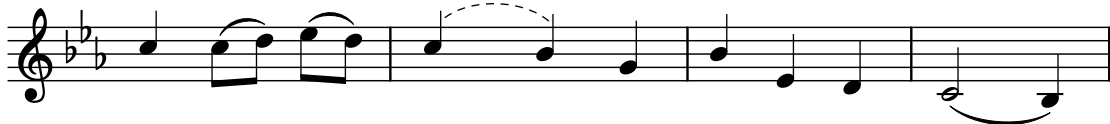


1. Be Thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;  
2. Be Thou my wis - dom, and Thou my true word;  
3. Rich - es I heed not, nor man's emp - ty praise,  
4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,  
*Introit.* As for me, right - eous - ness I shall em - brace,



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 heav'n's sun!  
While I be - hold Thee, my God, face to face;



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,  
My soul is filled with Your glo - ry and light;



Wak - ing or sleep - ing, Thy pres - ence by light.  
Thou in my dwell - ing, and I with Thee one.  
High King of heav - en, my treas - ure Thou art.  
Still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.  
Thou art my vi - sion, O great God of Might.

*Ancient Irish; tr. Mary Byrne, 1905, fr. Eleano Hyll's Poem Book of the Gael, 1912.  
Text: Psalm 17:15 ; Ego Autem; Introit, Ordinary Time 15; adapted from the Roman Missal  
Introit, Luke Massery, © 2024. Tune: SLANE, traditional Irish melody.*