

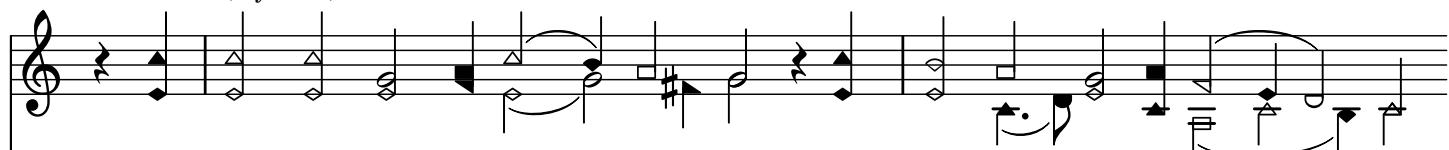
A mighty fortress is our God

Text: Martin Luther, 1529, 1531

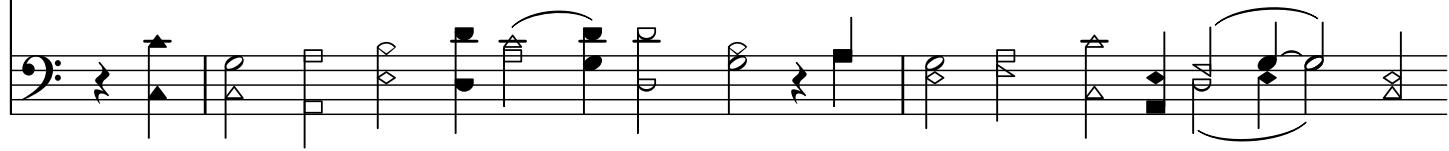
tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1852

EIN FESTE BURG (rhythmic) 87.87.66.66.7

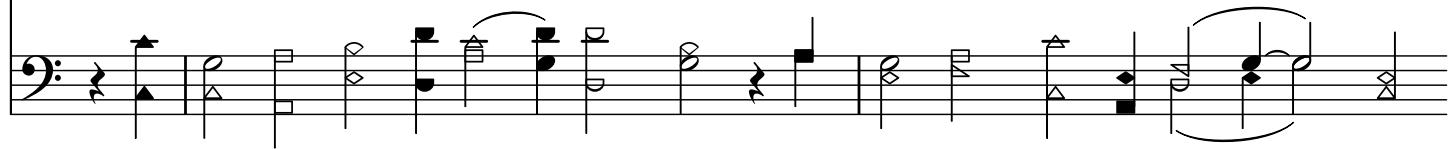
Music: Martin Luther, 1529, 1531



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 pow'rs, no thanks to them, a - bid - eth.

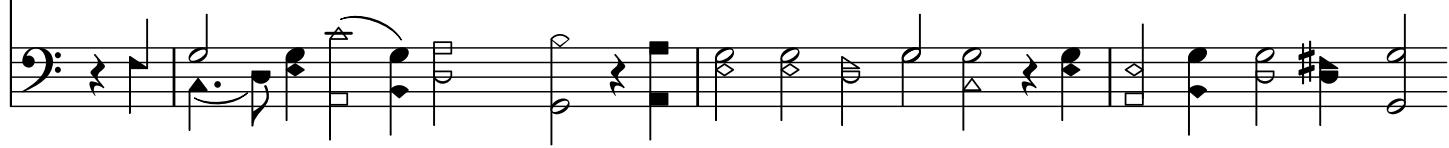


Our help - er he a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing,
were not the right one on our side, the one of God's own choos - ing.
we will not fear, for God hath willed his truth to tri - umph through us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours, through him who with us sid - eth.



for still our an - cient foe doth seek to work us woe.
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he!
The prince of dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him.
Let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so.

His craft and pow'r are great,
Lord Sab - a - oth, his name,
His rage we can en - dure,
The bod - y they may kill,



and arm'd 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.

