

A mighty fortress is our God

Hymnal 1982 no. 687, Melody: Ein feste Burg

M. Luther (1483-1546),
tr. F. H. Hedge (1805-1890)

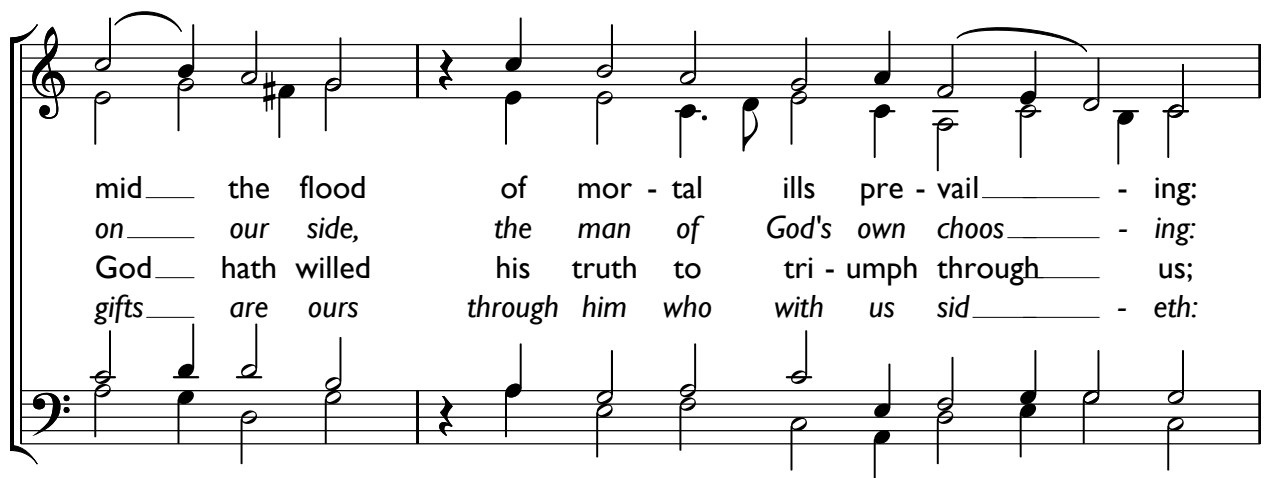
Mel.: M. Luther (1483-1546),
harm. H. L. Hassler (1564-1612)



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev -
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them,



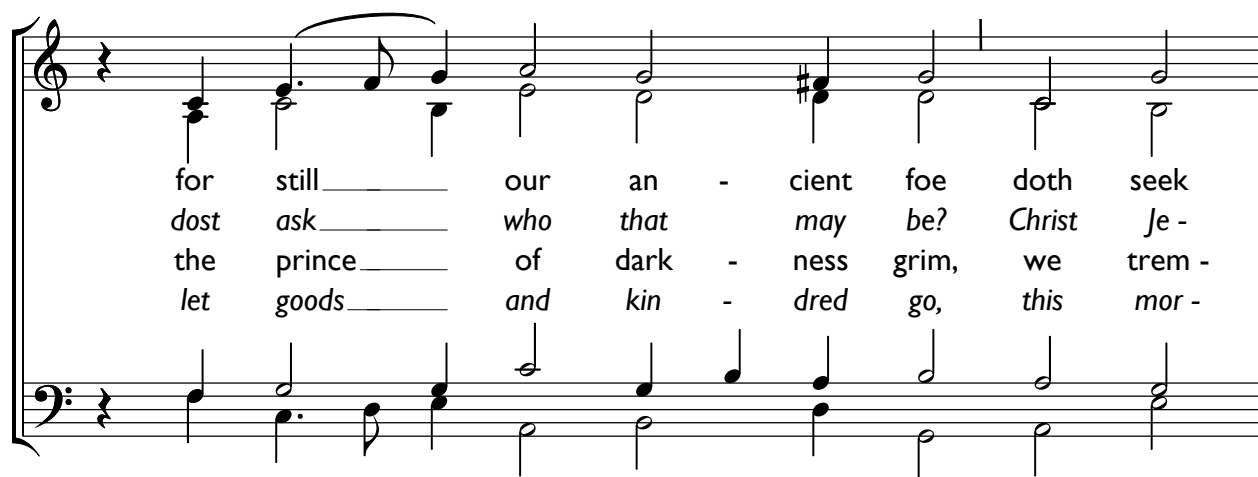
er fail - ing; our help - er he a -
be los - ing; were not the right man
un - do us; we will not fear, for
a - bid - eth; the Spi - rit and the



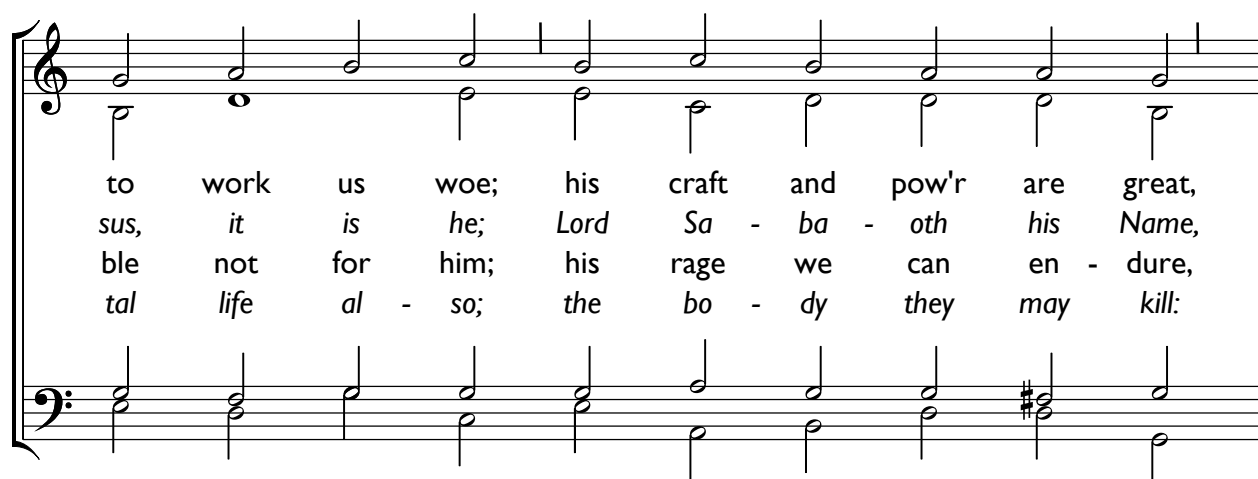
mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing:
on our side, the man of God's own choos - ing:
God hath willed his truth to tri - umph through us;
gifts are ours through him who with us sid - eth:

continued on next page

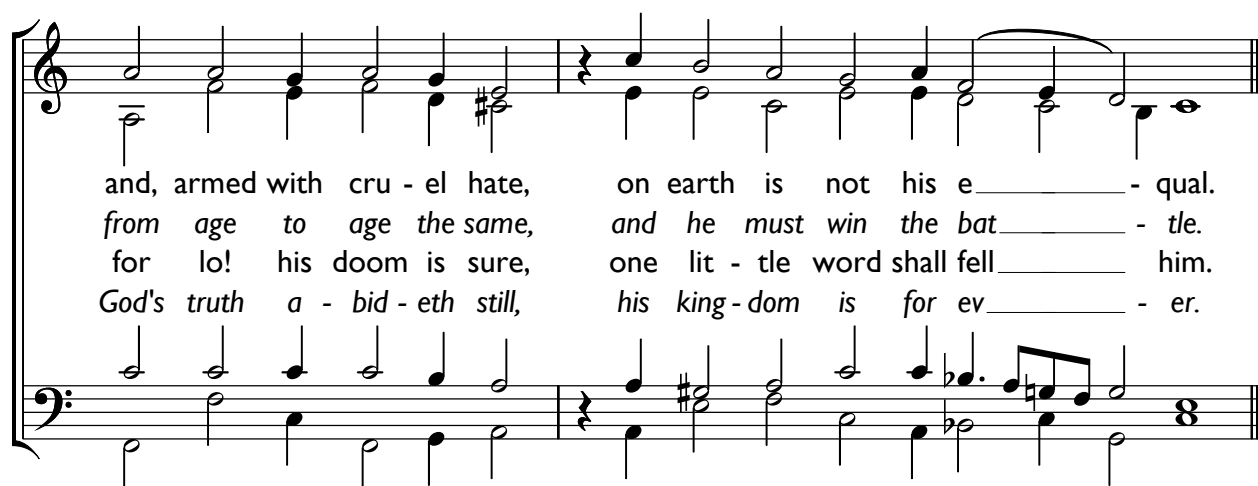
Hymnal 1982 no. 687 continued



for still _____ our an - cient foe doth seek
dost ask _____ who that may be? Christ Je -
the prince _____ of dark - ness grim, we trem -
let goods _____ and kin - dred go, this mor -



to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great,
sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his Name,
ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill:



and, armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.
for lo! his doom is sure, one lit - tle word shall fell him.
God's truth a - bid - eth still, his king - dom is for ev - er.