

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God (Blue Hymnal, #656)

Public Domain. Words and music: Martin Luther.

[CAPO 3 (Bb) or CAPO 5 (C)]

[Chords]

G	D	Em	A	C	Am	B
==00==	X00==	0==000	00==0	0==0==	00==0	=====
					0	
0	X 0 0	0 0	0 0 0	0	0 0	0 0 0
0 0 0	0			0 0 0		
						0 0 0

[INTRO]

| Em G | C D G |

[VERSE 1]

G D Em A D Em G C D G
A might-y fort-ress is our God, A bul-wark ne-ver fai---ling;
G D Em A D Em G C D G
Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vai---ling;
Em A D G C Em
For still our an-cient foe doth seek to work us woe;
Em A D Em Am B
His craft and power are great, and, armed with cru-el hate,
Em G C D G
On earth is not his e---qual.

[VERSE 2]

Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing;
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabbaoth, His name, from age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

[VERSE 3]

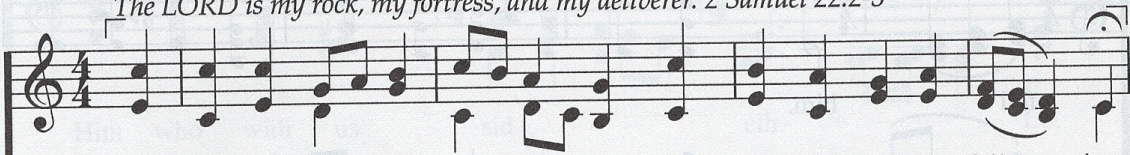
And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us:
The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure,
One little word shall fell him.

[VERSE 4]

That word above all earthly powers, No thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are ours Through Him Who with us sideth;
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
The body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,
His kingdom is forever.

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The LORD is my rock, my fortress, and my deliverer. 2 Samuel 22:2-3



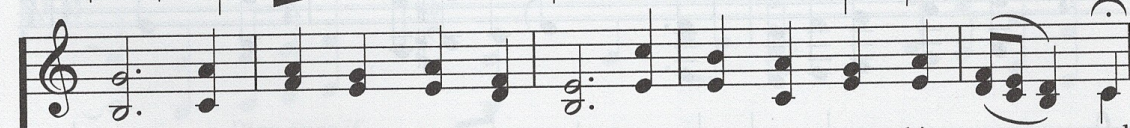
1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing;
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er 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:
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For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are
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