

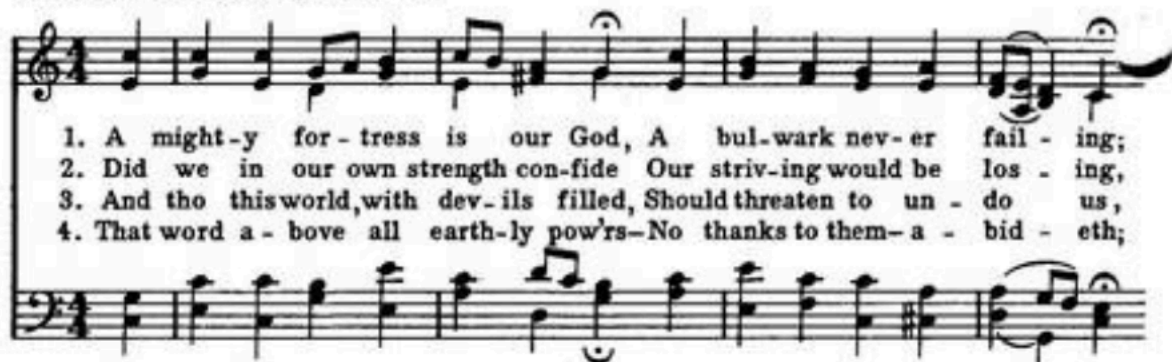
## A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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MARTIN LUTHER, 1483-1546

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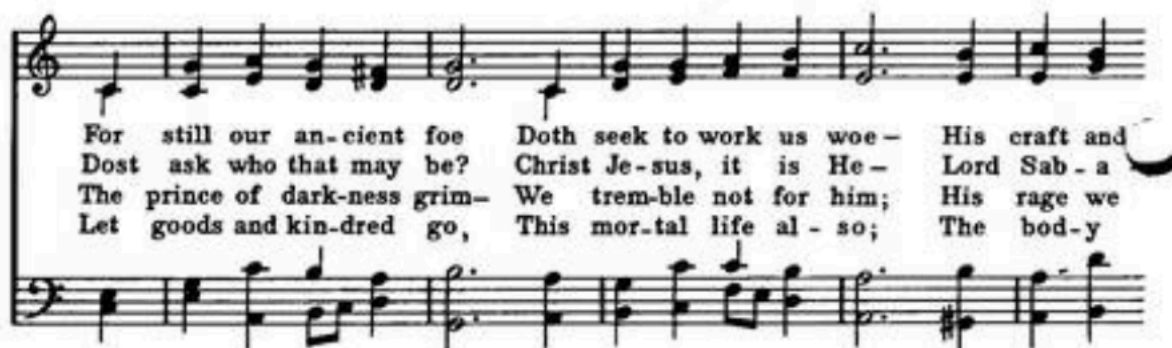
Trans. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1805-1890



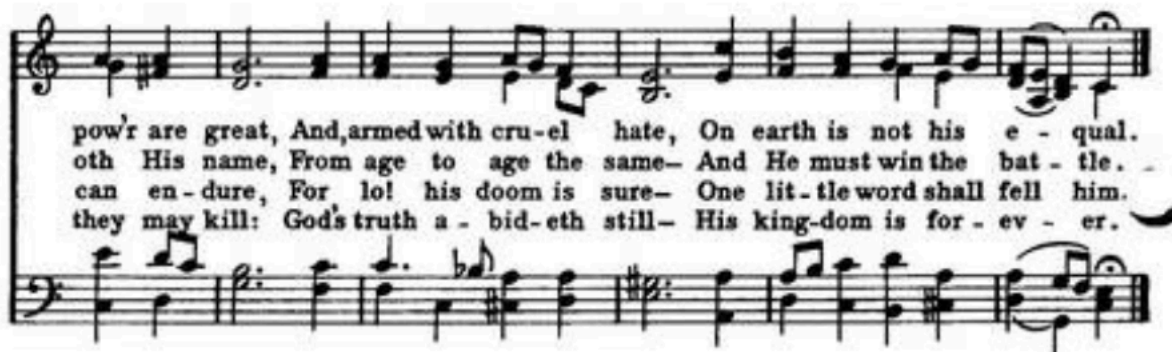
1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide Our striv-ing would be los-ing,  
 3. And tho this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,  
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs—No thanks to them—a-bid-eth;



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 choos-ing.  
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thru us.  
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thru 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-qual.  
 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 him.  
 they may kill: God's truth a-bid-eth still— His king-dom is for-ev-er.