

A Mighty Fortress

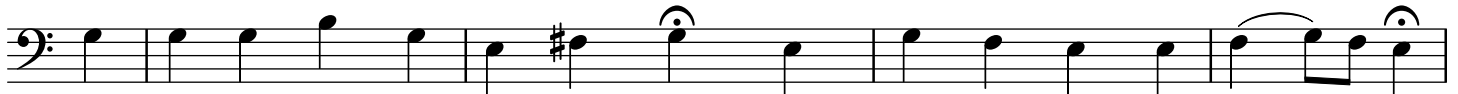
Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge (1852)

Tenor

Martin Luther (1529)



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing;
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing,
3. And through this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us,
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth;



Our help - er He, a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth;



For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He, Lord Sab - a -
The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for him; His rage we
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y



power are great; And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.