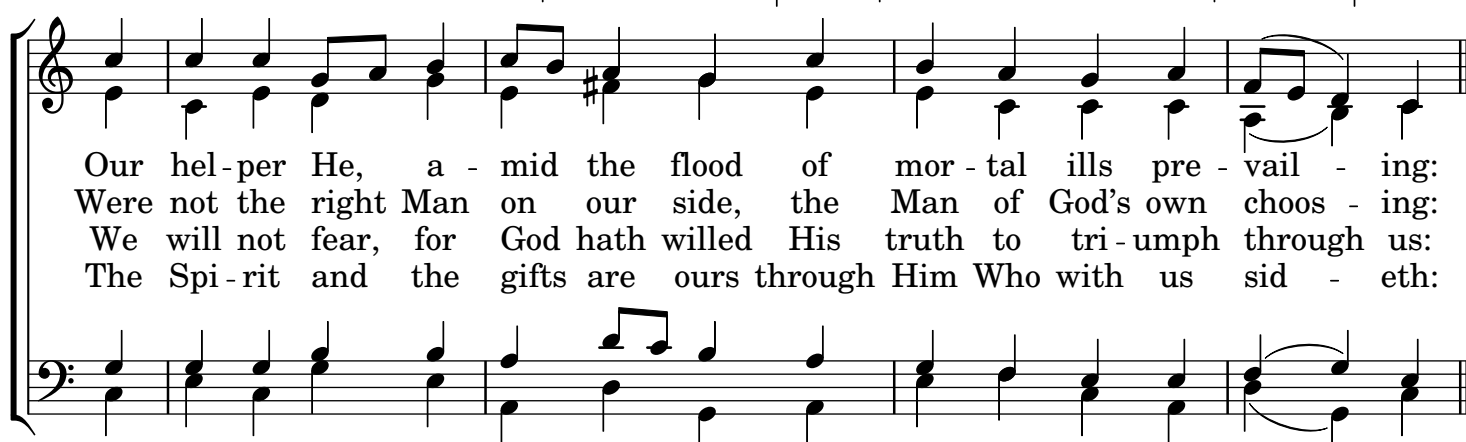
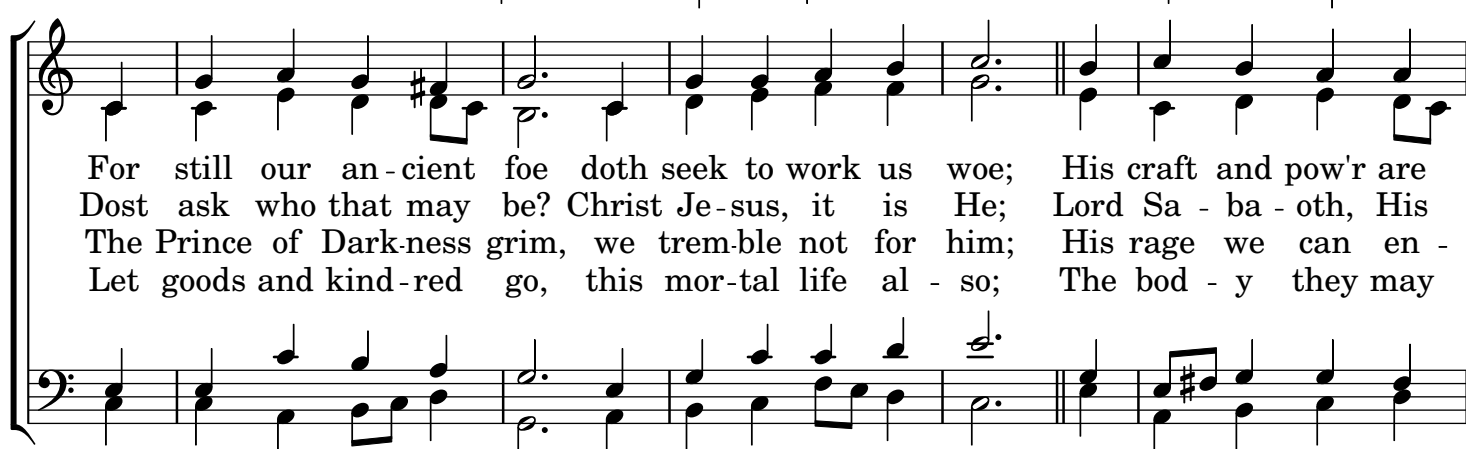


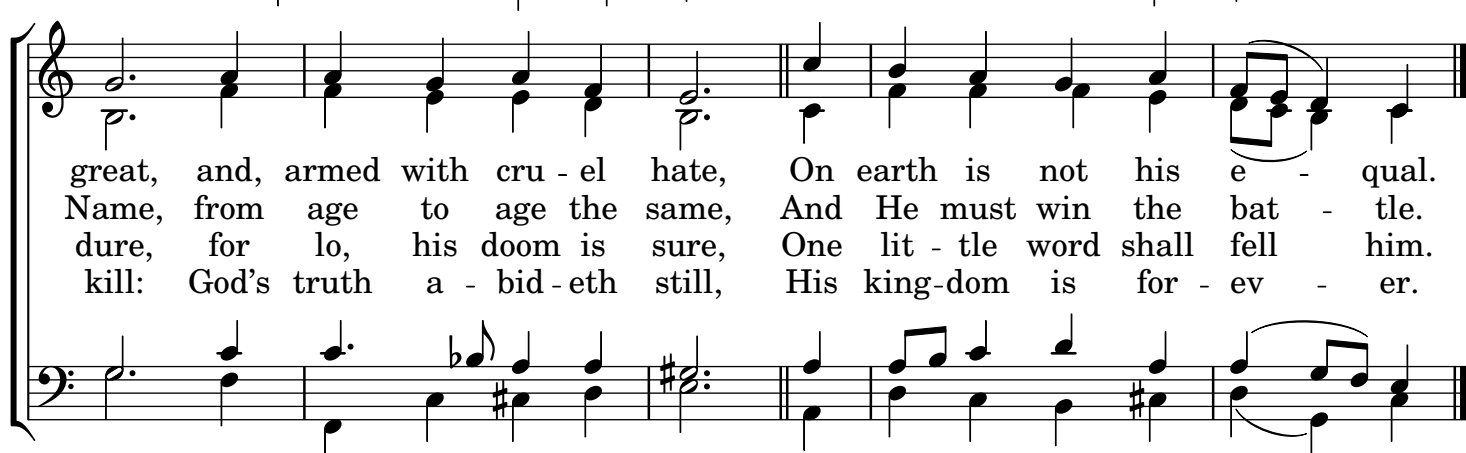
1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark ne - ver fail - ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be los - ing;
 3. And though this world, with de - vils filled, should threat - en to un - do us,
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them, a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



Our hel - per 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 tri - umph through us:
 The Spi - rit 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 pow'r are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba - oth, His
 The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en -
 Let goods and kind - red 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.

Ein feste burg

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