

# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther

1. A migh - ty for - tress is our God, A bul - wark ne - ver fail - ing; Our  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our stri - ving would be lo - sing; Were  
3. And tho' this world, with de - vils filled, Should threa - ten to un - do us, We  
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bi - deth; The

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hel - per He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: For still our an - cient  
not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing: Dost ask who that may  
will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph thro' us: The Prince of Dark - ness  
Spi - rit and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us si - deth: Let goods and kin - dred

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foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And,  
be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sa - ba - oth, His name, From  
grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we can en - dure, For  
go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bo - dy they may kill: God's

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armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
lo, his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
truth a - bi - deth still, His king - dom is for - e - ver.