

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,
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide,
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled,
4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly powers—



A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He, a -
Our striv - ing would be los - ing, Were not the right Man
Should threat - en to un - do us, We will not fear, for
No thanks to them— a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the



mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
on our side, the Man of God's own choos - ing.
God has willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
gifts are ours through Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe;
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He;
The prince of dark - ness grim— We trem - ble not for him;
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so;



His craft and power are great, And armed with cru - el hate,
Lord Sa - ba - oth His name, From age to age the same;
His rage we can en - dure, From lo! his doom is sure;
The bod - y they may kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still;



On earth is not his e - qual.
And He must win the bat - tle.
One lit - tle Word shall fell him.
His king - dom is for - ev - er!

