

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.