

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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A migh - ty for - tress is our God, a bul-wark ne - ver fail - ing; our
Did we in our own strength con - fide, our stri - ving would be lo - sing; were
And though this world, with de - vils filled, should threa - ten to un - do us, we
That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs no thanks to them a - bi - deth; the

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hel - per he, a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient
not the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choos - ing. You ask who that may
will not fear, for God has willed his truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness
Spi - rit and the gifts are ours through him who with us si - deth. Let goods and kin - dred

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foe does seek to work us woe; his craft and po - wer are great,
be? Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his name, from
grim, we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure, for
go, this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill: God's

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and armed with cruel hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
age to age the same; and he must win the bat - tle.
lo! his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.
truth a - bi - deth still; his king - dom is for - e - ver!