A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing; our helper he, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing. For still our ancient foe the Man of God's own choosing. You ask who that may be? his truth to triumph through us. The prince of darkness grim, through him who with us side. Let goods andkindred go,

Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing, were not the right Man on our side,

And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us, we will not fear, for God has willed them—abide eth; the Spirit and the gifts are ours

That Word above all earthly powers—no thanks to

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Words: Martin Luther, 1529; trans. Fredrick H. Hedge, 1852; based on Psalm 46
Tune: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Johann S. Bach, 1685-1750

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does seek to work us woe; his craft and power are great,
Christ Jesus, it is he; Lord Sabaoth his name,
we tremble not for him; his rage we can endure,
this mortal life also; the body they may kill:

and armed with cruel hate, on earth is not his equal.
from age to age the same; and he must win the battle.
for lo! his doom is sure; one little word shall fell him.
God's truth abideth still; his kingdom is forever!