

- 1 Speak, O Lord, as we come to you
to receive the food of your holy word.
Take your truth, plant it deep in us ;
shape and fashion us in your likeness,
that the light of Christ might be seen today
in our acts of love and our deeds of faith.
Speak, O Lord, and fulfil in us
all your purposes, for your glory.
- 2 Teach us, Lord, full obedience,
holy reverence, true humility.
Test our thoughts and our attitudes
in the radiance of your purity.
Cause our faith to rise, cause our eyes to see
your majestic love and authority.
Words of power that can never fail ;
let their truth prevail over unbelief.
- 3 Speak, O Lord, and renew our minds ;
help us grasp the heights of your plans for us.
Truths unchanged from the dawn of time
that will echo down through eternity.
And by grace we'll stand on your promises,
and by faith we'll walk as you walk with us.
Speak, O Lord, till your Church is built
and the earth is filled with your glory.

Keith Getty (*b.* 1974) and Stuart Townend (*b.* 1963)

Almighty God, to whom all hearts are open,
all desires known,
and from whom no secrets are hidden :
cleanse the thoughts of our hearts
by the inspiration of your Holy Spirit,
that we may perfectly love you,
and worthily magnify,
that we may perfectly love you,
and worthily magnify
your holy name ;
through Christ our Lord, amen.
Through Christ our Lord, amen.

Liturgical text from *The Alternative Service Book*, 1980

- 1 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.*)

- 1 Will your anchor hold in the storms of life,
when the clouds unfold their wings of strife ?
When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain,
will your anchor drift, or firm remain ?
*We have an anchor that keeps the soul
steadfast and sure while the billows roll ;
fastened to the Rock which cannot move,
grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love !*
- 2 Will your anchor hold in the straits of fear,
when the breakers roar and the reef is near ?
While the surges rave, and the wild winds blow,
shall the angry waves then your barque o'erflow ?
- 3 Will your anchor hold in the floods of death,
when the waters cold chill your latest breath ?
On the rising tide you can never fail,
while your anchor holds within the veil :
- 4 Will your eyes behold through the morning light
the city of gold and the harbour bright ?
Will you anchor safe by the heavenly shore,
when life's storms are past for evermore ?

Priscilla Jane Owens (1829–1907)