

Be Thou My Vision

451

Unison

1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
 3. Great God of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

naught be all else to me, save that thou art.
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heaven's Sun!

Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou and thou on - ly, first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

wak - ing or sleep - ing, thy pres - ence my light.
 great God of heav - en, my trea - sure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

WORDS: Ancient Irish; trans. by Mary E. Byrne, 1905; versed by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912, alt.
 MUSIC: Trad. Irish melody; harm. by Carlton R. Young, 1963

SLANE
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Alt. © 1989 The United Methodist Publishing House; harm. © 1964 Abingdon Press

I Want a Principle Within

410

1. I want a prin - ci - ple with - in of watch - ful,
 2. From thee that I no more may stray, no more thy
 3. Al - might - y God of truth and love, to me thy

god - ly fear, a sen - si - bil - i - ty of sin, a
 good - ness grieve, grant me the fil - ial awe, I pray, the
 power im - part; the moun - tain from my soul re - move, the

pain to feel it near. I want the first ap - proach to feel
 ten - der con - science give. Quick as the ap - ple of an eye,
 hard - ness from my heart. O may the least o - mis - sion pain

of pride or wrong de - sire, to catch the wan - dering
 O God, my con - science make; a - wake my soul when
 my re - a - wak - ened soul, and drive me to that

of my will, and quench the kin - dling fire.
 sin is nigh, and keep it still a - wake.
 blood a - gain, which makes the wound - ed whole.

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1749

MUSIC: Louis Spohr, 1834; adapt. by J. Stimpson

GERALD
CMD

419

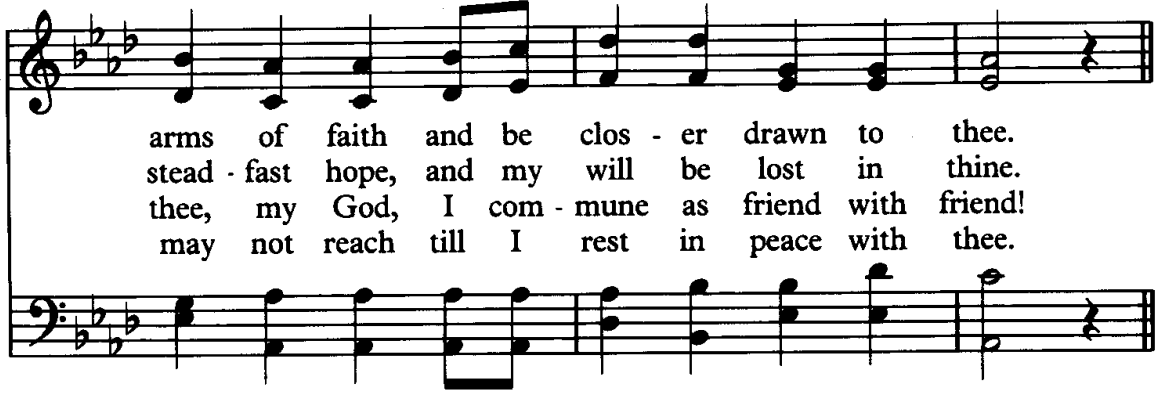
I Am Thine, O Lord



1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, and it
 2. Con - se - crate me now to thy ser - vice, Lord, by the
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour that be -
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know till I



told thy love to me; but I long to rise in the
 power of grace di - vine; let my soul look up with a
 fore thy throne I spend, when I kneel in prayer, and with
 cross the nar - row sea; there are heights of joy that I



arms of faith and be clos - er drawn to thee.
 stead - fast hope, and my will be lost in thine.
 thee, my God, I com - mune as friend with friend!
 may not reach till I rest in peace with thee.

Refrain



Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, to the
 near - er, near - er,

cross where thou hast died. Draw me near - er, near - er,

near - er, bless - ed Lord, to thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.