


# Be Thou My Vision

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I have set the LORD always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope. (*Psalms 16:8-9*)

And I saw heaven opened, and behold a white horse; and he that sat upon him was called Faithful and True, and in righteousness he doth judge and make war. His eyes were as a flame of fire, and on his head were many crowns; and he had a name written, that no man knew, but he himself. And he was clothed with a vesture dipped in blood: and his name is called The Word of God. (*Revelation 19:11-13*)

<p><b>Words:</b> Attributed to Dallan Forgaill, 8th Century (Rob tu mo bhoile, a Comdi cride); translated from ancient Irish to English by Mary E. Byrne, in "Eriú," Journal of the School of Irish Learning, 1905, and versed by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912.</p> <p><b>Music:</b> "Slane", of Irish folk origin.</p>	<p>Listen to the hymn melody</p>
<p><a href="#">(midi)</a> <a href="#">(mp3)</a></p>	<p><a href="#">Be Thou My Vision</a> </p>

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;  
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art  
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true Word;  
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Father, I Thy true son;  
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the fight;  
Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;  
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tower:  
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,  
Thou mine Inheritance, now and always:  
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,  
High King of heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of heaven, my victory won,  
May I reach heaven's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.