

**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, 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 armour, be Thou my might;
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.

Irish c. 8th cent.

Eleanor Henrietta Hull, ©Estate of Eleanor Hull

**I am not skilled to understand
What God has willed, what God has
planned;**

I only know at His right hand
Stands One who is my Saviour.

I take Him at His word and deed:
"Christ died for sinners"--this I read;
For in my heart I find a need
Of Him to be my Saviour!

That He should leave His place on high
And come for sinful man to die,
You count it strange? So once did I
Before I knew my Saviour!

Yes, living, dying, let me bring
My strength, my solace from this spring-
That He who lives to be my King
Once died to be my Saviour!

Dorothy Greenwell, 1821-82

**All the way my Saviour leads me,
What have I to ask beside?**

Can I doubt His tender mercy,
Who through life has been my Guide?
Heav'nly peace, divinest comfort,
Here by faith in Him to dwell!
For I know, whate'er befall me,
Jesus doeth all things well;

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Cheers each winding path I tread,
Gives me grace for every trial,
Feeds me with the living Bread.
Though my weary steps may falter
And my soul athirst may be,
Gushing from the Rock before me,
Lo! A spring of joy I see;

All the way my Saviour leads me,
Oh, the fullness of His love!
Perfect rest to me is promised
In my Father's house above.
When my spirit, clothed immortal,
Wings its flight to realms of day
This my song through endless ages:
Jesus led me all the way;

Frances Jane Van Alstyne, 1820-1915

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