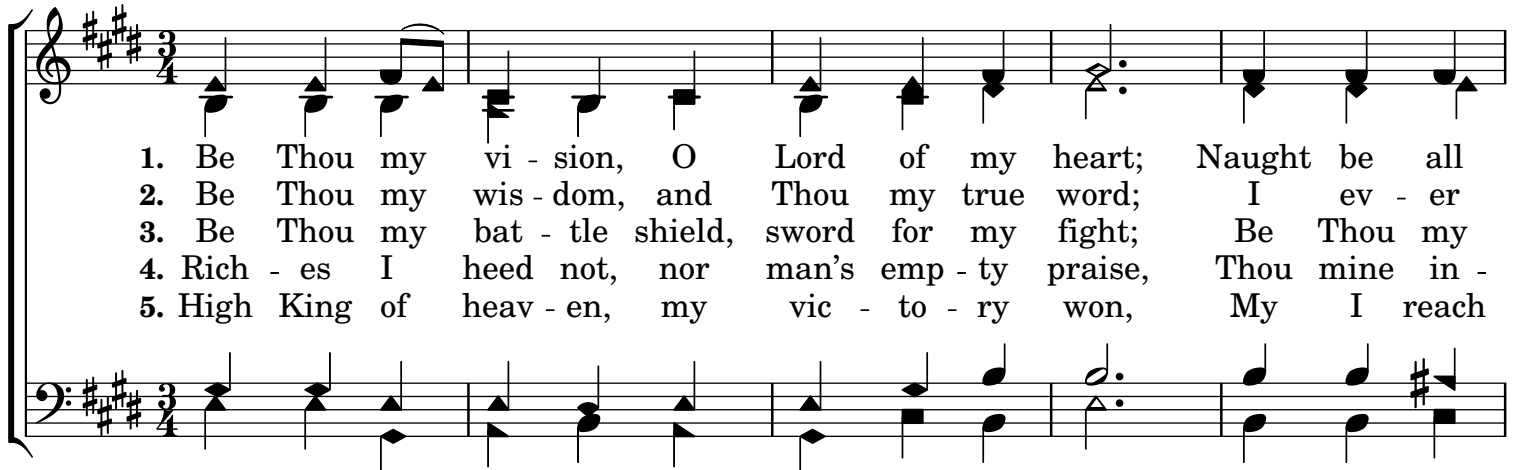


Be Thou My Vision

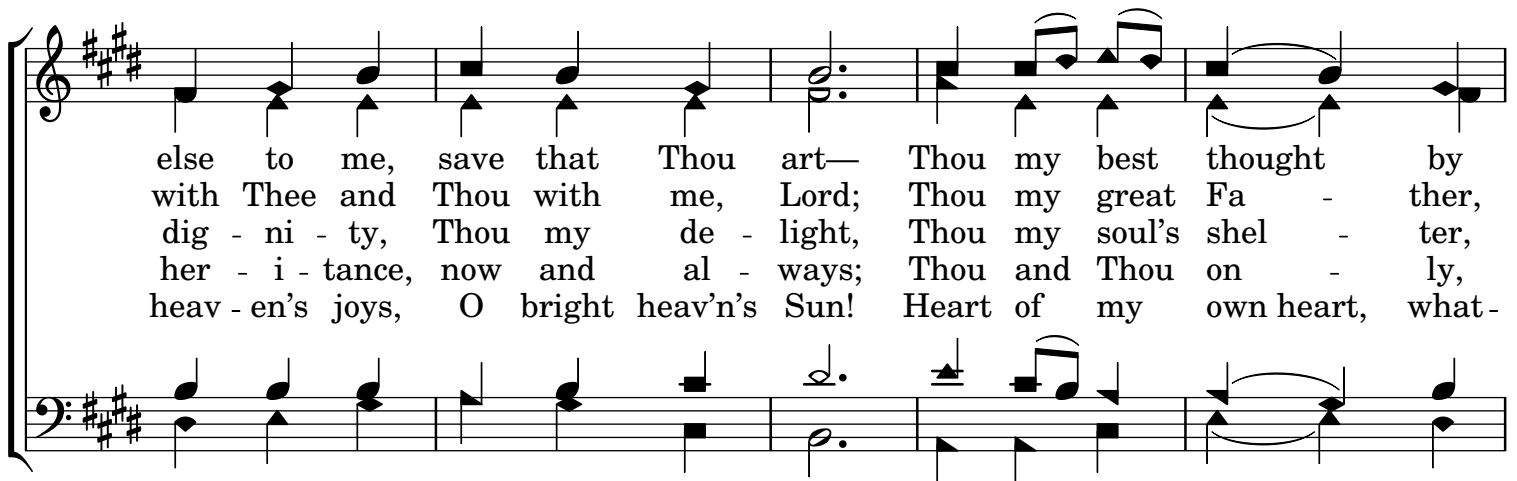
Ancient Irish Poem, Tr. Mary E. Byrne

Traditional Irish Melody

Stanza 3 by Eleanor H. Hull



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



else to me, save that Thou art— Thou my best thought by
with Thee and Thou with me, Lord; Thou my great Fa - ther,
dig - ni - ty, Thou my de - light, Thou my soul's shel - ter,
her - i - tance, now and al - ways; Thou and Thou on - ly,
heav - en's joys, O bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of my own heart, what -



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