

# A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

## Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott

1. A might - ty for - tress is our God, a bul-wark ne - ver fail - ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, our stri-ving would be lo - sing,  
 3. And though this world, with de - vils filled, should threa-ten to un - do us,  
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a - bi - deth;

our hel - per he, a - mid the flood of mor - tal 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 Spi - rit and the gifts are ours, through him who with us si - deth.

For still our an - cient foe does seek to work us woe; his craft and  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he; Lord Sa - ba -  
 The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we trem - ble not for him; his rage we  
 Let goods and kin - dred go, this mor - tal life al - so; the bo - dy

power are great, and armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
 oth, his name, from age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.  
 can en - dure, for lo, his doom is sure; one lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 they may kill; God's truth a - bi-deth still; his king-dom is for - e - ver!

harm *The New Hymnal for American Youth*, 1930

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EIN' FESTE BURG

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Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott,  
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen;  
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not,  
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.  
Der alt' böse Feind,  
Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint,  
Gross' Macht und viel List  
Sein' grausam' Ruestung ist,  
Auf Erd' ist nicht seingleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht is nichts getan,  
Wir sind gar bald verloren;  
Es steit't für uns der rechte Mann,  
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.  
Fragst du, wer der ist?  
Er heisst Jesu Christ,  
Der Herr Zebaoth,  
Und ist kein andrer Gott,  
Das Feld muss er behalten.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär'  
Und wollt' uns gar verschlingen,  
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,  
Es soll uns doch gelingen.  
Der Fürst dieser Welt,  
Wie sau'r er sich stellt,  
Tut er uns doch nicht,  
Das macht, er ist gericht't,  
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn  
Und kein'n Dank dazu haben;  
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan  
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.  
Nehmen sie den Leib,  
Gut, Ehr', Kind und Weib:  
Lass fahren dahin,  
Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn,  
Das Reich muss uns doch bleiben.

A mighty fortress is our God,  
a bulwark never failing;  
our helper he amid the flood  
of mortal ills prevailing.  
For still our ancient foe  
doth seek to work us woe;  
his craft and power are great,  
and armed with cruel hate,  
on earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide,  
our striving would be losing,  
were not the right man on our side,  
the man of God's own choosing.  
Dost ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is he;  
Lord Sabaoth, his name,  
from age to age the same,  
and he must win the battle.

And though this world, with devils filled,  
should threaten to undo us,  
we will not fear, for God hath willed  
his truth to triumph through us.  
The Prince of Darkness grim,  
we tremble not for him;  
his rage we can endure,  
for lo, his doom is sure;  
one little word shall fell him.

That word above all earthly powers,  
no thanks to them, abideth;  
the Spirit and the gifts are ours,  
thru him who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
this mortal life also;  
the body they may kill;  
God's truth abideth still;  
his kingdom is forever.

—*Martin Luther, 1529*

