

And Now the Scales Have Left Mine Eyes

Isaac Watts, 1707-9.

Scottish Psalter, 1615.

And now the scales have left mine eyes,  
Now I begin to see:  
Oh the cursed deeds my sins have done!  
What murderous things they be!

Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,  
That Thy fair body tore?  
Monsters, that stained those heav'nly limbs  
With floods of crimson gore!

Was it for crimes that I had done  
My dearest Lord was slain,  
When justice seized God's only Son,  
And put His soul to pain?

Forgive my guilt, O Prince of peace,  
I'll wound my God no more;  
Hence from my heart, ye sins, begone,  
For Jesus I adore.

Furnish me, Lord, with heav'nly arms  
From grace's magazine,  
And I'll proclaim eternal war  
With every darling sin.