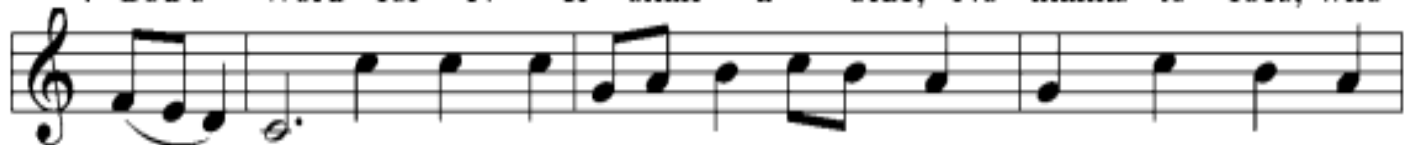


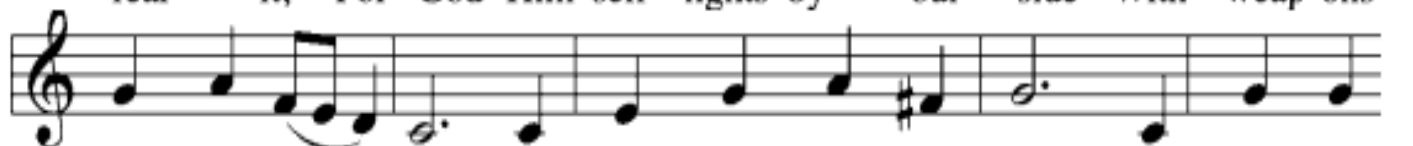
"A Mighty Fortress Is Our God" LSB 657



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 Though 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



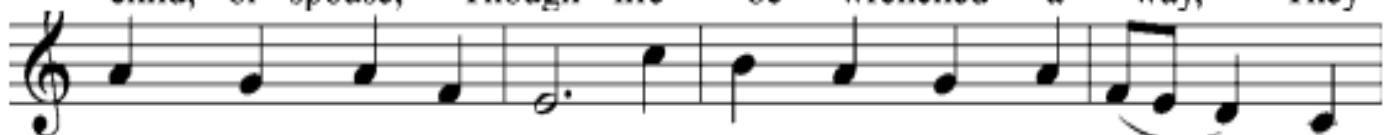
to - rious; He breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod And wins sal -
ject - ed. But now a cham - pion comes to fight, Whom God Him -
your us, We trem - ble not, un - moved we stand; They can - not
fear it; For God Him - self fights by our side With weap - ons



va - tion glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe Has sworn to
self e - lect - ed. You ask who this may be? The Lord of
o - ver - pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage; In bat - tle
of the Spir - it. Were they to take our house, Goods, hon - or,



work us woe. With craft and dread - ful might He
hosts is He, Christ Je - sus, might - y Lord, God's
we'll en - gage. His might is doomed to fail; God's
child, or spouse, Though life be wrenched a - way, They



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