TRUST, TOTE, GUIDANCE

970 Be thou my vision



- 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!
- High King of heaven, when battle is done, grant heaven's joy to me, O bright heaven's sun; Christ of my own heart, whatever befall, still be my vision, O Ruler of all.

Irish, c.8th C, tr. Mary Byrne (1881–1931), versified by Eleanor Hull (1860–1935)