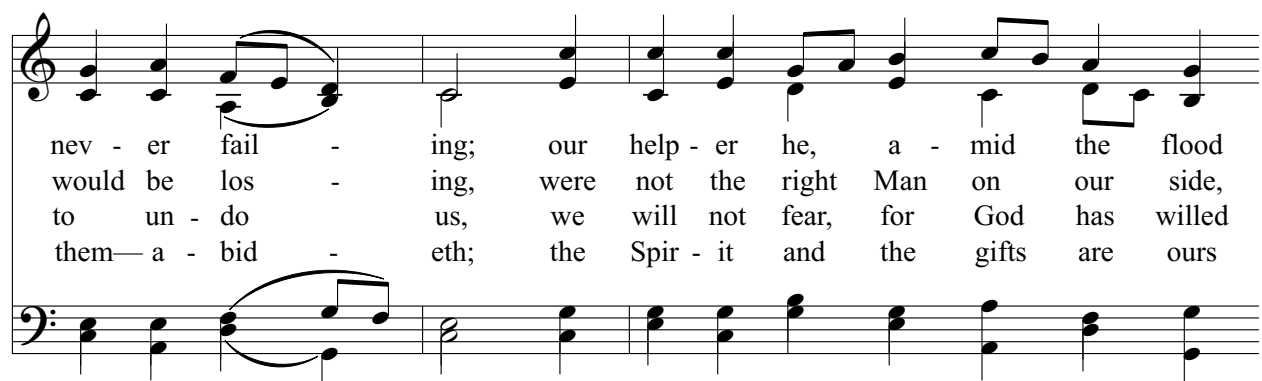


A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark
Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing
And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en
That Word a - bove all earth - ly powers— no thanks to



nev - er fail - ing; our help - er he, a - mid the flood
would be los - ing, were not the right Man on our side,
to un - do us, we will not fear, for God has willed
them— a - bid - eth; the Spir - it 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. You 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,

Text: Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Fredrick H. Hedge,
1852; based on Psalm 46
Tune: Martin Luther, 1529, alt.; harm. Johann S.
Bach, 1685-1750



87 87 66 66 7
EIN FESTE BURG
(isorhythmic)
www.hymnary.org/text/a_mighty_fortress_is_our_god_a_bulwark

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does 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 bod - y 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!