

A mighty fortress is our God

Hymnal 1982 no. 688, Melody: Ein feste Burg

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

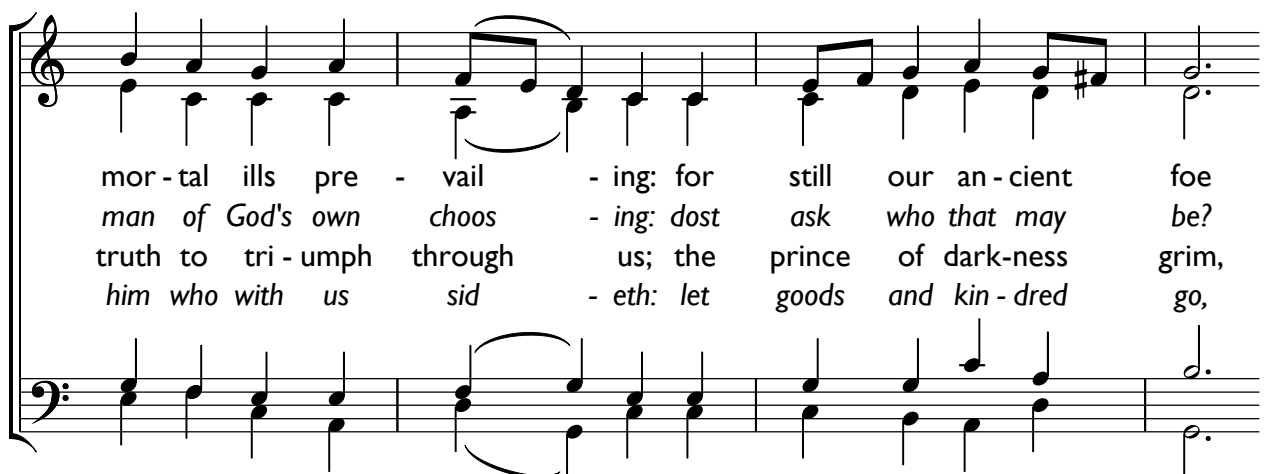
Mel.: M. Luther (1483-1546),
harm. J. S. Bach (1685-1750)



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



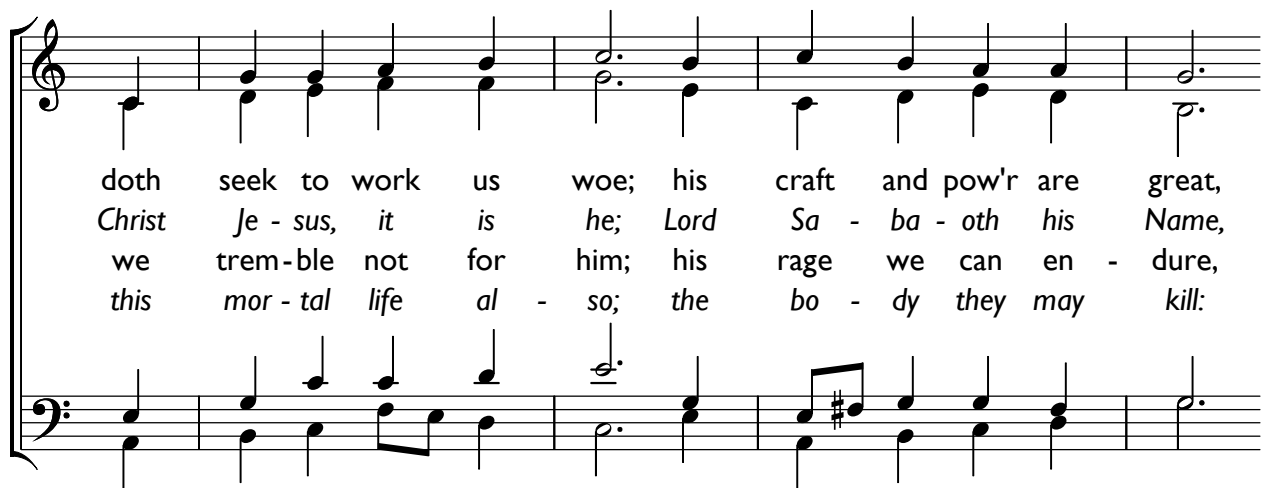
fail - ing; our help - er he a - mid the flood of
los - ing; were not the right man on our side, the
do us; we will not fear, for God hath willed his
bid - eth; the Spi - rit and the gifts are ours through



mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing: for still our an - cient foe
man of God's own choos - ing: dost ask who that may be?
truth to tri - umph through us; the prince of dark - ness grim,
him who with us sid - eth: let goods and kin - dred go,

continued on next page

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doth seek to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great,
 Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his Name,
 we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,
 this mor - 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.