

# A mighty fortress is our God

Hymnal 1982 no. 687, Melody: Ein feste Burg

M. Luther (1483-1546),  
tr. F. H. Hedge (1805-1890)

Mel.: M. Luther (1483-1546),  
harm. H. L. Hassler (1564-1612)

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev -  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would  
3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to  
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, no thanks to them,

er fail - ing; our help - er he a -  
be los - ing; were not the right man  
un - do us; we will not fear, for  
a - bid - eth; the Spi - rit and the

mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing:  
on our side, the man of God's own choos - ing:  
God hath willed his truth to tri - umph through us;  
gifts are ours through him who with us sid - eth:

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for still our an - cient foe doth seek  
dost ask who that may be? Christ Je -  
the prince of dark - ness grim, we trem -  
let goods and kin - dred go, this mor -

to work us woe; his craft and pow'r are great,  
sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba - oth his Name,  
ble not for him; his rage we can en - dure,  
tal life al - so; the bo - dy they may kill:"

and, armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.  
for lo! his doom is sure, one lit - tle word shall fell him.  
God's truth a - bid - eth still, his king - dom is for ev - er.