A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Words and music by Martin Luther, 1529; tr. Frederic H. Hedge, 1853. Based on Psalm 46

1. A mighty fortress is our God. A bulwark never failing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing,
3. And tho' the world with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
4. That word above all earthly powers—No thanks to them—a bideth,

Our helper He, amid the flood Of mortal ills prevailing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us.
The Spirit and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sideth.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is
The prince of darkness grim—We tremble not for him; His rage we can
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mortal life al-so; The body they

are great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
en-dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell him.
can kill; God's truth a-bideth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.