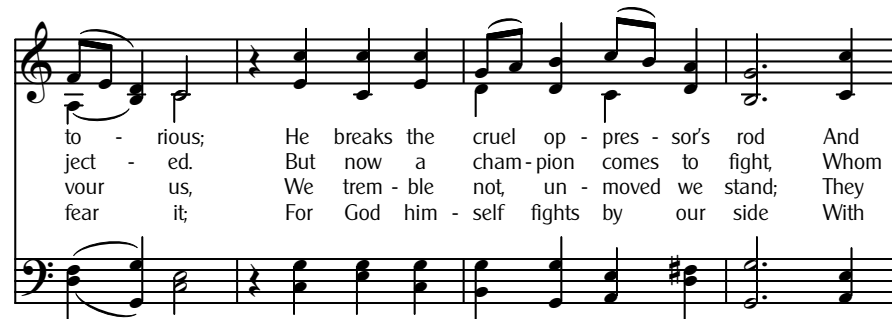


A Mighty Fortress is Our God



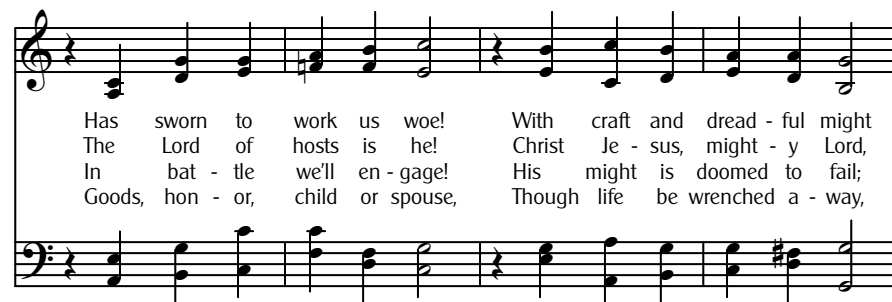
1 A might - y for - tress is our God, A sword and shield vic -
 2 No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re -
 3 Tho' hordes of dev - ils fill the land All threat -'ning to de -
 4 God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, No thanks to foes, who



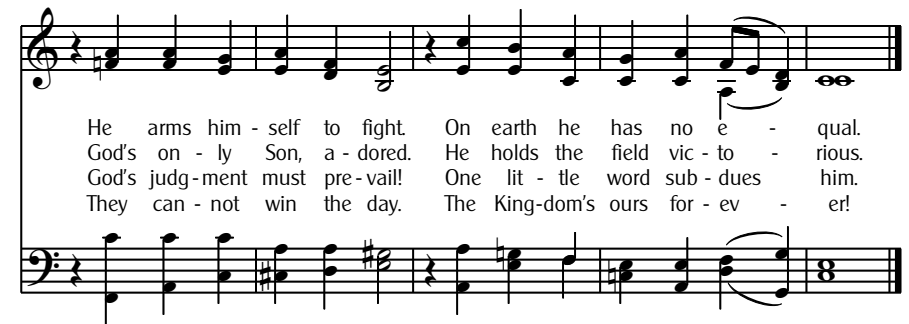
to - rious; He breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod And
 ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, Whom
 your us, We trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; They
 fear it; For God him - self fights by our side With



wins sal - va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
 God him - self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
 can - not o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
 weap - ons of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house,



Has sworn to work us woe! With craft and dread - ful might
 The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord,
 In bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is doomed to fail;
 Goods, hon - or, child or spouse, Though life be wrenched a - way,



He arms him - self to fight. On earth he has no e - qual.
 God's on - ly Son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.
 God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.
 They can - not win the day. The King - dom's ours for - ev - er!