

# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A migh - ty for - tress is our God, a bul - wark ne - ver fail - ing;  
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our stri - ving would be lo - sing,  
 3 And though this world, with de - vils filled, should threa - ten to un - do us,  
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a - bi - deth;

our hel - per he, a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.  
 were not the right man on our side, the man of God's own choos - ing.  
 we will not fear, for God hath willed his truth to tri - umph through us.  
 the Spi - rit and the gifts are ours thro' him who with us si - deth.

For still our an - cient foe doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth, his  
 The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en -  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may

great, and, armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
 name, from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.  
 dure, for lo, his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 kill: God's truth a - bi - deth still; his king - dom is for - e - ver.

Text: Martin Luther (1483-1546);  
 tr. Frederick H. Hedge (1805-1890)  
 Tune: Martin Luther (1483-1546)



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