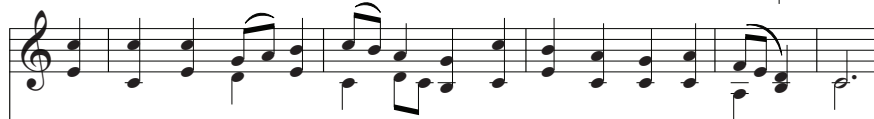


A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

EIN FESTE BURG



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 though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threaten to un - do us,
 4. That Word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs no thanks to them a - bid - eth;



our help - er He, a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 we were not the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choos - ing.
 we will not fear, for God has willed His truth to tri - umph through us.
 the Spir - it and the gifts are ours thro' Him who with us sid - eth.



For still our an - cient foe does seek to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are
 You ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; LORD Sab - a - oth His
 The prince of dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him; his rage we can en -
 Let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy 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.
 dure, for lo! his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.
 kill: God's truth a - bid - eth still; His king - dom is for - ev - er.



WORDS: Psalm 46; Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1852

8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7

MUSIC: Martin Luther, 1529; harm. Johann Sebastian Bach, 18th cent.

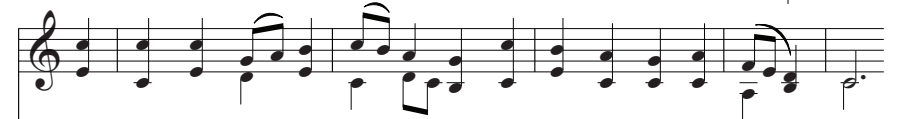
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