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A Mighty Fortress is our God

Martin Luther (German)
Trans. by Frederic H. Hedge

Martin Luther

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
striv - ing would be los - ing; Were
threat - en to un - do us, We
thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The

help - er He, a - mid the flood of
not the right Man on our side, the
will not fear, for God hath willed His
Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: For
Man of God's own choos - ing: Dost
truth to tri - umph through us: The
Him Who with us sid - eth: Let

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,
He; Lord Sab - a - oth, His Name, from
him; His rage we can en - dure, for
so; The bod - y they may kill: God's

armed with cru - el hate, On
age to age the same, And
lo, his doom is sure, One
truth a - bid - eth still, His

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