

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark ne - ver
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, our striv-ing would be
 3. And though this world, with de - vils filled, should threat-en to un-
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing; Our hel - per He, a - mid the flood of
 los - ing; Were not the right Man on our side, the
 do us, We will not fear, for God hath willed His
 bid - eth; The Spi - rit and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: For still our an - cient foe doth
 Man of God's own choos - ing: Dost ask who that may be? Christ
 truth to tri - umph through us: The Prince of Dark-ness grim, we
 Him Who with us sid - eth: Let goods and kind - red go, this

seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, and,
 Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba - oth, His Name, from
 trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure, for
 mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill: God's

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

Ein feste burg

Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Fredrick H. Hedge, 1852