A mighty fortress is our God.
Words: Martin Luther, 1529, Trans. Frederick Henry Hodge, 1852, Music: Ein' feste Burg

C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing;
C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
Our helper he, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing:
   C   D/F#   G   C   E   Am
For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe;
Am   D/F#   G   Am   Dm   E
His craft and power are great, and, armed with cruel hate,
Am   /G   F   C
On earth is not his equal.

C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing;
C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
Were not the right Man on our side, the Man of God's own choosing:
   C   D/F#   G   C   E   Am
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;
Am   D/F#   G   A   Dm   E
Lord Sabb-a-oth, His Name, from age to age the same,
   Am   /G   F   C
And He must win the battle.

C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us,
C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
We will not fear, for God hath willed his truth to triumph through us:
   C   D/F#   G   C   E   Am
the Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him;
Am   D/F#   G   Am   Dm   E
His rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is sure,
   Am   /G   F   C
one little word shall fell him.

C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, abideth;
C   Em   F   G   Am   Em   F   C
The Spirit and the gifts are ours through Him who with us sideth:
   C   D/F#   G   C   E   Am
Let goods and kindred go, this mortal life also;
Am   D/F#   G   Am   Dm   E
the body they may kill: God's truth abideth still,
   Am   /G   F   C
his kingdom is forever.