

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God



1. A might - y for - tress is our God,
2. No strength of ours can match his might!
3. Though hordes of dev - ils fill the land
4. God's Word for - ev - er shall a - bide,



A sword and shield vic - to - rious, Who breaks the
We would be lost, re - ject - ed. But now a
All threat - 'ning to de - vour us, We trem - ble
No thanks to foes, who fear it; For God, our



cruel op - pres - sor's rod And wins sal - va - tion
cham - pion comes to fight, Whom God a - lone e -
not, un - moved we stand; They can - not o - ver -
Lord, fights by our side With weap - ons of the



glo - rious. The old sa - tan - ic foe
lect - ed. You ask who this may be?
pow'r us. Let this world's ty - rant rage;
Spir - it. Were they to take our house,



Has sworn to work us woe! With craft and
The Lord of hosts is he! Christ Je - sus,
In bat - tle we'll en - gage! His might is
Goods, hon - or, child, or spouse, Though life be



dread - ful might He arms him - self to fight.
might - y Lord, God's on - ly Son, a - dored.
doomed to fail; God's judge - ment must pre - vail!
wrenched a - way, They can - not win the day.

On earth he has no equal.
He holds the field victorious.
One little word subdues him.
The King - dom's ours for - ev - er!

Text: Psalm 46; *Ein' feste Burg ins unser Gott*; Martin Luther, 1483–1546; tr. © 1978, *Lutheran Book of Worship*, alt.
Tune: EIN' FESTE BURG, 8 7 8 7 6 6 6 6 7; Martin Luther, 1483–1546; harm by J. S. Bach, 1685–1750