A Mighty Fortress

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 tho' this world, with e-vil filled, Should threat-en to un-do us;

Our help-er He, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail - ing.
Were not the right One on our side The Man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thru us.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is He; Lord Sab-aoth is His
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may

great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.
kill: God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.

Words by M. L. Tr. By F. H. Hedge
Music by Martin Luther