

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

EIN' FESTE BURG (isometric) 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7

Martin Luther, 1529

Trans. Frederick Henry Hedge, 1852

Martin Luther, 1529



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er 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 Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth;



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He, Lord Sab - a -
The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y



power are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

