And Now the Scales Have Left Mine Eyes

Doh is G · 3/4 Tune: ST. AGNES

| m - m - m - | r - - - m - | f - - - t, - | d - - - - - |
And now the scales have left mine eyes,

| s, - s, - s, - | m - - - r - | r - - - - - | f - f - m - |
Now I be- gin to see; O the curs'd

| r - - - d - | t, - - - l, - | s, - - - - - | s, - l, - d - |
deeds my sins have done! What murderous

| m - - - r - | d - - - - - |
things they be!

The other verses

2 Were these the traitors, dearest Lord,
That thy fair body tore?
Monsters, that stain'd those heavenly limbs
With floods of purple gore?

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

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

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

Melody from the Open Hymnal Project (public domain), edited by Brian J. Dumont; tune ST. AGNES by John Bacchus Dykes (1823–1876); words by Isaac Watts (1674–1748). Public domain: free to print, copy and sing. Solfa written by NoteFusion's engine from the hymn's notes.