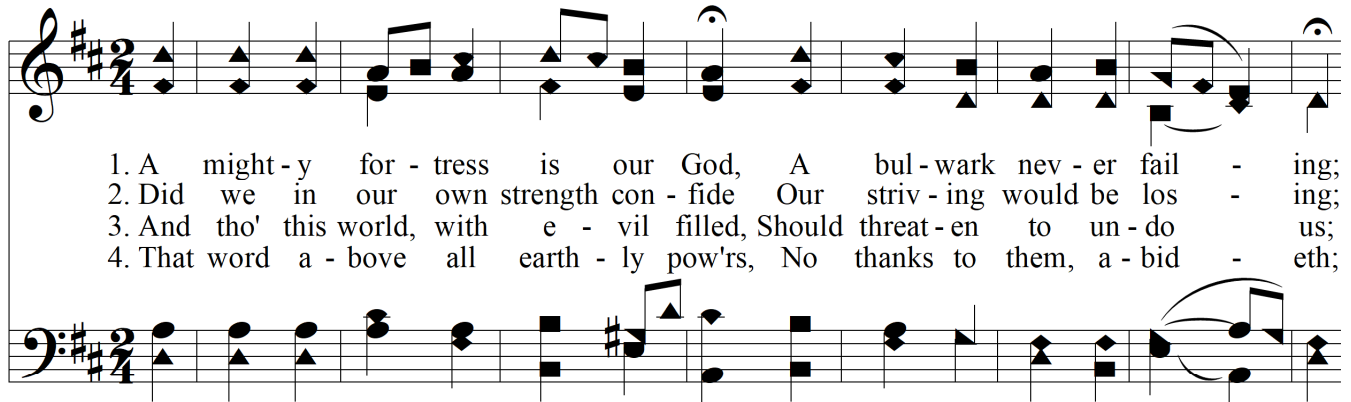
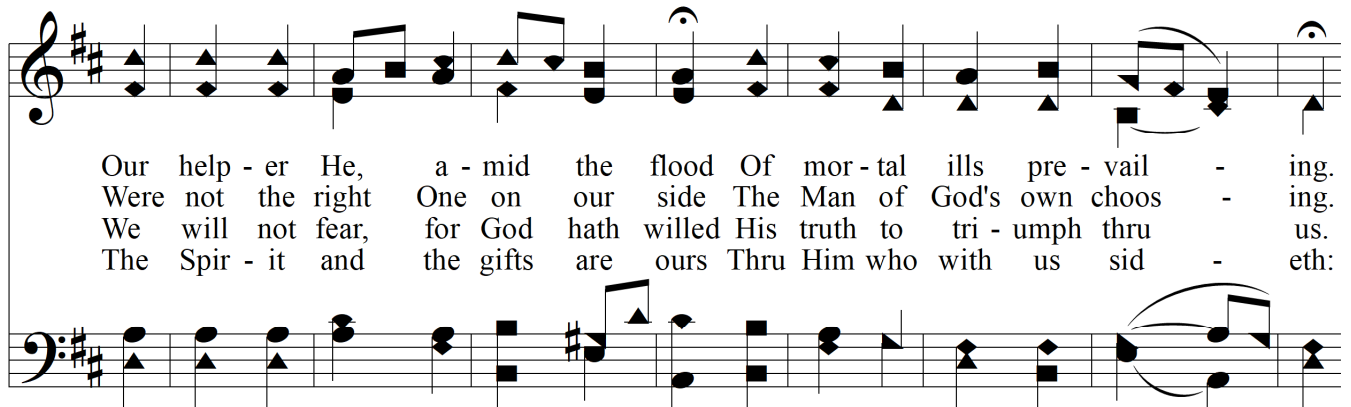


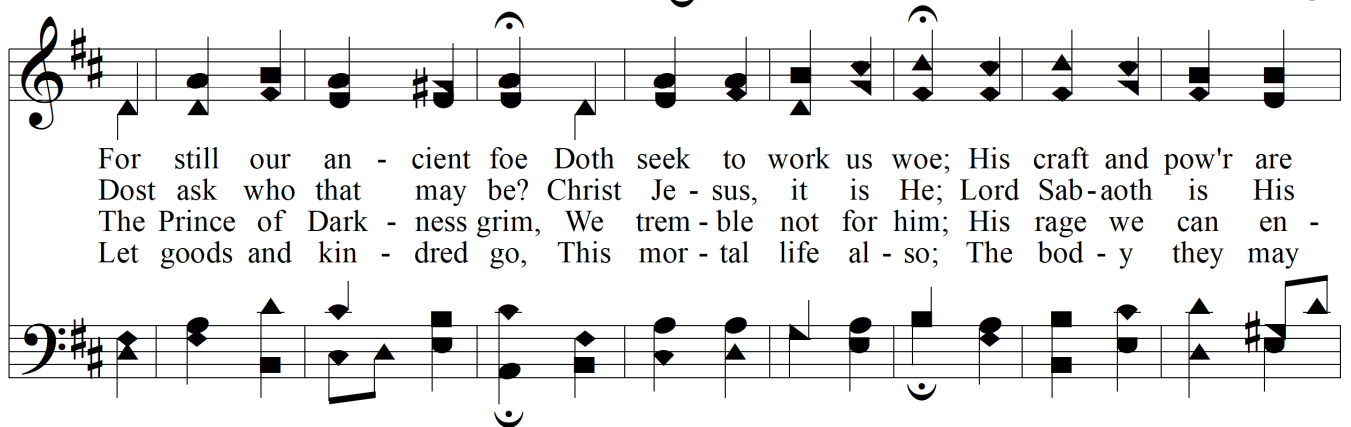
A Mighty Fortress



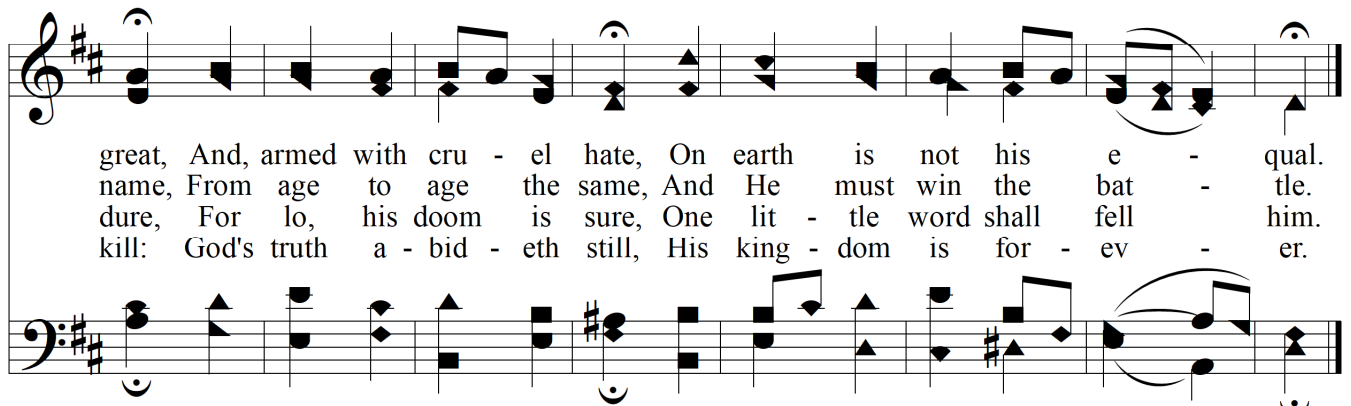
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide Our striv - ing would be los - ing;
3. And tho' this world, with e - vil filled, Should threat - en to un - do us;
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid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



Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right One 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 - aoth is 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.