

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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Martin Luther
1529

Tenor

♩ = 100

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

5

Our help - er He a mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an -
We're not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that
We will not fear for God hath_willed, His truth to tri - umph thru - us. The prince of dark -
The Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thru Him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin

10

cient_ foe. Doth seek to work us woe His craft and pow'r are great,
may_ be? Christ Je - sus, it is He Lord Sab - a - oth His name,
ness_ grim, We trem - ble not for him, His rage we can en - dure,
dred_ go, This mor - tal life al - so, The bod - y they must kill;

15

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 - bi - deth still: His king - dom is for - eve - er.