A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Music: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Heinrich Schütz, 1661
Text: Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

EIN' FESTE BURG

87.87.66.667.

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 threaten to un-do us,
4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow’rs, 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 chaos-ing.
We 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.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sab-a-
The prince of dark-ness grim—We trem-ble not for him; His rage we
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so. The bod- y

pow’r are great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-
oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
can en-dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell
they may kill; God’s truth a-bid-eth still. His king-dom is for-ev-er.

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