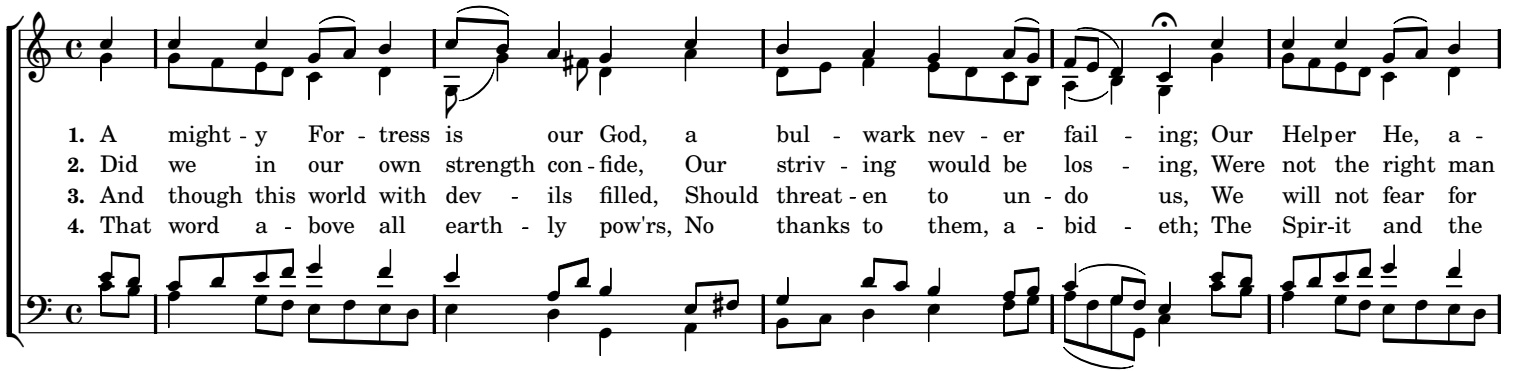


# 338. A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther, 1529

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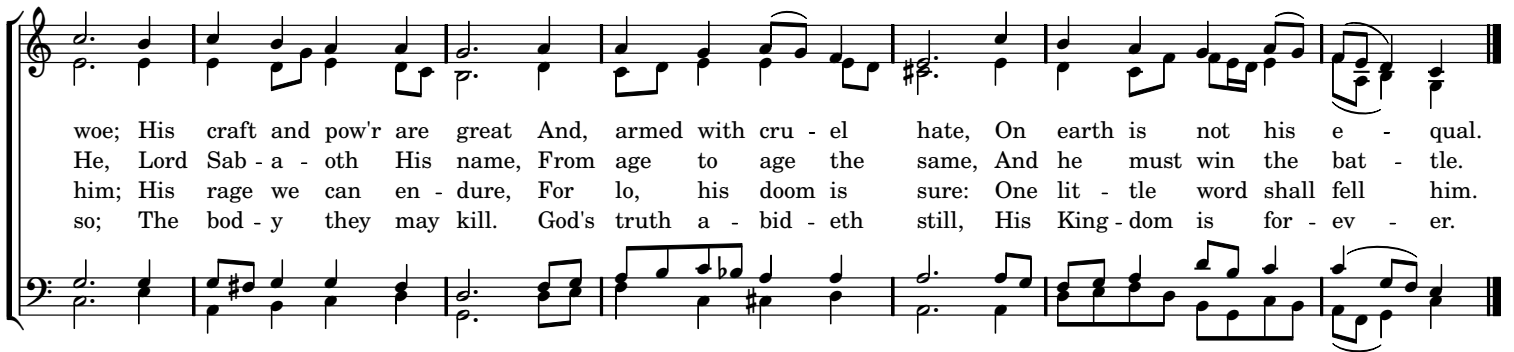
J. S. Bach, 1628



1. A might - y For - tress is our God, a bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our Helper He, a -  
2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing, Were not the right man  
3. And though this world with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us, We will not fear for  
4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the



mid the flood, Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us  
on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is  
God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for  
gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth; Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al -



woe; His craft and pow'r are great And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
He, Lord Sab - a - oth His name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat - tle.  
him; His rage we can en - dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
so; The bod - y they may kill. God's truth a - bid - eth still, His King - dom is for - ev - er.