

And Now the Scales Have Left Mine Eyes
Words: Isaac Watts, 1707-09.
Music: 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 heavnly limbs
With floods of crimson gore!

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

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

Furnish me, Lord, with heavnly arms
From graces magazine,
And Ill proclaim eternal war
With every darling sin.