

*Ancient Irish text, c. 8th century; transl. Mary E. Byrne, 1905
Versified by Eleanor H. Hull, 1912; adapt.*

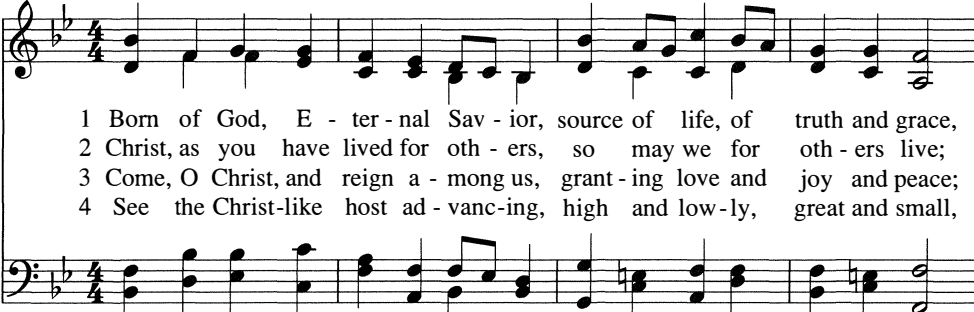
Unison

1 Be now my vi - sion, O God of my heart;
 2 Be now my wis - dom, and be my true word;
 3 Rich - es I need not, nor life's emp - ty praise,
 4 Sov - ereign of heav - en, my vic - to - ry won,

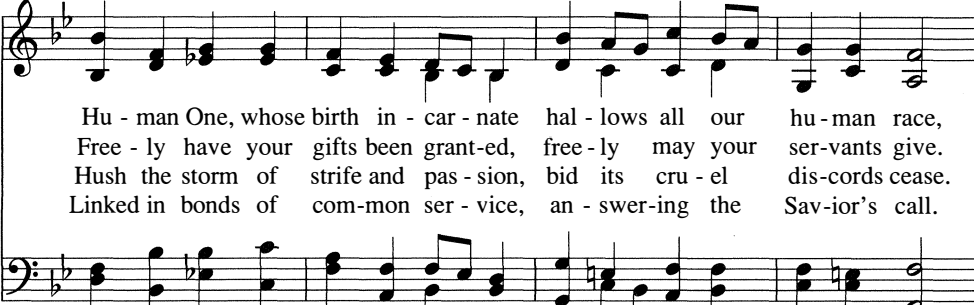
noth - ing sur - pass - es the love you im - part—
 ev - er with - in me, my soul is as - sured;
 you, my in - her - i - tance, now and al - ways;
 may I reach heav - en's joys, O bright heav - en's Sun!

You my best thought, by day or by night,
 Moth - er and Fa - ther, you are both to me,
 You and you on - ly are first in my heart,
 Heart of my own heart, what - ev - er be - fall,

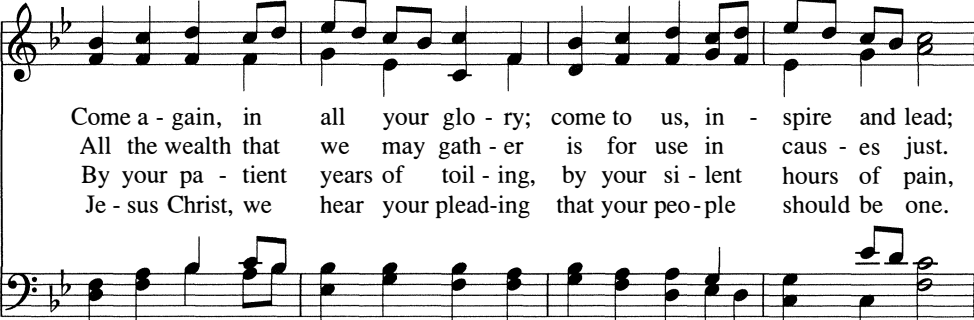
wak - ing or sleep - ing, your pres - ence my light.
 now and for - ev - er your child I will be.
 great God, my trea - sure, may we nev - er part.
 still be my vi - sion, O Rul - er of all.

*1 Pet. 4:8-11; John 17:11; Matt. 6:10**Somerset T. C. Lowry, 1893; alt.*


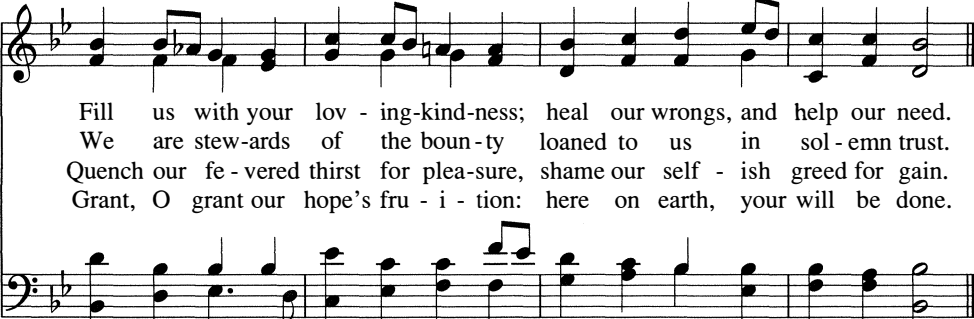
1 Born of God, E - ter - nal Sav - ior, source of life, of truth and grace,
 2 Christ, as you have lived for oth - ers, so may we for oth - ers live;
 3 Come, O Christ, and reign a - mong us, grant - ing love and joy and peace;
 4 See the Christ-like host ad - vanc - ing, high and low - ly, great and small,



Hu - man One, whose birth in - car - nate hal - lows all our hu - man race,
 Free - ly have your gifts been grant - ed, free - ly may your ser - vants give.
 Hush the storm of strife and pas - sion, bid its cru - el dis - cords cease.
 Linked in bonds of com - mon ser - vice, an - swer - ing the Sav - ior's call.



Come a - gain, in all your glo - ry; come to us, in - spire and lead;
 All the wealth that we may gath - er is for use in caus - es just.
 By your pa - tient years of toil - ing, by your si - lent hours of pain,
 Je - sus Christ, we hear your plead - ing that your peo - ple should be one.



Fill us with your lov - ing - kind - ness; heal our wrongs, and help our need.
 We are stew - ards of the boun - ty loaned to us in sol - emn trust.
 Quench our fe - vered thirst for plea - sure, shame our self - ish greed for gain.
 Grant, O grant our hope's fru - i - tion: here on earth, your will be done.