

# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

M. Luther  
F. H. Hedge

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott

M. Luther  
J. S. Bach

$\text{♩} = 90$  C G C D G C F C Dm G C

A migh-ty for - tress is — our God, a bul - wark ne - ver fail - ing;  
 Did we in our — own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be los - ing,  
 And tho' this world, with de - vils filled, should threa - ten to un - do — us,  
 That word a - bove — all earth - ly pow'rs no thanks to them a - bid - eth;

6 C G C D G C F C Dm G C

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 has willed His truth to tri - umph thru' — us;  
 the Spi - rit and the gifts are ours thru' Him who with us sid - eth;

11 C G D G C G C F C Am D G

for still our an - cient foe does seek to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great,  
 you ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba - oth His name,  
 the prince of dark - ness grim, not for him; his rage we can en - dure,  
 let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill:

17 F Dm A Am G C Dm G C

and armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
 from age to age the same; and He must win the bat - tle.  
 for lo! his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell — him.  
 God's truth a - bid - eth still; His king - dom is for - e - ver!