

# A Mighty Fortress

EIN' FESTE BURG

Martin Luther, 1529

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1. A might - y For - tress is our God, A Bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing; Were  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us, We  
4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them a - bid - eth, The

Help - er he a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail ing. For  
not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing, Dost  
will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The  
Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through him who with us sid - eth; Let

still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are  
ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus it is he, Lord Sab - a - oth his  
prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en -  
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.

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