1. Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart;
2. Be thou my wisdom and thou my true word,
3. Be thou my battle-shield, sword for my fight;
4. Riches I heed not, nor man’s empyrean praise,
5. 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,
Be thou my dignity, thou my delight,
Thou mine inheritance, now and always,
May I reach heaven’s joys, heaven’s bright Sun!

Thou my best thought in the day or the night;
Thou my great Father and I thy true son,
Thou my soul’s shelter, and thou my high tower;
Thou and thou only, the first in my heart;
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,

Waking or sleeping, thy presence my light.
Thou in me dwelling, and I with thee one.
Raise thou me heav’n-ward, O pow’r of my pow’r.
High King of heaven, my treasure thou art.
Still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Text: anonymous; tr. Eleanor Hull; vers. Mary E. Byrne, alt.
Tune: Irish melody; arr. © Christopher Hoyt, 2016

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