

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

From Psalm 46

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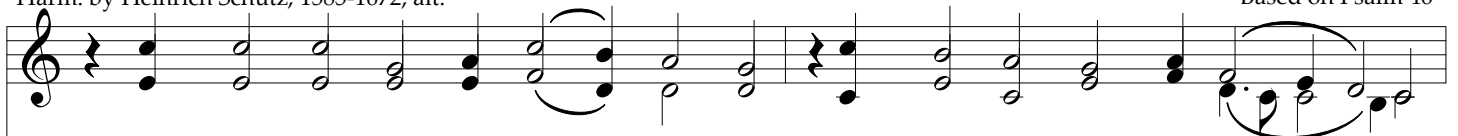
Martin Luther, 1483-1564

Harm. by Heinrich Schütz, 1585-1672, alt.

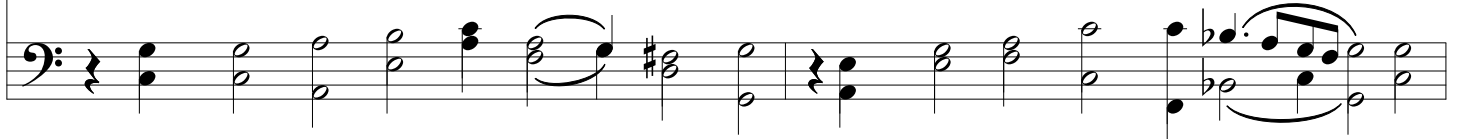
Martin Luther, 1483-1564

tr. Frederick H. Hedge, 1805-1890

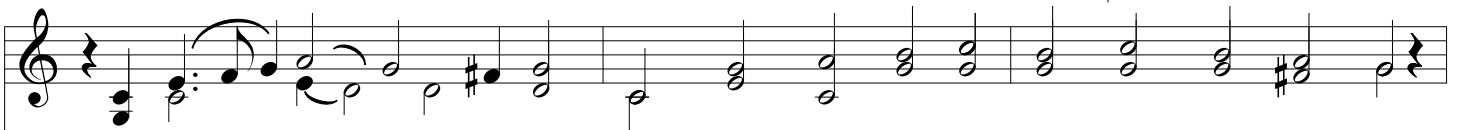
Based on Psalm 46



1. A might - y for - tress is our God, A trus - ty shield and weap - on.
2. With might of ours can naught be done, Soon were our loss ef - fect - ed;
3. Tho' dev - ils all the world should fill, All ea - ger to de - vour us,
4. The Word they still shall let re - main Nor an - y thanks have for it;



He helps us free from ev - ery need That hath us now o'er - ta - ken.
But for us fights the Val - iant One, Whom God Him - self e - lect - ed.
We trem - ble not, we fear no ill, They shall not o - ver - pow'r us.
He's by our side u - pon the plain With His good gifts and Spir - it.



The old e - vil foe Now means - dead - ly woe; Deep guile and great might
Ask ye, Who is This? Je - sus Christ it is, Of Sab - a - oth Lord,
This world's prince may still Scowl fierce as he will, He can harm us none,
And take they our life, Goods fame, child and wife, Let these all be gone,



Are His dread arms in fight; On earth is not his e - qual.
And there's none oth - er God: He holds the field for - ev - er.
He's judged, The deed is done: One lit - tle word can fell - him.
They yet have noth - ing won: The king - dom ours re - main - eth!

