

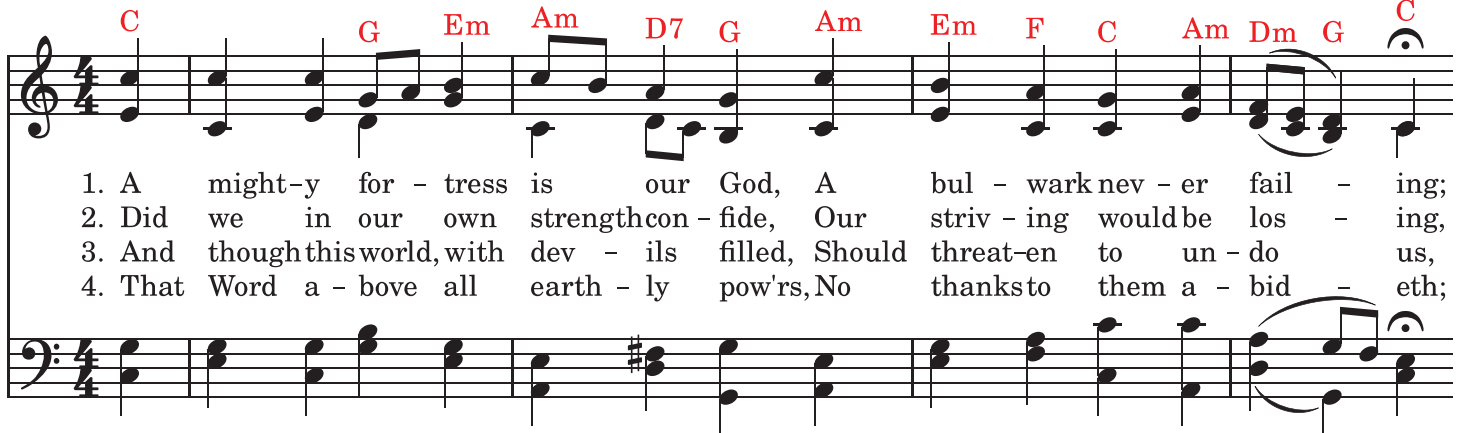
# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther, 1529

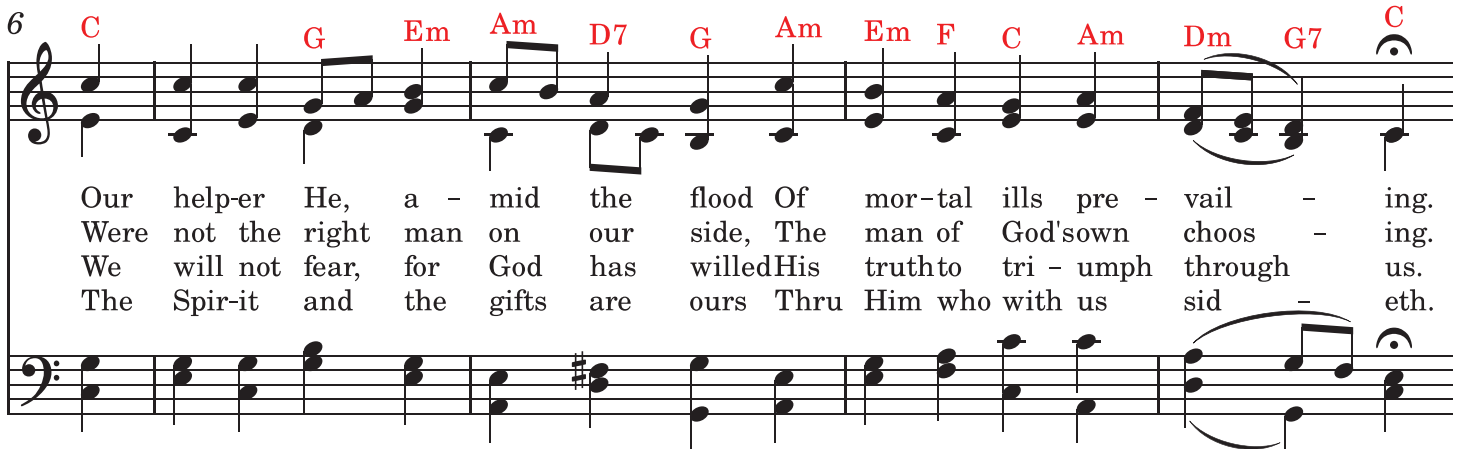
Translated by Frederick Hedge 1852

Martin Luther, 1529

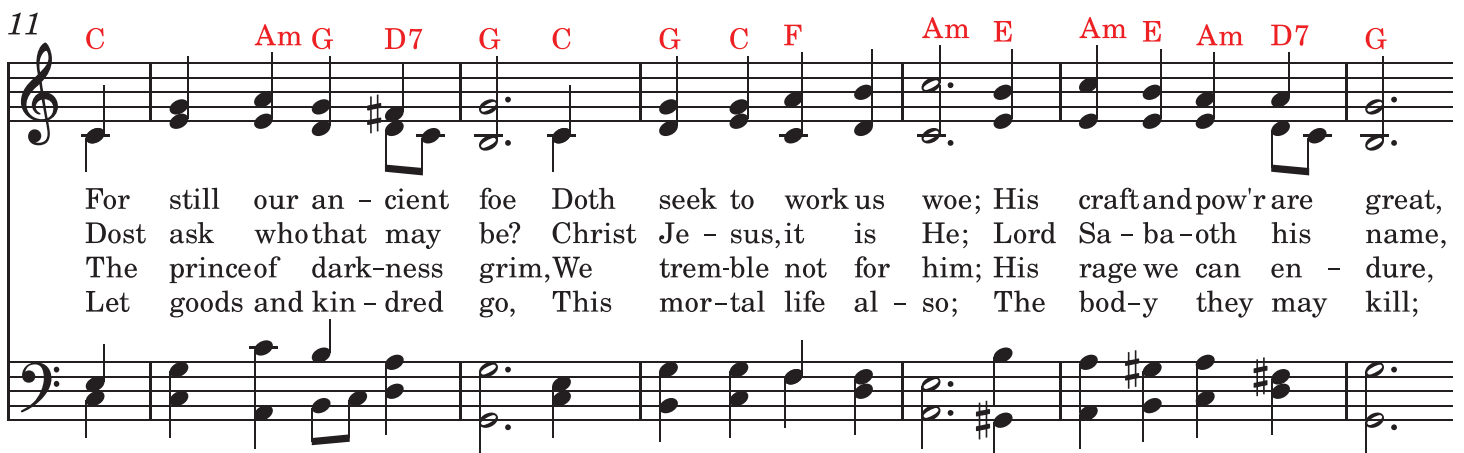
harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 18th cent.



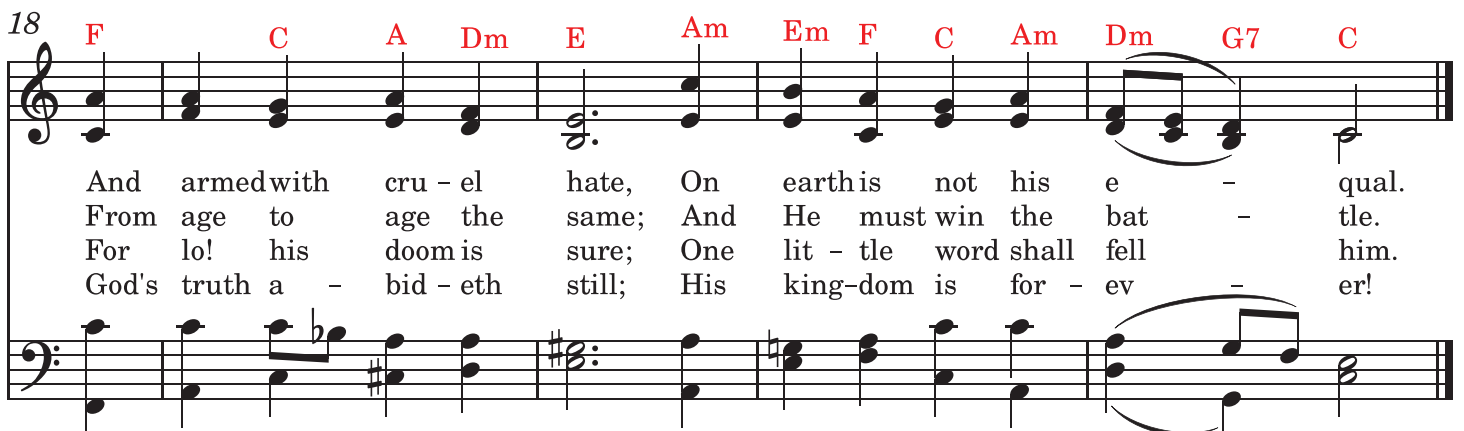
1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing;  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us;  
4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanksto them a - 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'sown choos - ing.  
We will not fear, for God has willedHis 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 craftandpow'r are great,  
Dost ask whothat may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba - oth his name,  
The princeof dark-ness grim, We trem-ble 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 armedwith cru - el hate, On earthis 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!