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Be Thou My Vision

“What things were gain to me, those I counted as loss for Christ.” (Phil. 3:7)

Traditional Irish Poem

1. Be Thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,
2. Be Thou my wisdom, and Thou my true word,
3. Riches I heed not, nor man’s empty praise,
4. High King of heaven, my victory won,

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art—
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;
Thou mine inheritance, now and always;
May I reach heaven’s joys, O bright heaven’s Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
Thou my great Father, I Thy true Son;
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,
Heart of my own heart, what ever befall,

Walking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art.
Still be my vision, O ruler of all.