

# Hymn: Be Thou My Vision

It was on Slane Hill in County Meath around 433 CE that St. Patrick lit candles on Easter Eve, defying a decree by High King Logaire of Tara that no one could light a fire before the king signaled the beginning of the pagan spring festival by lighting a fire on Tara Hill. King Logaire was so impressed by Patrick's devotion that, despite his defiance, he was permitted to continue his work as Ireland's first Christian missionary.

The original Irish Gaelic verse that was translated to Be Thou My Vision:

1. Rob tu mo bhoile, a Comdi cride.  
Ní ní nech aile, acht ri secht nime.

2. Rob tu mo scrutain i llo 'san-aidche.  
Rop tu atcheur im cotlad caidhce.

3. Rob tu mo labhradh, rob tu mo tuicsi,  
Rob tusa damsá, rob misi duitsi.

4. Rob tusa m' athair, rob me do mac-sa.  
Rob tusa lemsa, rob misi latsa.

5. Rob tu mo cathsciath, rob tu mo cloidem.  
Rob tusa m' ordan, rob tusa m' airer.

6. Rob tu mo didiu rob tu mo daingen.  
Rob tu romtogba a n-aontaig aingel.

7. Rob tu gach maithus dom curp, dom anmain.  
Rob tu mo flaithus a nim occus i talmain.

8. Rob tusa t' oinar sainserc mo cridhe.  
Ni rob nech aile, a airdrig nime.

9. Co talla orm rondul it lama  
Mo cuid, mo cuisle ar med do grada.

10. Rob tusa at' aonar m'[f]jerann uais ammra  
Ni cuingim doine na maine marba.

11. Rob tusa dinsir cech selb, cech saoghal;  
Mar marb ar mbrenadh art fegad t' aonar.

12. Do serc am anmiun, do grad im craidhe  
Tabuir dam amlaidh, a ri secht nime.

13. A ri secht nime, tabair dam amlaidh  
Do gradh im cride, do serc im anmain.

14. Ac righ na n-uile ris iar mbuaid leire  
Robeo i flaith nime, a gile grene.

15. Athair inmain, cluin, cluin mo nuallsa.  
Mithig monuarán lasin truagan truaghsa.

16. A cride mo cridhe, cipead dommaire,  
A flaith na n-uile, rob tu mo boile.

Hymn 351.

SLANE. 10 10 10 10.

Traditional Irish.  
Har. by L. L. Dix.

( 480 )

A PRAYER.

*To me to live is Christ.—PHIL. I. 21.*

*From the Irish.  
Tr. by Mary Byrne.*

**B**E Thou my Vision, O Lord of my heart,  
Nought be all else to me, save that Thou art;  
Thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
Waking or sleeping, Thy presence my light.

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

*or* **3** Be Thou my breast-plate, my sword for the fight,  
Be Thou my armour, and be Thou my might;  
Thou my soul's shelter, and Thou my high tower,  
Raise Thou me heavenward, O Power of my power.

**4** Riches I heed not nor man's empty praise,  
Thou mine inheritance through all my days;  
Thou, and Thou only, the first in my heart,  
High King of heaven, my treasure Thou art!

*f* **5** High King of heav'n, when the battle is done,  
Grant heaven's joys to me, O bright heav'n's Sun;  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
*f* Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all. Amen.

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