

A Mighty Fortress

Ein' Feste Burg. 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529
Tr. by FREDERICK H. HEDGE, 1853

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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 confide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earthly 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 hath willed His truth to triumph 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
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He, Lord Sab - a - oth His
The prince of darkness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en -
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may



great; And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

