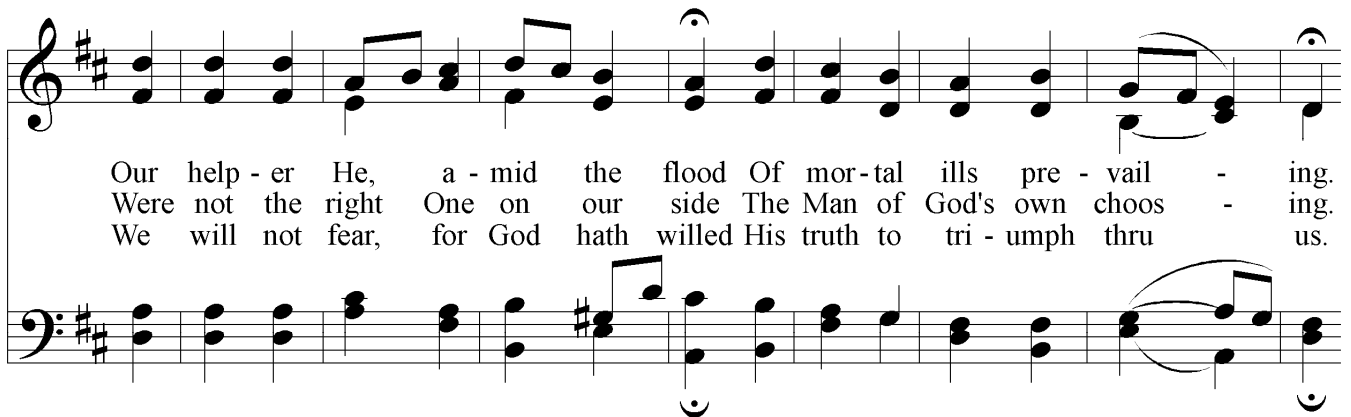


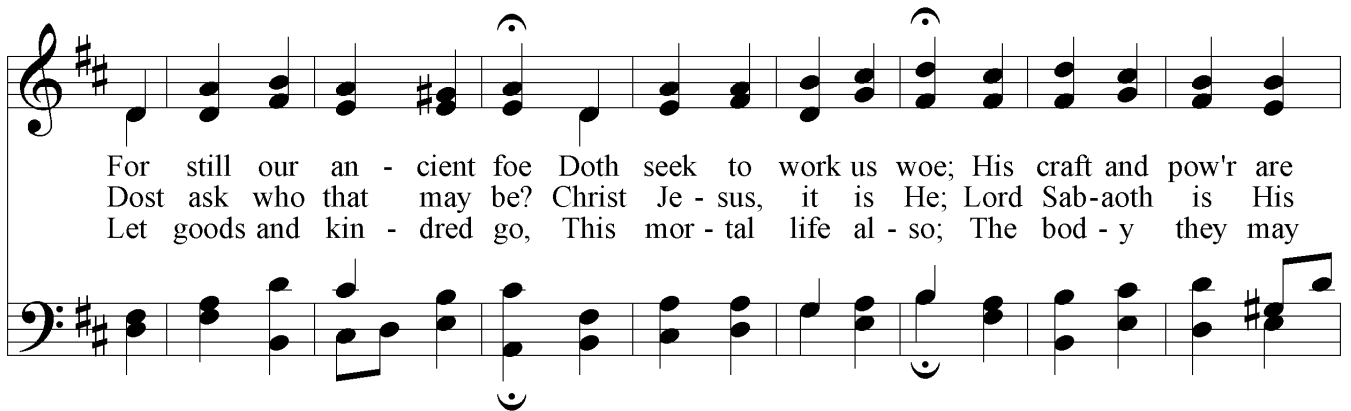
# A Mighty Fortress



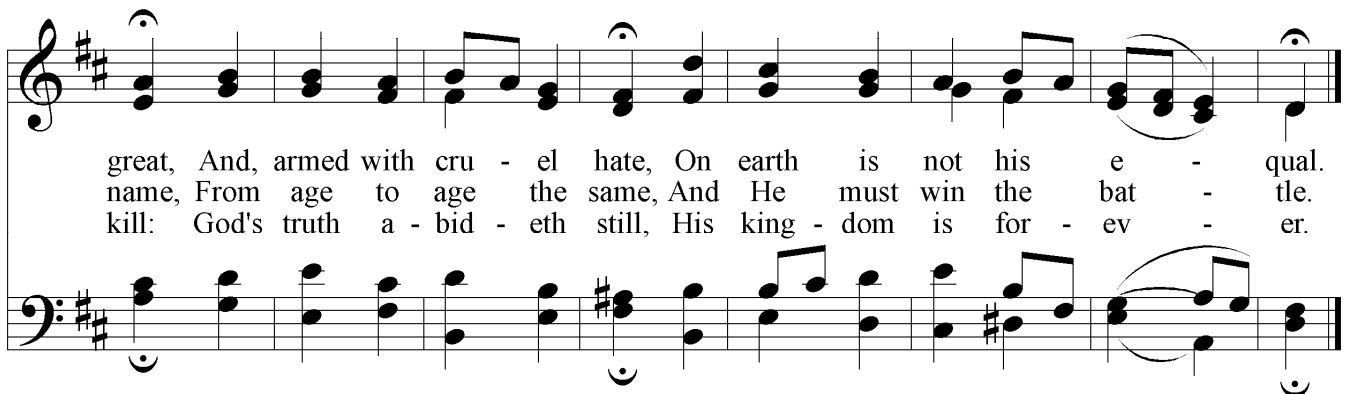
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide Our striv - ing would be los - ing;  
3. And tho' this world, with e - vil filled, Should threat - en to un - do us;



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.



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  
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.  
kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.