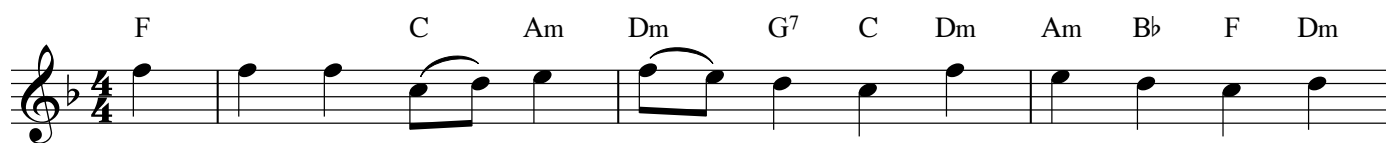


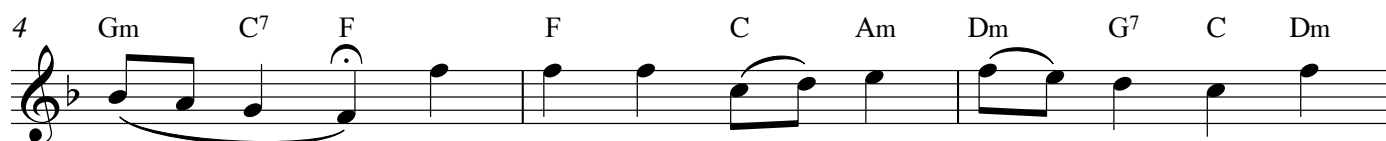


A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

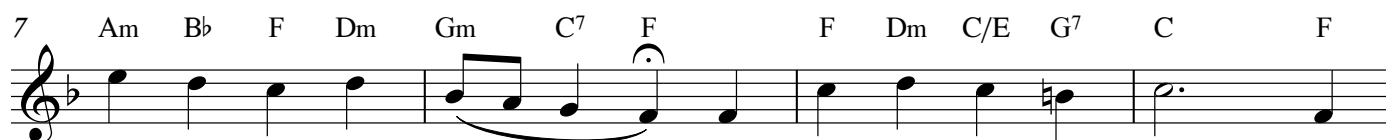
Martin Luther



1. A migh - ty for - tress is — our God, A bul - wark ne - ver
2. Did we in our — own strength con - fide, Our stri - ving would be
3. And tho' this world, with de - vils filled, Should threa - ten to un -
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a -



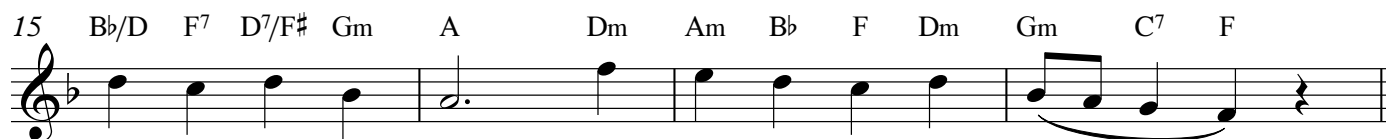
fail - ing; Our hel - per He, — a - mid the flood Of
lo - sing; Were not the right Man on — our side, The
do — us, We will not fear, — for God — hath willed His
bi - deth; The Spi - rit and — the gifts — are ours Thro'



mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: For still our an - cient foe Doth
Man of God's own choos - ing: Dost ask who that may be? Christ
truth to tri - umph thro' — us: The Prince of Dark - ness grim, We
Him who with us si - deth: Let goods and kin - dred go, This



seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And,
Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba - oth, His name, From
trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure, For
mor - tal life al - so; The bo - dy they may kill: God's



armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
lo, his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell — him.
truth a - bi - deth still, His king - dom is for - e - ver.