A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Words: Martin Luther, 1529. Translation Frederic Henry Hedge, 1853.
Music: 'Ein Feste Burg (Isorhythmic)' Martin Luther, 1529. Setting: "Common Service Book" (ULCA), 1917, alt.
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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 though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,
4. That word above all earthly pow'rs, 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 through Him who with us sideth:

For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great,
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth, His name,
The Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him; His rage we can endure,
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also; The body they may kill:

and, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
from age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
for lo, his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him.
God's truth abideth still, His kingdom is forever.

\(\text{J} = 110\)