

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther, tr. Frederic Hedge, 1853

Martin Luther, 1529

$\text{♩} = 110$

1. A might - y fort - ress is our God, a bul - wark ne - ver fail - ing; Our
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be los - ing; Were
 3. And though this world, with de - vils filled, should threat - en to un - do us, We
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The

help - er He, a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: For
 not the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choos - ing: Dost
 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: Let

still our an - cient foe doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great, and,
 ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - b - ath, His Name, from
 Prince of Dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure, for
 goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so; The bo - dy they may kill: God's

armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 lo, his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.