


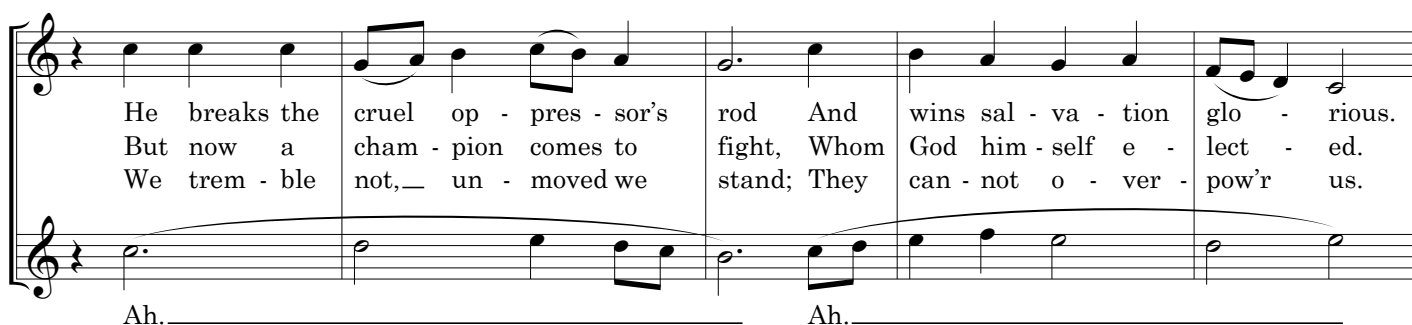
# A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

*Soprano Descant 2011*



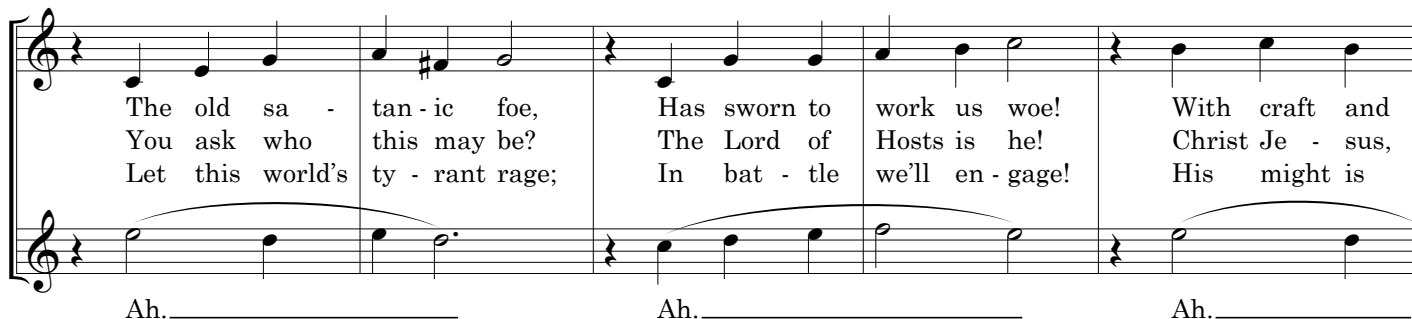
1. A might - y for - tress is\_ our God, A sword and shield vic - to - rious;  
2. No strength of ours can match his might! We would be lost, re - ject - ed.  
3. Though hordes of dev - ils fill\_ the land All threat-'ning to de - vour us,

Ah. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah. \_\_\_\_\_



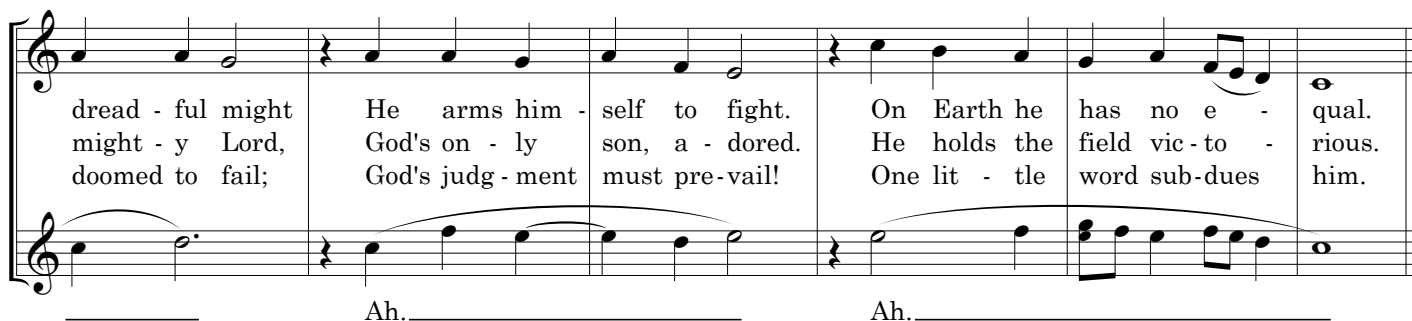
He breaks the cruel op - pres - sor's rod And wins sal - va - tion glo - rious.  
But now a cham - pion comes to fight, Whom God him - self e - lect - ed.  
We trem - ble not, \_ un - moved we stand; They can - not o - ver - pow'r us.

Ah. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah. \_\_\_\_\_



The old sa - tan - ic foe, Has sworn to work us woe! With craft and  
You ask who this may be? The Lord of Hosts is he! Christ Je - sus,  
Let this world's ty - rant rage; In bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is

Ah. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah. \_\_\_\_\_



dread - ful might He arms him - self to fight. On Earth he has no e - qual.  
might - y Lord, God's on - ly son, a - dored. He holds the field vic - to - rious.  
doomed to fail; God's judg - ment must pre - vail! One lit - tle word sub - dues him.

Ah. \_\_\_\_\_ Ah. \_\_\_\_\_