

A Mighty Fortress

Martin Luther, 1483-1546

Trans. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1805-1890

Martin Luther

A migh-ty for-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
Did we in our own strength con-fide Our striv-ing would be los-ing,
And tho' this world, with de-mons filled, Should threat-en to un-do us,
That word a-bove all earth-ly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;

Our help-er He a-mid the flood Of mort-al ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us.
The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid-eth.

For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jes-us, it is He! Lord
The prince of dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him; His
Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The

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