

# BE THOU MY VISION



E                      A/E              E  
Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;

Bsus                      A                      Bsus  
Naught be all else to me, save that thou art –

A                              E/G#              A  
thou my best thought in the day or the night,

E              C#m              D 4              E  
waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word;  
thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;  
thou my great Father, and I thy true son;  
thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.

Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;  
thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;  
thou my soul's shelter, and thou my strong tower:  
raise thou me Heavenward, great Power of my power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise:  
thou mine inheritance, now and always;  
thou, and thou only, the first in my heart:  
High King of Heaven, my treasure thou art.

High King of Heaven, thou Heaven's bright Sun,  
grant me its joys, after vict'ry is won;  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

from 'The Poem Book of the Gael'

tr. Mary Elizabeth Byrne (1880-1931), edited by Eleanor Henrietta Hull  
(1860-1935)

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