

Week 11: Translation of Be Thou My Vision

Original	Mary Byrne, 1905
Rop tú mo baile, a Choimdiu cride: ní ní nech aile acht Rí secht nime.	Be thou my vision O Lord of my heart None other is aught but the King of the seven heavens.
Rop tú mo scrútain i l-ló 's i n-aidche; rop tú ad-chéar im chotlud caidche.	Be thou my meditation by day and night. May it be thou that I behold even in my sleep.
Rop tú mo labra, rop tú mo thuicsiu; rop tussu dam-sa, rob misse duit-siu.	Be thou my speech, be thou my understanding. Be thou with me, be I with thee
Rop tussu m'athair, rob mé do mac-su; rop tussu lem-sa, rob misse lat-su.	Be thou my father, be I thy son. Mayst thou be mine, may I be thine.
Rop tú mo chathscíath, rop tú mo chlaideb; rop tussu m'ordan, rop tussu m'airer.	Be thou my battle-shield, be thou my sword. Be thou my dignity, be thou my delight.
Rop tú mo dítiu, rop tú mo daingen; rop tú nom-thocba i n-áentaíd n-angel.	Be thou my shelter, be thou my stronghold. Mayst thou raise me up to the company of the angels.
Rop tú cech maithius dom churp, dom anmain; rop tú mo flaithius i n-nim 's i talmain.	Be thou every good to my body and soul. Be thou my kingdom in heaven and on earth.
Rop tussu t' áenur sainserc mo chride; ní rop nech aile acht Airdrí nime.	Be thou solely chief love of my heart. Let there be none other, O high King of Heaven.
Co talla forum, ré n-dul it láma, mo chuit, mo chotlud, ar méit do gráda.	Till I am able to pass into thy hands, My treasure, my beloved through the greatness of thy love
Rop tussu t' áenur m' urrann úais amra: ní chuinngim daíne ná maíne marba.	Be thou alone my noble and wondrous estate. I seek not men nor lifeless wealth.
Rop amlaid dínsiur cech sel, cech sáegul, mar marb oc brénad, ar t' fégad t' áenur.	Be thou the constant guardian of every possession and every life. For our corrupt desires are dead at the mere sight of thee.
Do serc im anmain, do grád im chride, tabair dam amlaid, a Rí secht nime.	Thy love in my soul and in my heart -- Grant this to me, O King of the seven heavens.
Tabair dam amlaid, a Rí secht nime, do serc im anmain, do grád im chride.	O King of the seven heavens grant me this -- Thy love to be in my heart and in my soul.
Go Ríg na n-uile rís far m-búaid léire; ro béo i flaith nime i n-gile gréine	With the King of all, with him after victory won by piety, May I be in the kingdom of heaven O brightness of the son.
A Athair inmain, cluinte mo núall-sa: míthig (mo-núarán!) lasin trúagán trúag-sa.	Beloved Father, hear, hear my lamentations. Timely is the cry of woe of this miserable wretch.
A Chríst mo chride, cip ed dom-aire, a Flaith na n-uile, rop tú mo baile.	O heart of my heart, whatever befall me, O ruler of all, be thou my vision.