A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
   our helper he amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing.

2 Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing;
   we will not fear, for God hath willed his truth to triumph through us.

3 And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,
   the Spirit and the gifts are ours thro' him who with us守护eth.

4 That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, a bideth;
   For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe; his craft and power are

   great, and, armed with cruel hate, on earth is not his equal.
   name, from age to age the same, and he must win the battle.

   Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he; Lord Sabaeth, his
   dure, for lo, his doom is sure; one little word shall fell him.

   The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him; his rage we can endure,
   kill: God's truth a bideth still; his kingdom is forever.

   Let goods and kinred go, this mortal life also; the body they may
   Text: Martin Luther (1483-1546);
   tr. Frederick H. Hedge (1805-1890)
   Tune: Martin Luther (1483-1546)

87 87 66 667

EIN' FESTE BURG

www.hymnary.org/text/a_mighty_fortress_is_our_god_a_bulwark

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit Hymnary.org as the source.