

# 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 mis - chief 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.