

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther, 1529 (1483-1546)

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EIN' FESTE BURG 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.7.

C G Am D⁷ G Am Em F C Am Dm G⁷ C G

1. A mi - ghty for - tress is our God, A bul-wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help-er He, a -
 2. Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be lo - sing, Were not the right man
 3. And though this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us, We will not fear, for
 4. That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the

Am D⁷ G Am Em F C Am Dm G⁷ C Am G D⁷ G C F G⁷

mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us
 on our side, The man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is
 God hath willed His truth to tri - umph through us. The prince of dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for
 gifts are ours Through Him who with us sid - eth; Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al -

Am E⁷ Am D⁷ G F C Dm E⁷ Am Em F C Am Dm G⁷ C

woe; His craft and power are great; And armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - qual.
 He, Lord Sab - a - oth His name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat - tle.
 him; His rage we can en - dure, For lo! his doom is sure, One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 so; The bod - y they may kill; God's truth a - bid - eth still, His king - dom is for - ev - er.