

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther
tr. Fredrick H. Hedge

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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 tho' 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 has willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thru Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe—His craft and power are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He—Lord Sa - ba - oth His name,
The prince of dark - ness grim, We tremble 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 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.
From 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.