

# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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Martin Luther

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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 pow'rs No thanks to them a - bid - eth;

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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.  
We will not fear, for God hath willed His Truth to tri - umph through us.  
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

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For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great,  
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab - a - oth His name,  
The prince of dark - ness grim We trem - ble note for him; His rage we can en - dure,  
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y they may kill:

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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 - ev - er.