

# A Mighty Fortress - Ein Feste Burg

Martin Luther

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1.A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er  
 2.Dis 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 in -  
 4.That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs no thanks to them a

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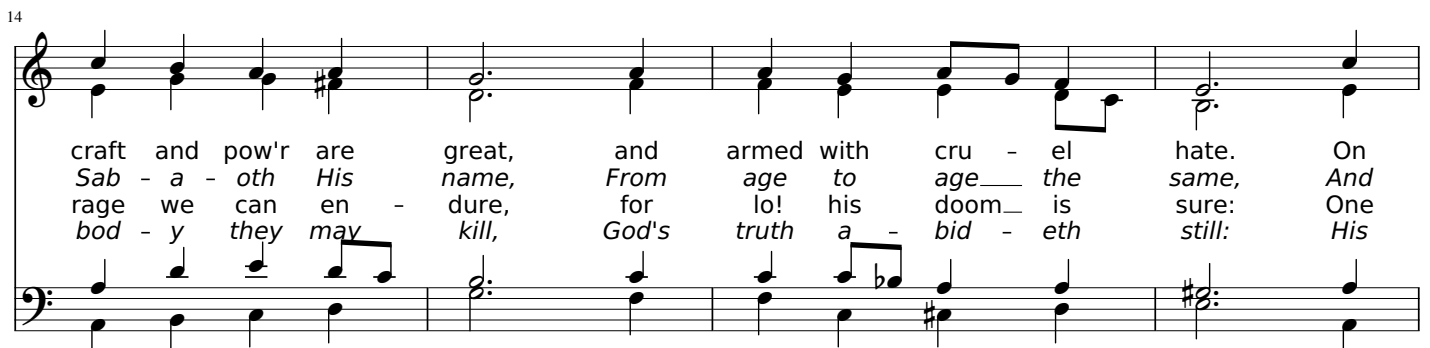
fail - ing; Our help - er He a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre -  
 los - ing, Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own  
 do - us, we will not fear for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph  
 bid - eth; The spir - it and the the gifts are ours Thrs Him who with us

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vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe doth seek to work us woe His  
 choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jes - us it s he Lord  
 thru us. The prince of dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him His  
 sid - eth, Let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so the

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craft and pow'r are great, and armed with cru - el hate. On  
 Sab - a - oth His name, From age to age the same, And  
 rage we can en - dure, for his doom is sure: One  
 bod - y they may kill, God's truth a - bid - eth still: His

earth he lit king is must tle dom not win word is his the shall for e bat fell ev qual tle. him er