A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther, trans Frederic Hedge 1853

Martin Luther, 1529

1. A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing; Our Helper He, a midst the flood of mortal ills prevailing: For not the right Man on our side, the Man of God’s own choosing: Dost will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us: The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him who with us sideth: Let

2. Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing; Were not the right Man on our side, the Man of God’s own choosing: Dost will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us: The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him who with us sideth: Let

3. And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us, We still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great, and, ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He: Lord Sabaoth, His Name, from Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him; His rage we can endure, for goods and kindred go, this mortal life also; The body they may kill: God’s

4. That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, bidding; The goods and kindred go, this mortal life also; The body they may kill: God’s armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal. age to age the same, And He must win the battle. lo, his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him. truth abideth still, His kingdom is forever.

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