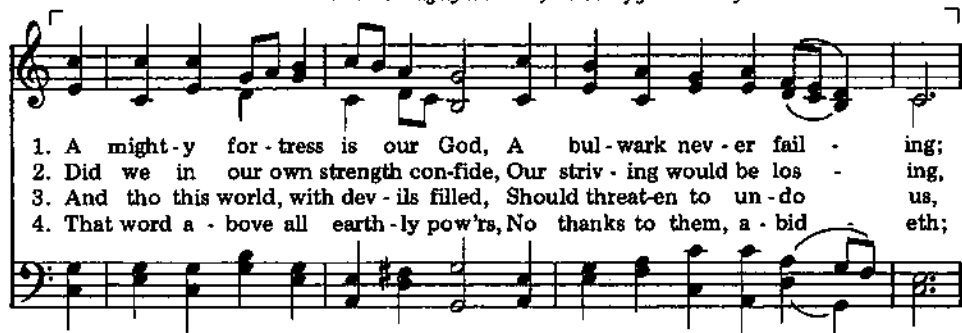
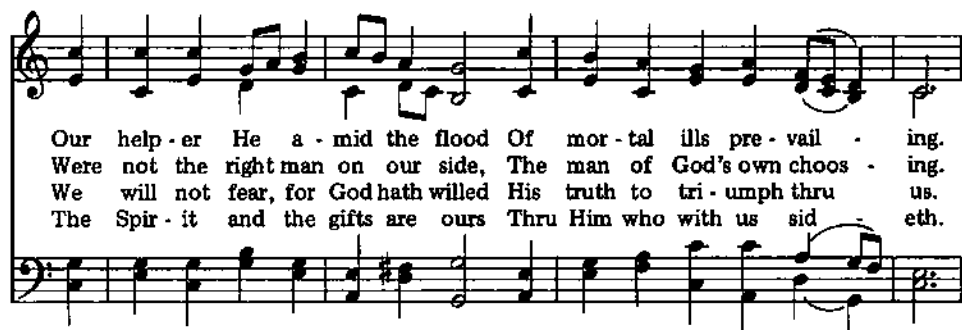


A Mighty Fortress Is Our God 26

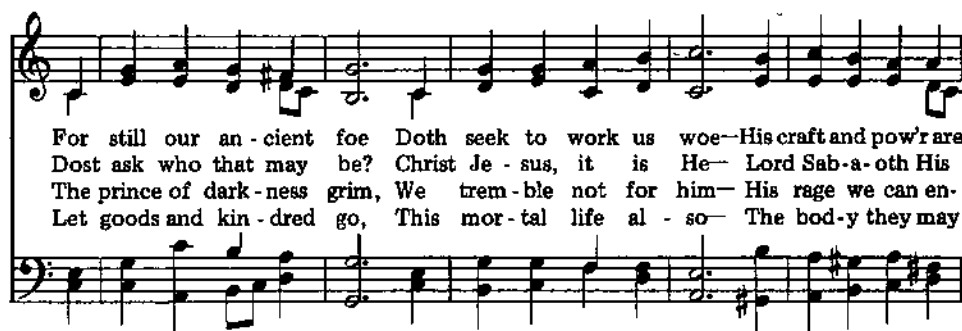
The Lord Almighty is with us; the God of Jacob is our fortress. Ps. 46:7



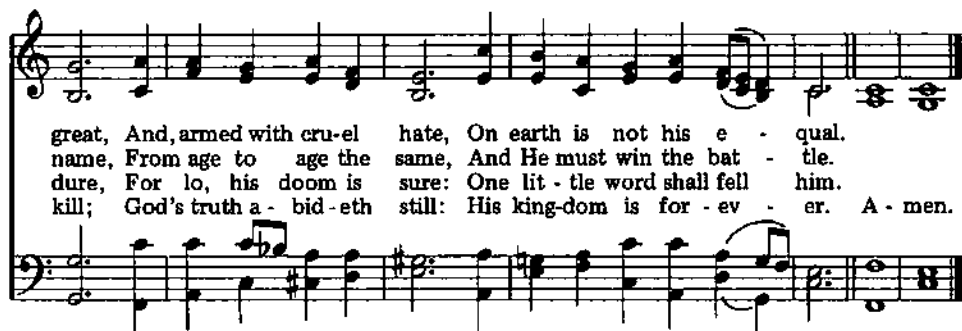
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing,
 3. And tho this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us,
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;



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 thru us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thru Him who with us sid-eth.



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



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

TEXT: Martin Luther; translated by Frederick H. Hedge; based on Psalm 46
 MUSIC: Martin Luther

EIN' FESTE BURG
 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.