

A Mighty Fortress

H. Hedge, tr.

Martin Luther

mel.

1.) A might-y fort - ress 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 de - vils 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 man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing.
We will not fear, for God hath will'd, His truth to tri - umph through us.

mel.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work his woe: His craft and
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He! Lord Sa - baoth
Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al - so; The bod - y

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