

# Thus Saith the Lord, Your Work is Vain

Isaac Watts, from Psalm 40

C C/G bass F G C F

Thus saith the Lord, Your work is vain, Give your burnt off - erings  
 Then spake the Sav - iour, Lo, I'm here, My God, to do Thy  
 Thy law is ev - er in My sight, I keep it near My  
 And see, the blest Re - deem - er comes, Th' e - ter - nal Son ap -  
 Much He re - vealed His Fa - ther's grace, And much His truth He  
 His Fa - ther's hon - our touched His heart, He pi - tied sin - ners'  
 No blood of beasts on al - tars shed Could wash the con - science  
 Then was the great sal - va - tion spread, And Sa - tan's king - dom

G F C F Em F

o'er, In dy - ing goats and bull - ocks slain My  
 will, What - e'er Thy sa - cred Books de - clare, Thy  
 heart; Mine ears are op - ened with de - light To  
 - pears, And at th' ap - point - ed time as - sumes The  
 showed, And preached the way of right - eous - ness, Where  
 cries, And, to ful - fill a Sav - iour's part, Was  
 clean; But the rich sac - ri - fice He paid A -  
 shook; Thus by the wo - man's pro - mised Seed The

C G7 C

soul de - lights no more.  
 Ser - vant shall ful - fill.  
 what Thy lips im - part.  
 bod - y God pre - pares.  
 great as - sem - blies stood.  
 made a sac - ri - fice.  
 - tones for all our sin.  
 ser - pent's head was broke.

Tune: RICH SACRIFICE, Apr 2001, by Mitch Cervinka  
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