

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 Dignity, Thou my Delight;  
Thou my soul's Shelter, Thou my high Tow'r:  
Raise Thou me heav'nward, O Pow'r of my pow'r.

*Scripture Reading: Psalm 115*

*Open prayer*

V: Lord Jesus Christ, who are called the Prince of Peace,  
**A: who are yourself our peace and reconciliation,  
who so often said, "Peace to you," grant us peace.**

V: Make all men and women witnesses of truth, justice,  
and brotherly love.

**A: Banish from their hearts whatever might endanger peace.**

V: Enlighten our rulers that they may  
guarantee and defend the great gift of peace.

**A: May all peoples on the earth  
become as brothers and sisters.  
May longed for peace blossom forth  
and reign always over us all.**

*Together we pray the Lord's prayer, each in our own language*

Crown Him with many crowns,  
the Lamb upon His throne.  
HARK! How the heavenly anthem drowns  
all music but its own.  
Awake, my soul, and sing  
of Him who died for THEE,  
And hail Him as THY matchless King  
through all eternity.

Crown Him the Lord of life,  
who triumphed over the grave,  
And rose victorious in the strife  
for those He came to save.  
His glories now we sing,  
who died, and rose on high,

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, my victory won,  
May I reach Heaven's joys, O bright Heav'n's Sun!  
Heart of my own heart, whatever befall,  
Still be my Vision, O Ruler of all.

Who died eternal life to bring,  
and lives that death may die.

Crown Him the Lord of peace,  
whose pow'r a scepter sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
and all be prayer and praise.  
His reign shall know no end,  
and round His piercèd feet  
Fair flowers of paradise extend  
their fragrance ever sweet.