

A mighty fortress is our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood
 los - ing; were not the right man on our side,
 do us; we will not fear, for God hath willed
 bid - eth; the Spi - rit and the gifts are ours

of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing; for still our an - cient foe
 the man of God's own choos - ing; dost ask who that may be?
 his truth to tri - umph through us; the prince of dark-ness grim,
 through him who with us sid - eth; let goods and kin-dred go,

doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are great,
 Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his Name,
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
 this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill:

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

Words: Martin Luther (1483-1546); tr. Frederick Henry Hedge (1805-1890); based on Psalm 46
 Music: *Ein feste Burg*, melody Martin Luther (1483-1546); harm. Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)