

A Mighty Fortress Is My God

Martin Luther, 1483-1546

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Trans. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1805-1890

1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide Our
 3. And tho this world, with dev - ils filled, Should
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'rs - No

bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He a -
 striv - ing would be los - ing; Were not the right Man
 threat en to un - do us; We will not fear, for
 thanks to them - a - bid - eth; the Spir - it and the

mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For
 on our side, The Man of God's own choos - ing. Dost
 God hath are willed Thru His truth to tri - umph thro us. The
 gifts are ours Thru him who with us sid - eth. Let

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C/E Ami G/B D G Ami G/B C F G/D

still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
 ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is
 prince of dark - ness grim - We trem - ble not for
 goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al -

Ami E/G# Ami G/B C6 D7 G F

woe - His craft and pow'r are great, and,
 He - Lord Sab - a - oth His name, From
 him; - His rage we can en - dure, For
 so; The bod - y they may kill: God's

F C A/C# Dmi E Ami G7 F G7/B A7/C#

armed with cru - el hate, - On earth is not his
 age to age the same - And He must win the
 lo! his doom is sure - One lit - tle word shall
 truth a - bid eth still - His king - dom is for -

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Dmi G7 C

e bat fell ev
qual. - - -
tle. him er