## Be Thou My Vision

Ancient Irish Poem, Tr. Mary E. Byrne Traditional Irish Melody Stanza 3 by Eleanor H. Hull Be Thou my vi - sion, Lord Naught be heart; all my Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word; T ev er BeThou my bat - tle shield, sword for fight; Be my Thou my 4. Rich - es heed not, man's emp - ty praise, Thou mine in -Ι nor 5. High King of vic - to - ry Myheav - en, Ι reach my won, Thou my thought else to me, save that Thou art best by with Thee and Thou with Lord; Thou Fa me, my great ther, Thou light, Thou my soul's shel dig - ni - ty, my de ter, her - i - tance, now and al ways; Thou and Thou on ly, bright heav'n's Sun! Heart of own heart, heav - en's joys, O my what-Thy pre-sence my light. day by night, Wak - ing sleep - ing,  $\mathbf{or}$  $\mathbf{or}$ Thy true in dwell - ing, with Thee, one. son; Thou me and Ι Thou my high tow'r; Raise Thou me heav'n-ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r. first in High King of heav - en, trea-sure Thou art. my heart, my Still be - fall, be vi sion, O Rul - er of all. ev - er my