

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther

1. A mighty 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 threaten 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 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.