

## Be Thou My Vision

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

TRADITIONAL IRISH POEM

TRADITIONAL IRISH MELODY

1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
 2. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;  
 3. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,  
 4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art—  
 I ev - er with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
 Thou mine in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;  
 May I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,  
 Thou my great Fa - ther, I Thy true Son;  
 Thou and Thou on - ly, first in my heart,  
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence my light.  
 Thou in me dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
 High King of heav - en, my treas - ure Thou art.  
 Still be my vi - sion, O ru - ler of all.