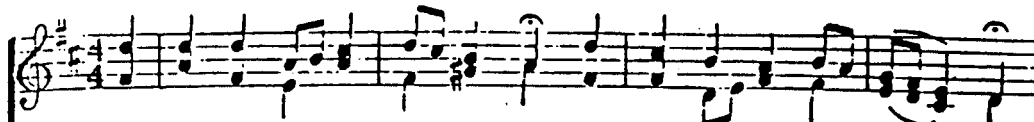


## A Mighty Fortress



M. L.

EIN' FESTE BURG



MARTIN LUTHER





1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail - ing;  
 2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striv-ing would be los - ing,  
 3. And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to un - do us,  
 4. That word a - bove all earthly powers—No thanks to them—a - bid - eth;

Our help-er He, a - mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre - val - 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 Spir - it and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth.

For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power  
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is He; Lord Sab-aoth is  
 The prince of darkness grim—We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can  
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al - so; The bod - y they

are great, And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.  
 His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.  
 en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure: One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
 may kill; God's truth a - bid-eth still, His king-dom is for - ev - er.

