

Prayer Space N° 22 November 2021

Be thou my vision,  
O Lord of my heart,  
Be all else but naught to me,  
Save that thou art;  
Be thou my best thought  
In the day and the night,  
Both waking and sleeping,  
Thy presence my light.

It was not  
to the rich and famous,  
the powerful  
intellectual  
or influential  
that you came to earth  
and entrusted your Word,  
but to fishermen,  
outcasts and sinners,  
ordinary people.  
And to ordinary people  
like us  
you have revealed  
the things of heaven  
that we might become the  
bearers of Good News!  
So we praise you, Lord  
for revelation  
and the message  
of Salvation.

Consider the challenge of your calling; to be set aside for service,  
to be the voice, hands and love of Christ in your neighbourhood and workplace.

Be encouraged by the words of the Psalmist: *Psalms 34:17-19*

The righteous cry out, and the Lord hears them; he delivers them from all their troubles. The Lord is close to the broken-hearted and saves those who are crushed in spirit. A righteous person may have many troubles, but the Lord delivers them from them all.

When the journey is hard,  
strength is failing,  
we stumble or fall,  
you raise us up,  
refresh,  
encourage,  
give hope.  
You enable us to continue,  
and walk with you  
day by day.  
Thank you, gracious Lord

for your presence  
and your help  
along the way. Amen

Be thou my vision, O Lord of my heart,  
be all else but naught to me, save that thou art;  
be thou my best thought in the day and the night,  
both waking and sleeping, thy presence my light.

2 Be thou my wisdom, be thou my true word,  
be thou ever with me, and I with thee, Lord;  
be thou my great Father, thy child let me be;  
be thou in me dwelling, and I one with thee.

3 Be thou my breastplate, my sword for the fight;  
be thou my whole armour, be thou my true might;  
be thou my soul's shelter, be thou my strong tower:  
O raise thou me heavenward, great Power of my power.

4 Riches I heed not, nor earth's empty praise:  
be thou mine inheritance now and always;  
be thou and thou only the first in my heart:  
O Sovereign of heaven, my treasure thou art.

5 High King of heaven, thou heaven's bright Sun,  
O grant me its joys after victory is won;  
Great Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
still be thou my vision, O Ruler of all.

Irish, 8th century  
translated by Mary Elizabeth Byrne (1880-1931)  
versified by Eleanor Henrietta Hull (1860-1935) (alt.)

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I lay my head to rest,  
and in doing so,  
lay at your feet  
the faces I have seen,  
the voices I have heard,  
the words I have spoken,  
the hands I have shaken,  
the service I have given,  
the joys I have shared,  
the sorrows revealed,  
I lay them at your feet,  
and in doing so  
lay my head to rest.

Amen.