

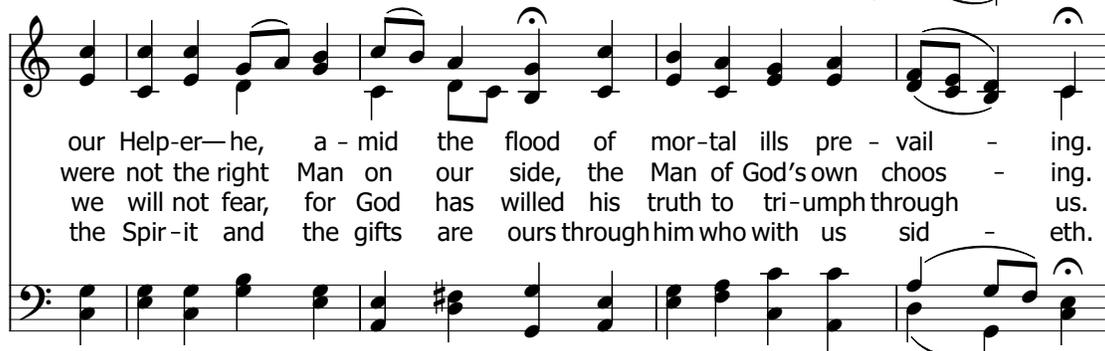
A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther; tr. Frederick Hedge

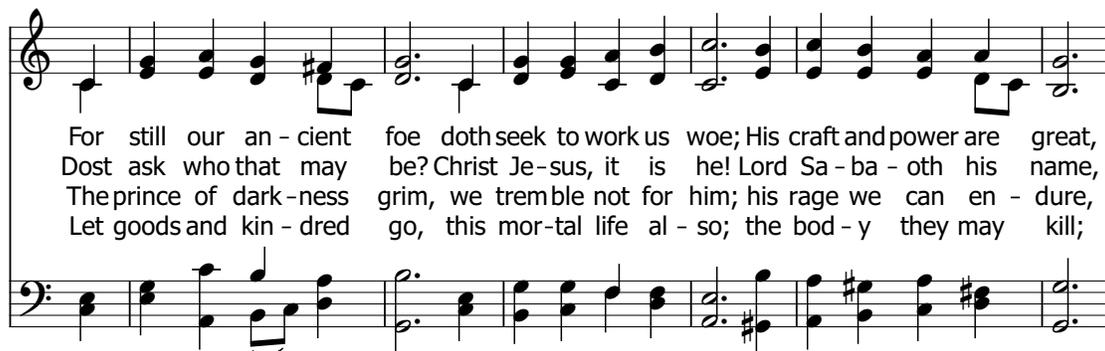
Martin Luther; harm. *The Evangelical Hymnal*



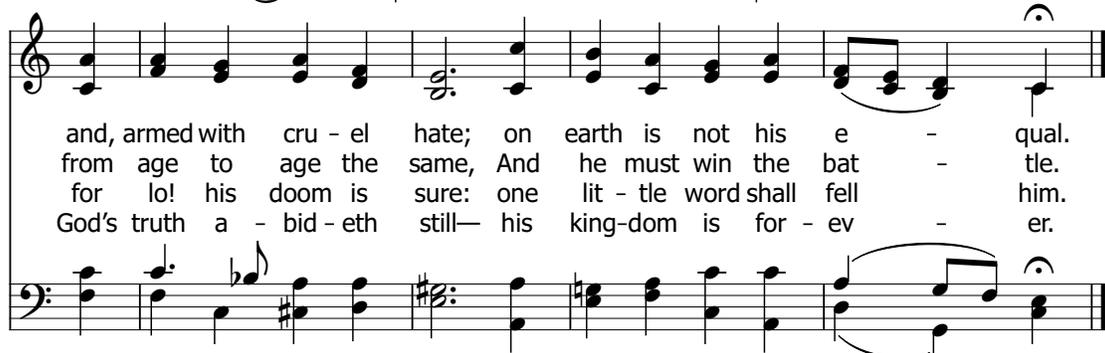
1. A might-y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be los - ing,
3. And tho' this world, with dev - ils filled should threat en to un - do us,
4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



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 through 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.
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.