

# Fools in Their Hearts

Isaac Watts

*legato*

G D G D G D C A A7 D

Fools in their hearts be-lieve and say, That all re-li-gion's vain,  
 From thoughts so dread-ful and pro-fane Cor-rupt dis-course pro-ceeds;  
 The Lord, from His cel-es-tial throne, Looked down on things be-low,  
 By na-ture all are gone as-tray, Their prac-tice all the same;  
 Their tongues are used to speak de-ceit, Their slan-ders nev-er cease;  
 Such seeds of sin (that bit-ter root) In ev-ery heart are found;  
 Are sin-ners now so sense-less grown That they the saints de-vour?  
 Great God, ap-pear to their sur-prise, Re-veal Thy dread-ful Name;

*legato*

D7 C D G D G A Cmaj7 D7 G

"There is no God that reigns on high, Or mindsth' af-fairs of men."  
 And in their im-pious hands are found A-bom-i-na-ble deeds.  
 To find the man that sought His grace, Or did His jus-tice know.  
 There's none that fears his Ma-ker's hand, There's none that loves His Name.  
 How swift to mischief are their feet, Nor know the paths of peace!  
 Nor can they bear di-vin-er fruit, Till grace re-fine the ground.  
 And nev-er wor-ship at Thy throne, Nor fear Thine awe-some power?  
 Let them no more Thy wrath des-pise, Nor turn our hope to shame.