

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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J. S. Bach

A migh - ty for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing. Our
 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be los - sing. Were
 And though this world with dev - ils filled should threat - en to un - do us, we
 That word a - bove us 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 - sing; 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 bo - dy they make

great, and are med 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 shal fell him
 kill, God's truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er