

A MIGHTY FORTRESS IS OUR GOD

EIN' FESTE BURG, 8 7, 8 7, 5 5 6, 7
MARTIN LUTHER, 1529; TR. COMPOSITE, 1866

1. A might - y For - tress is our God,
2. With might of ours can naught be done,
3. Though dev - ils all the world should fill,
4. The Word they still shall let re - main,

A trust - y Shield and Weap - - on!
Soon were our loss ef - fect - - ed.
All watch - ing to de - vour us,
Nor an - y thanks have for it;

He helps us free from ev - 'ry need
But for us fights the Val - iant One,
We trem - ble not, we fear no ill,
He's by our side up - on the plain

That hath us now o'er - tak - - en.
Whom God Him - self e - lect - - ed.
They can - not o - ver - power us.
With His good gifts and Spi - - rit.

The old bit - ter foe
 Ask ye, Who is this?
 This world's prince may still
 Take they then our life,

Means us dead - ly woe;
 Je - sus Christ it is,
 Scowl fierce as he will;
 Goods, fame, child and wife,

Deep guile and great might
 Of Sa - ba - oth Lord,
 He can harm us none:
 When their worst is done,

Are his dread arms in fight:
 There is none oth - er God;
 He's judged, the deed is done.
 They yet have noth - ing won:

On earth is not his e - - qual.
 He holds the field for ev - - er.
 One lit - tle word o'er - throws him.
 The King - dom ours re - main - - eth.