

Be Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart;  
Naught be all else to me, save that Thou art  
Thou my best Thought, by day or by night,  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

Be Thou my Wisdom, and Thou my true  
Word;  
I ever with Thee and Thou with me, Lord;  
Thou my great Father, and I Thy true son;  
Thou in me dwelling, and I with Thee one.

Be Thou my battle Shield, Sword for the  
fight;  
Be Thou my Dignity, Thou my Delight;  
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high  
Tower:  
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my  
power.

Riches I heed not, nor man's empty praise,  
Thou mine Inheritance, now and always:  
Thou and Thou only, first in my heart,  
High King of Heaven, my Treasure Thou art.

High King of Heaven, after victory won,  
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright  
Heaven's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Words: Dallan Forgaill (8th Century)

