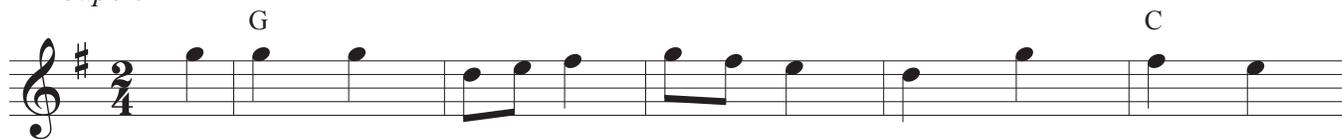


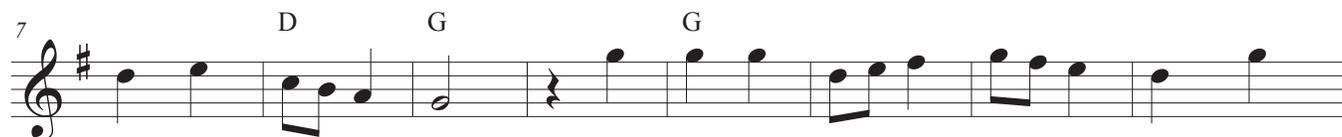
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Capo

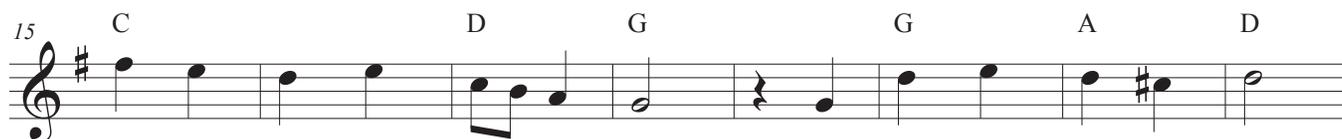
Capo 3



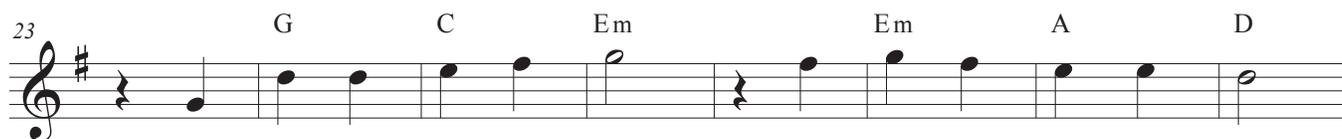
A might - y for - tress is our God a bul - wark
Did we in our own strength con - fide our stri - ving
And though this world with de - vils filled should threat - en
That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs no thanks to



ne - ver fail - ing Our help - er he a - mid the flood of
would be lo - sing Were not the right man on our side, the
to un - do us, We will not fear for God hath willed his
them a - bid - eth. The Spi - rit and the gifts are ours through



mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. for still our an - cient foe
man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be,
truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim,
him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kind - red go,



doth seek to work us woe, his craft and pow'r are great
Christ Je - sus it is he Lord Sab - a - oth his name,
we trem - ble not for him his rage we can en - dure,
This mor - tal life al - so, the bod - y they may kill



and armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not His e -
from age to age the same, and he must win the bat -
for lo! his doom is sure, one lit - tle word shall fell
God's truth a - bid - eth still, his king - dom is for - e -



qual.
tle.
him.
ver!