

# 275 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er  
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be  
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -  
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing. Our help - er he, a - mid the flood of  
 los - ing, were not the right man on our side, the  
 do us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his  
 bid - eth. The Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe doth  
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ  
 truth to tri - umph through us. The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we  
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go, this

seek to work us woe. His craft and power are great, and  
 Je - sus, it is he. Lord Sab - a - oth his name, from  
 trem - ble not for him. His rage we can en - dure, for  
 mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they may kill; God's

armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
 age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tie.  
 lo, his doom is sure. One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.