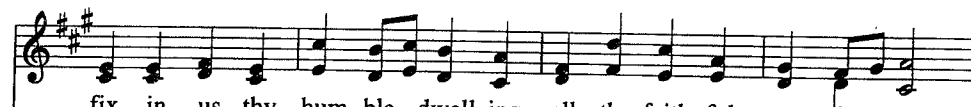


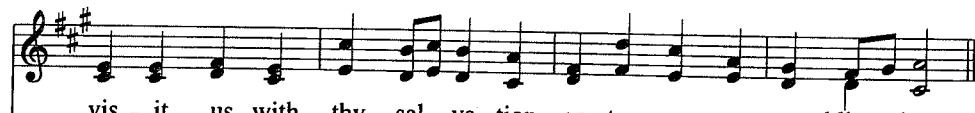
1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel-ling, joy of heaven, to earth come down.
 2. Breathe, O breathe thy lov - ing Spir - it in - to ev - ery trou - bled breast;
 3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, let us all thy life re - ceive;
 4. Fin - ish, then thy new cre - a - tion; pure and spot - less let us be;



fix in us thy hum - ble dwell - ing, all thy faith - ful mer - cies crown;
 let us all in thee in - her - it, let us find thy prom - ised rest;
 sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, nev - er - more thy tem - ples leave.
 let us see thy great sal - va - tion per - fect - ly re - stored in thee;



Je - sus, thou art all com - pas - sion, pure, un - bound - ed love thou art;
 take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, serve thee as thy hosts a - bove,
 changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, till in heaven we take our place,



vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion, en - ter ev - ery trem - bling heart.
 end of faith, as its be - gin - ning, set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 pray, and praise thee with - out ceas - ing, glo - ry in thy per - fect love.
 till we cast our crowns be - fore thee, lost in won - der, love, and praise.

WORDS: Charles Wesley, 1747, alt.
 MUSIC: John Zundel, 1855

BEECHER
 87.87D

This hymn is sung by every major denomination. Charles Wesley, brother of John, wrote the text as a spiritual parody of a Dryden poem.

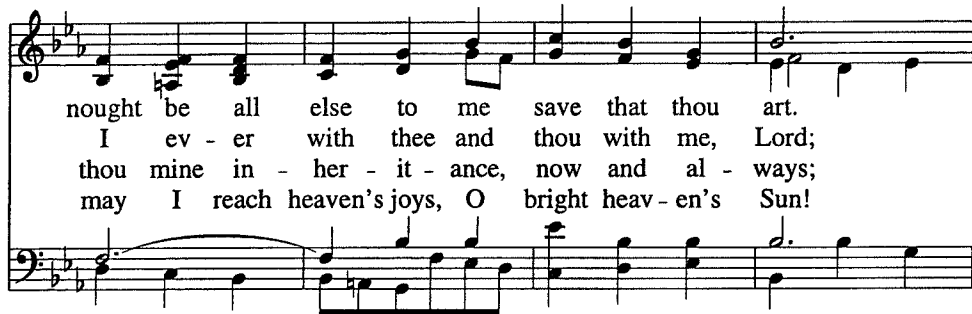
Be Thou My Vision

445

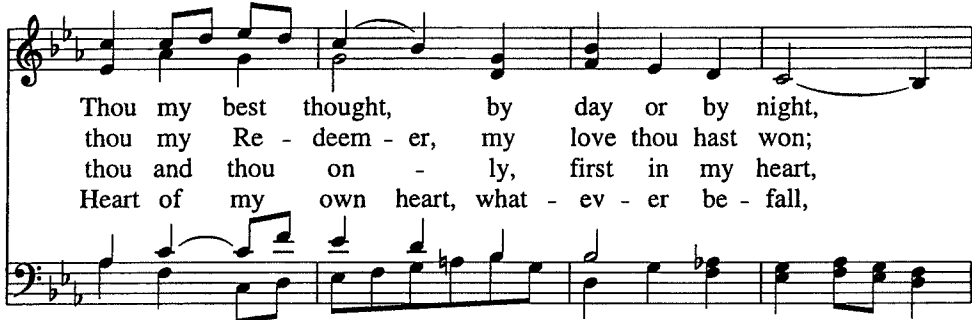
Unison



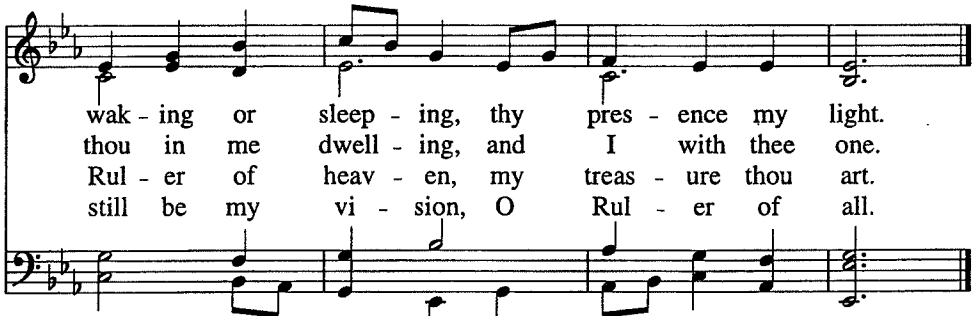
1. Be thou my vi - sion, O Lord of my heart;
 2. Be thou my wis - dom, and thou my true word;
 3. Rich - es I heed not, nor vain, emp - ty praise,
 4. High King of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,



nought be all else to me save that thou art.
 I ev - er with thee and thou with me, Lord;
 thou mine in - her - it - ance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heaven's joys, O bright heav - en's Sun!



Thou my best thought, by day or by night,
 thou my Re - deem - er, my love thou hast won;
 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.
 thou in me dwell - ing, and I with thee one.
 Rul - er of heav - en, my treas - ure thou art.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

WORDS: Ancient Irish, tr. Mary E. Byrne, 1905; vers. Eleanor H. Hull, 1912, alt.
 MUSIC: Traditional Irish melody, harm. David Evans, *Revised Church Hymnary*, 1927

SLANE
 10 10.9 10

The original Irish text dates from c. A.D. 700. SLANE is an ancient ballad tune named for the hill where St. Patrick lit Easter fires.

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PRAYER AND GUIDANCE