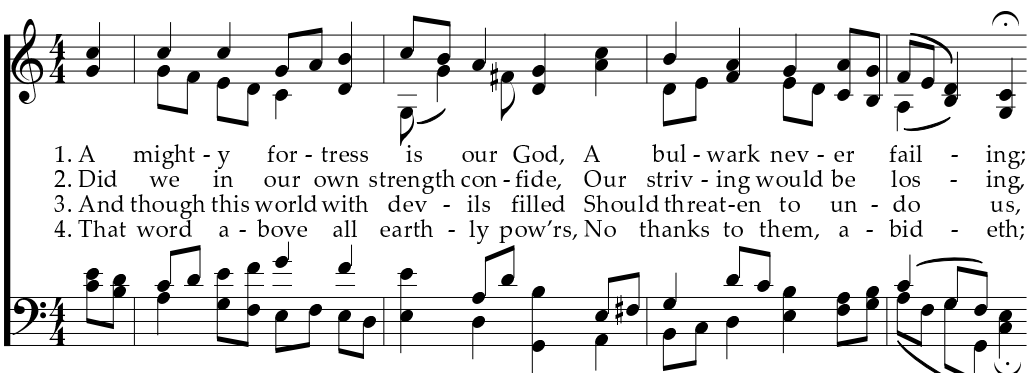
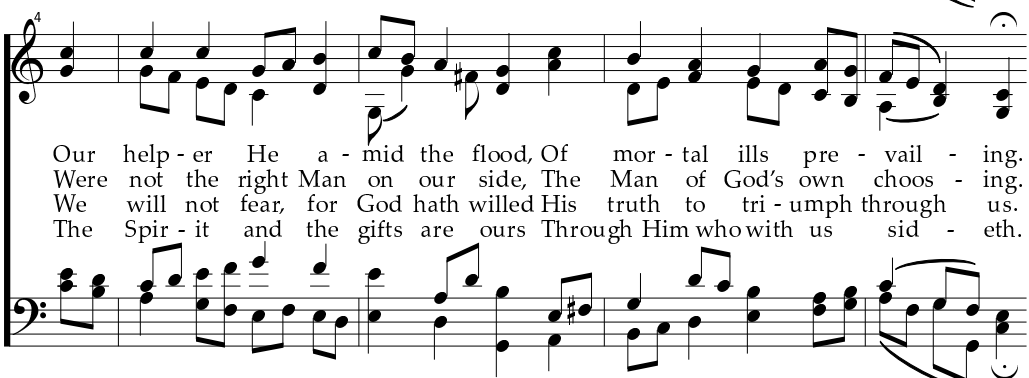


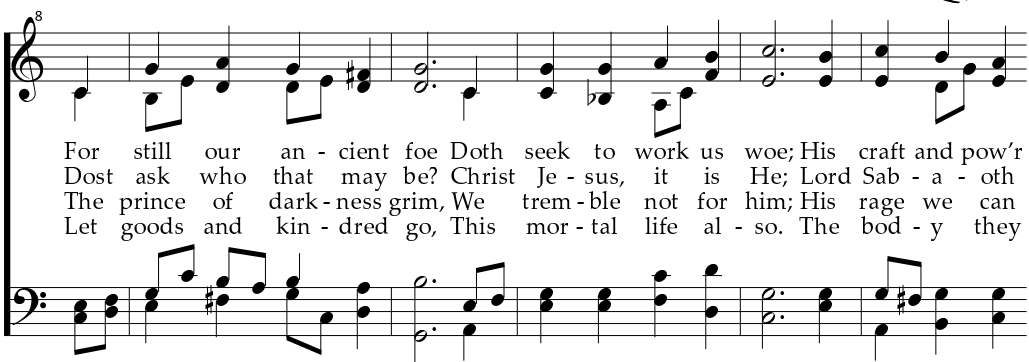
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



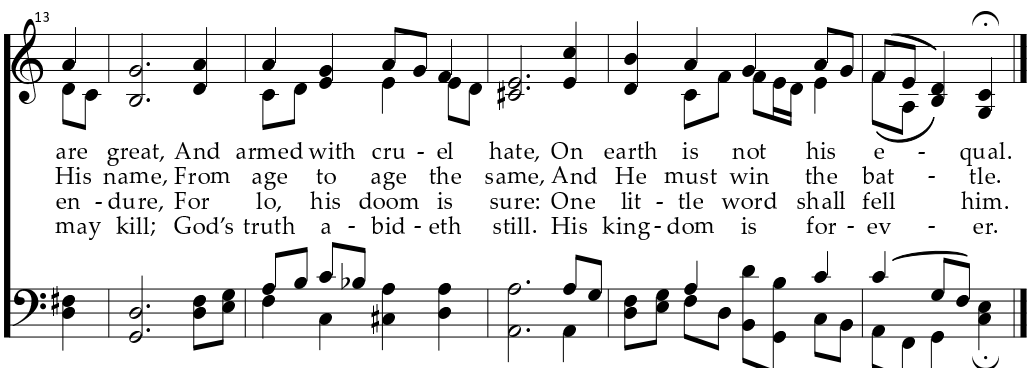
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled Should threat - en to un - do us,
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er He a - mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - a - oth
 The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can
 Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they



are great, And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 en - dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.