

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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WORDS: Martin Luther, ca. 1529; trans. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853 (Ps. 46)

**1. A mighty fortress
is our God,
a bulwark never failing;
our helper he amid the flood
of mortal ills prevailing.**

**For still our ancient foe
doth seek to work us woe;
his craft and
power are great,
and armed with cruel hate,
on earth is not his equal.**

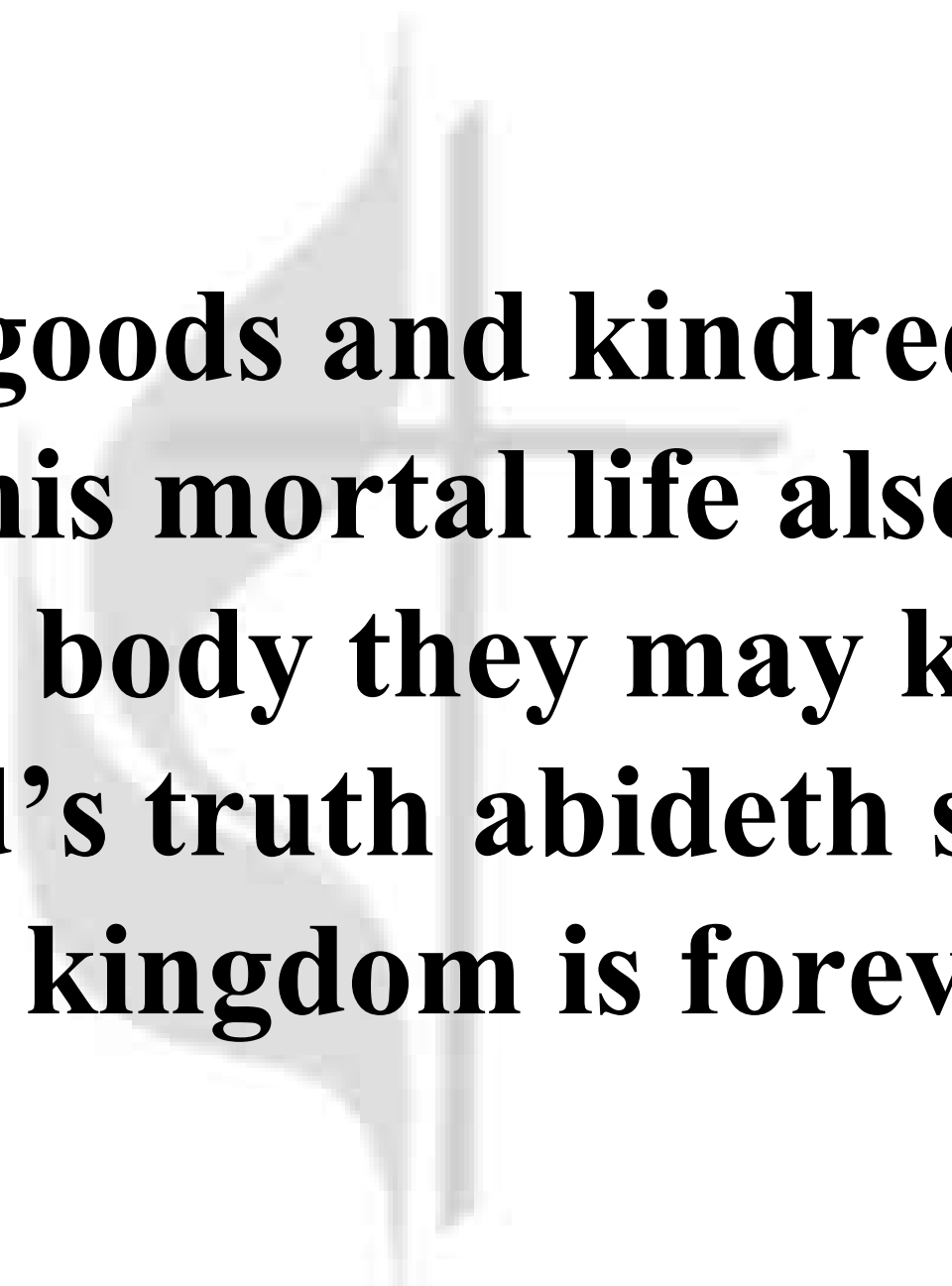
**2. Did we in our own
strength confide,
our striving would be losing,
were not the right man
on our side,
the man of God's
own choosing.**

**Dost ask who
that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is he;
Lord Sabaoth, his name,
from age to age the same,
and he must
win the battle.**

**3. And though this world,
with devils filled,
should threaten to undo us,
we will not fear,
for God hath willed
his truth to triumph
through us.**

**The Prince of
Darkness grim,
we tremble not for him;
his rage we can endure,
for lo, his doom is sure;
one little word
shall fell him.**

**4. That word above
all earthly powers,
no thanks to them, abideth;
the Spirit and
the gifts are ours,
thru him who
with us sideth.**



**Let goods and kindred go,
this mortal life also;
the body they may kill;
God's truth abideth still;
his kingdom is forever.**