

40

Be thou my vision

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1 Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2 Be thou my wis - dom, be thou my true word;
 3 Be thou my buck - ler, my sword for the fight.
 4 Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise;
 5 High King of heav - en, when vic - t'ry is 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, thy child may I be,
 thou my soul's shel - ter, thou my high tower.
 Thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 thou in me dwell - ing, and I one with thee.
 Raise thou me heav'n-ward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.
 high King of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

Text: Ancient Irish, Rob tu mo bhoile, a Comdi cride; tr. Mary Elizabeth Byrne, Erin, Vol. II, 1905, versified by Eleanor Hull
 Music: Irish melody, Old Irish Folk Music and Songs, 1909; harmonized by Martin Shaw, Enlarged Songs of Peaise, 1931, alt.

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