

A MIGHTY FORTRESS

(Ein' Feste Burg. P. M.)

Luther

Martin Luther

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be
 3. And tho' this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un -

fail - ing; Our help - er 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 will'd His

mor - tal ills pre - vail choos - ing. For still our an - cient
 Man of God's own choos - ing. us. Doth ask who that kind - may
 truth to tri - umph thro' us. Let goods and that kind - red

A MIGHTY FORTRESS (2)

foe be? go, Doth Christ This seek Je - sus, mor - tal to work it life his is al - woe; He! so; His Lord The craft and pow'r are great, And, name, From kill; God's

arm'd with cru - el hate; On earth is not his e - qual. age to age the same; And He must win the bat - tle. truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.

“The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer;
my God, my strength, in whom I will trust;
my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower.”

Psalms 18:2