

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

EIN FESTE BURG (8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7)

Martin Luther, 1529

harm. J. S. Bach, 1628; alt.

Martin Luther, 1529

tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our
 3. And though this world with dev - ils filled, Should
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No

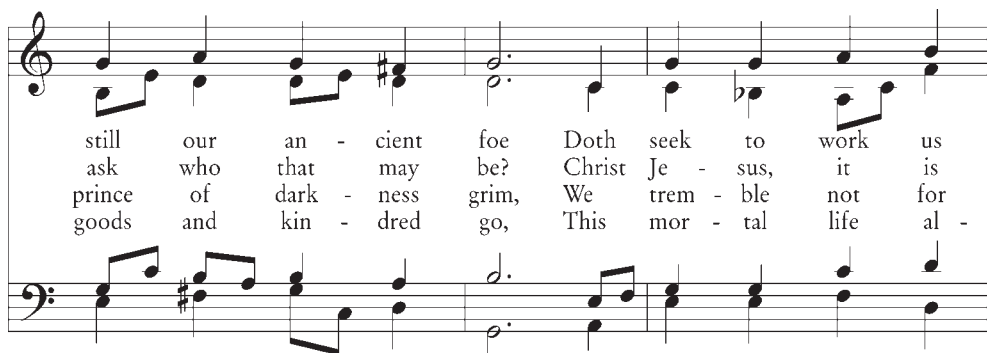


bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He a -
 striv - ing would be los - ing; Were not the right Man
 threat - en to un - do us, We will not fear for
 thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the

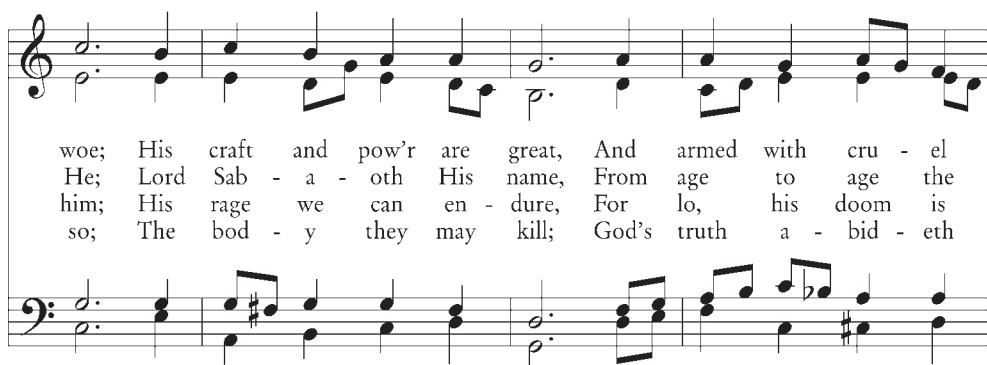


mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For
 on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing. Dost
 God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The
 gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth. Let

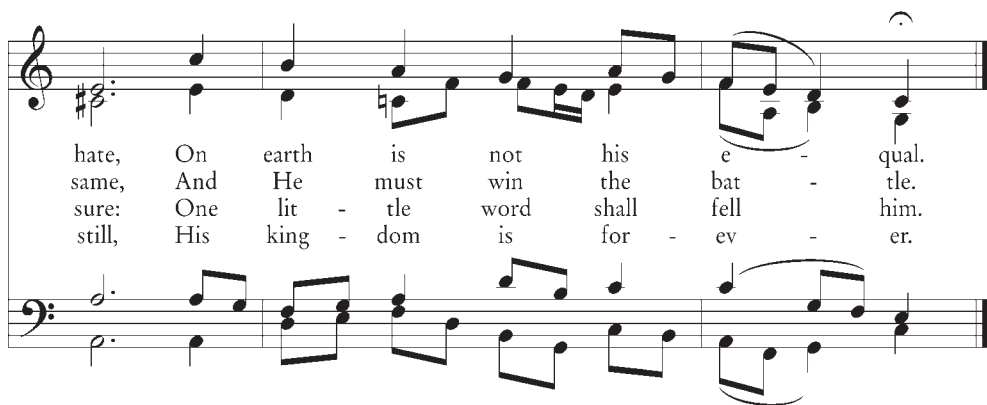
SUPPLICATION



still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is
prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for
goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al -



woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And armed with cru - el
He; Lord Sab - a - oth His name, From age to age the
him; His rage we can en - dure, For lo, his doom is
so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth



hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
same, And He must win the bat - tle.
sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.
still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.