

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

EIN FESTE BURG

Martin Luther, 1529

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1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a -



fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood of
los - ing; were not the right man on our side, the
do us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his
bid - eth; the Spir - it and the gifts are ours through



mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe
man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be?
truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim,
him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go,



doth seek to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great;
Christ Je - sus, it is he, Lord Sab - a - oth his name,
we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
this mor - tal life al - so; the bod - y they may kill:



and armed 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.