

# Open Mine Eyes

Frances Jane (Fanny) Crosby, 1887

William Evander Penn

♩=110

1. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - ior, I thirst in the noon - tide heat, I  
2. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - ior, I faint 'neath the burn - ing sky, And  
3. O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - ior, I know that the well is near; But  
4. Whence is the voice that call - eth? And what do mine eyes be - hold? O

pine for re - fresh - ing wa - ters That mur - mur so cool and sweet.  
here, in a lone - ly de - sert, For wa - ter in vain I cry.  
O that my strength were strong - er, Its miss - ion more bright and clear.  
Sav - ior, my prayer is an - swered, 'Tis an - swered a hun - dred fold.

*Refrain*

O - pen mine eyes, dear Sav - ior, now, O - pen mine eyes to see The  
Praise to Thy Name, dear Sav - ior mine, Joy - ful - ly now I see The

well of Thy full sal - va - tion That spark - les and flows for me.  
well of Thy full sal - va - tion That spark - les and flows for me.