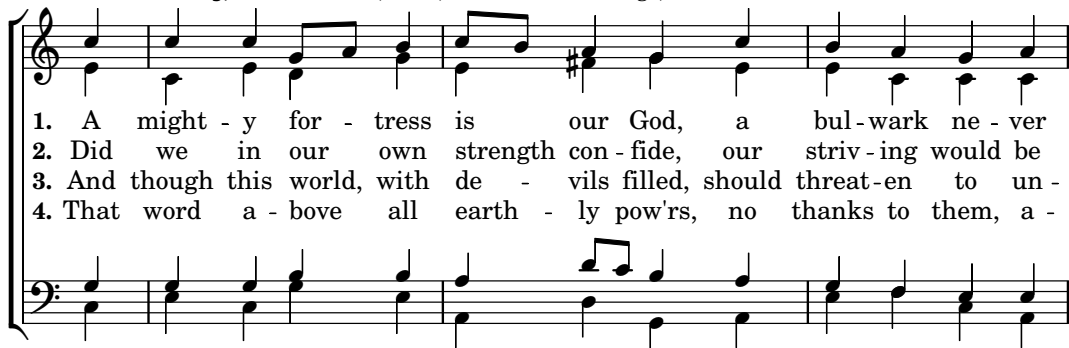


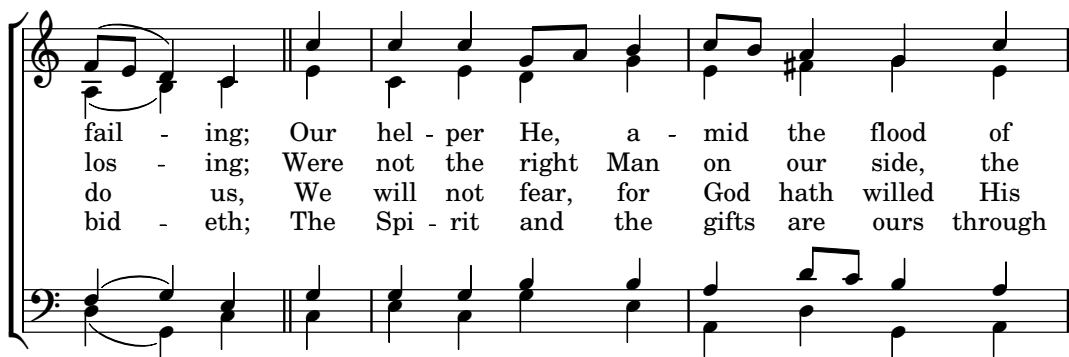
A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

Music: EIN FESTE BURG, 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7; Martin Luther, 1529

Text: Ein feste burg, Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Fredrick H. Hedge, 1852



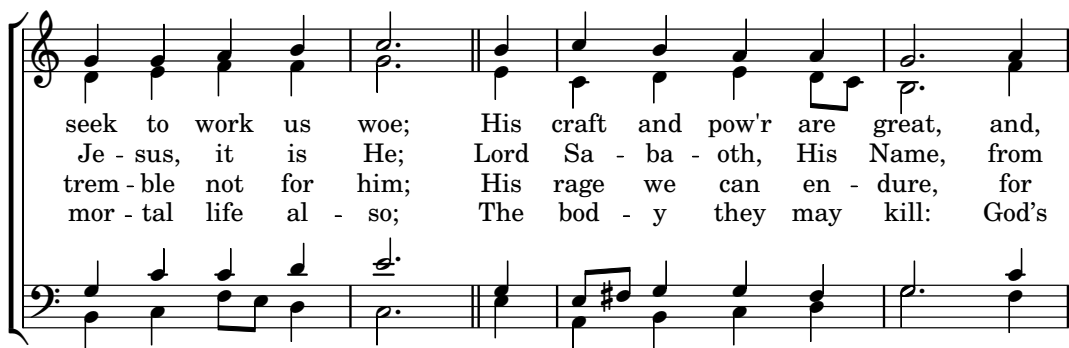
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark ne - ver
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
3. And though this world, with de - vils filled, should threat - en to un -
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a -



fail - ing; Our hel - per He, a - mid the flood of
los - ing; Were not the right Man on our side, the
do us, We will not fear, for God hath willed His
bid - eth; The Spi - rit and the gifts are ours through



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 through us: The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we
Him Who with us sid - eth: Let goods and kind - red 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 bod - y 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 - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.