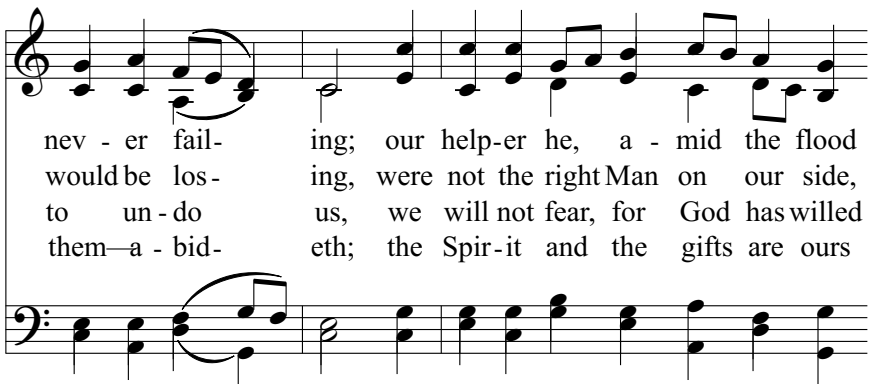



A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



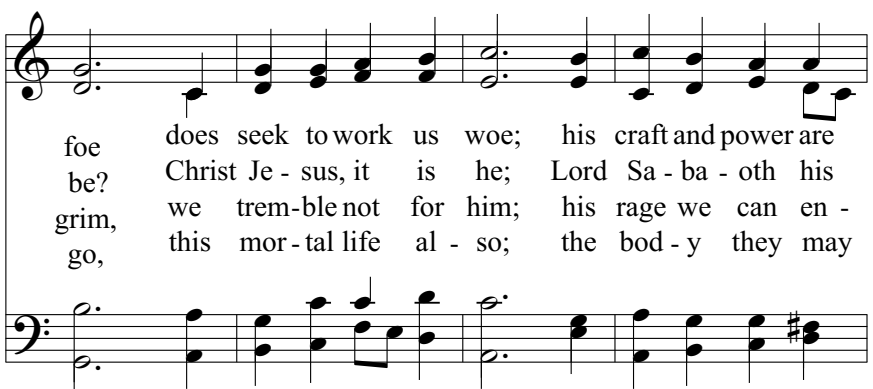
A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark
Did we in our own strength con-fide, our striv-ing
And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat-en
That Word a - bove all earth - ly powers—no thanks to



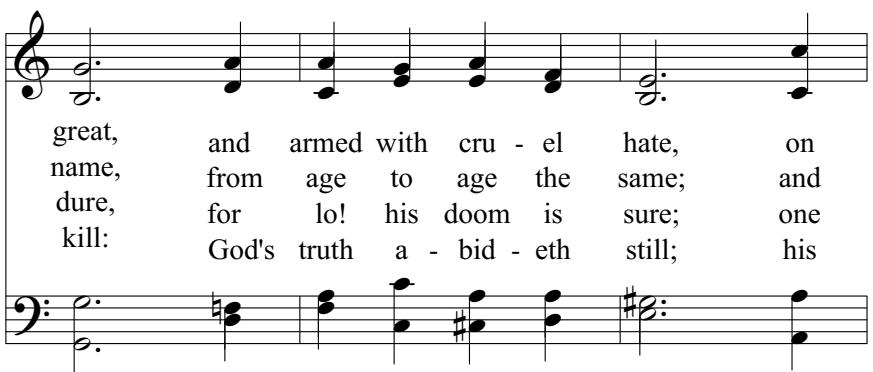
nev - er fail- ing; our help-er he, a - mid the flood
would be los- ing, were not the right Man on our side,
to un-do us, we will not fear, for God has willed
them—a - bid- eth; the Spir-it and the gifts are ours



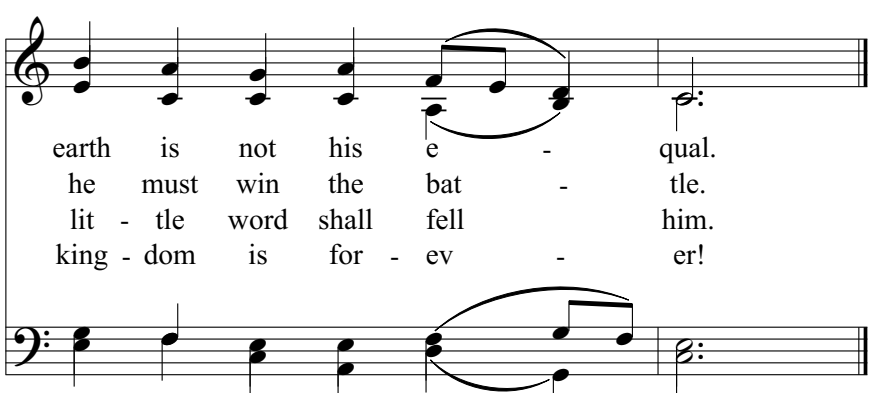
of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing. For still our an-cient
the Man of God's own choos - ing. You ask who that may
his truth to tri-umph through us. The prince of dark-ness
through him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin-dred



foe does seek to work us woe; his craft and power are
be? Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his
grim, we trem-ble not for him; his rage we can en -
go, this mor-tal life al - so; the bod - y they may



great, and armed with cru - el hate, on
name, from age to age the same; and
dure, for lo! his doom is sure; one
kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still; his



earth is not his e - qual.
he must win the bat - tle.
lit - tle word shall fell him.
king - dom is for - ev - er!