

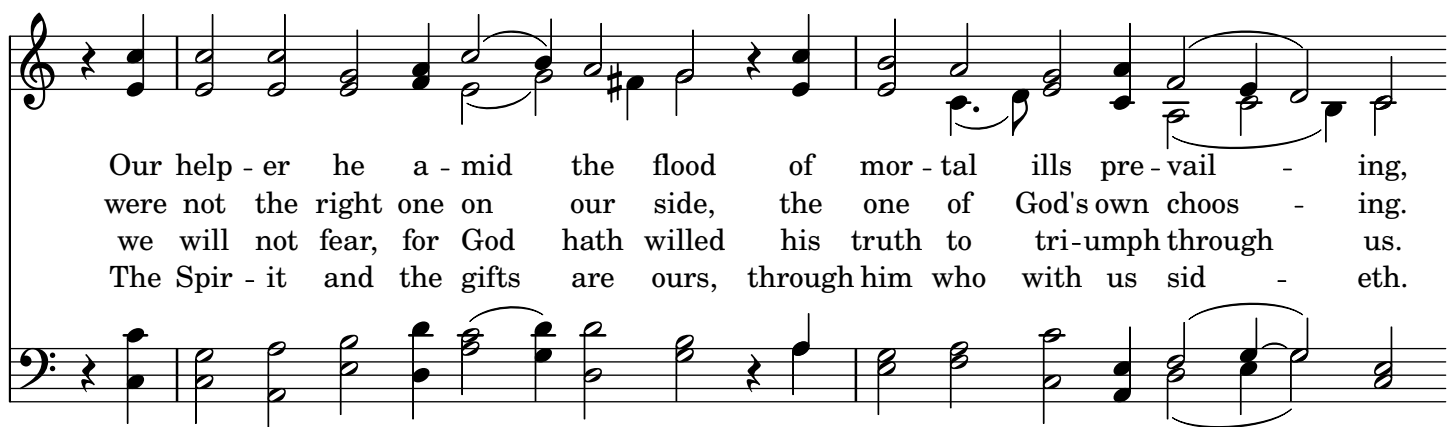
# A mighty fortress is our God

Text: Martin Luther, 1529, 1531  
tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1852  
EIN FESTE BURG (rhythmic) 87.87.66.66.7

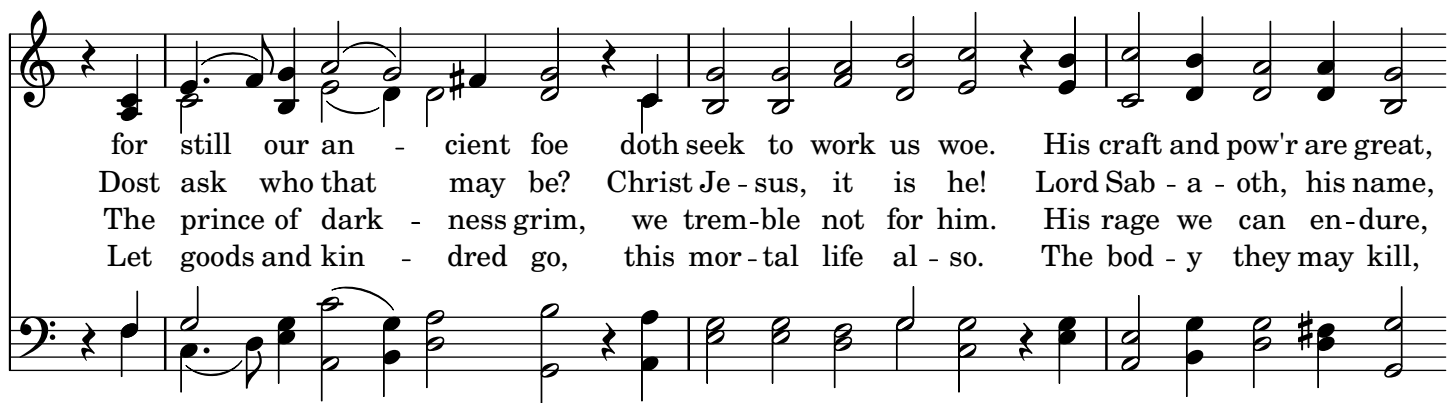
Music: Martin Luther, 1529, 1531



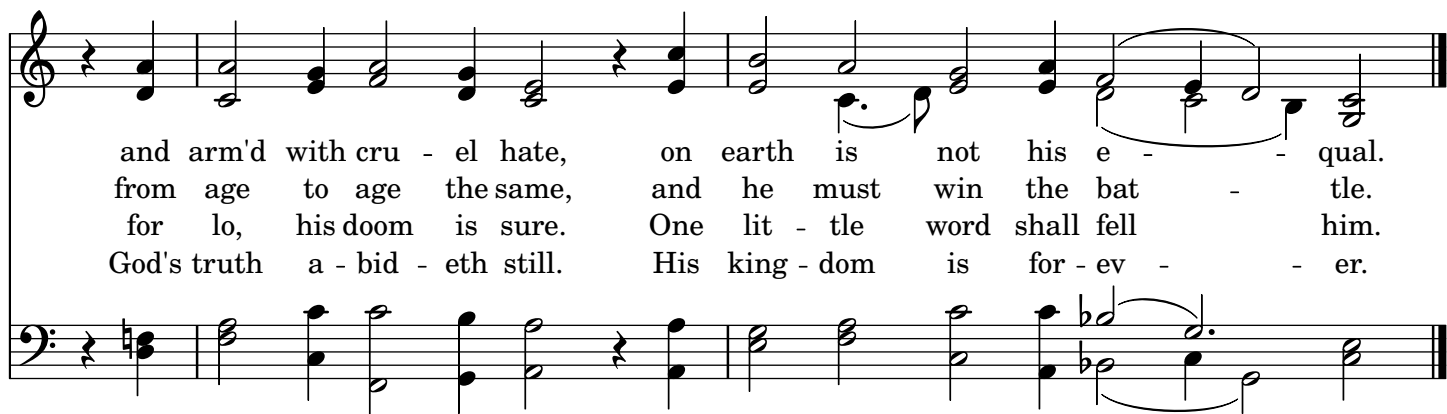
1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er fail - ing.  
2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be los - ing,  
3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un - do us,  
4 That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a - 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. His craft and pow'r are great,  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he! Lord Sab - a - oth, his name,  
The prince of dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him. His rage we can en - dure,  
Let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so. 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.