Be Thou My Vision

1 Be thou my vi-sion, O Lord of my heart;
naught be all else to me, save that thou art:
thou my best thought both by day and by night,
wak-ing or sleep-ing, thy pres-ence my light.

2 Be thou my wis-dom, and thou my true word;
I ev-er with thee and thou with me, Lord.
Thou my soul’s shel-ter, and thou my high tow’r,
raise thou me heav’n-ward, O Pow’r of my pow’r.

3 Rich-es I heed not, nor vain, emp-ty praise,
thou mine in-her-i-tance, now and al-ways:
thou and thou on-ly, the first in my heart,
great God of heav-en, my trea-sure thou art.

4 Light of my soul, af-ter vic-to-ry won,
may I reach heav-en’s joys, O heav-en’s Sun!
Heart of my own heart, what-ev-er be-fall,
still be my vi-sion, O Rul-er of all.

Music: SLANE, Irish traditional