**A Mighty Fortress**

**EIN' FESTE BURG**

Martin Luther, 1529

1. A mighty Fortress is our God, A Bulwark never failing; Our Helper he amidst the flood Of mortal ills prevailing. For not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing, Dost will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph through us. The Spirit and the gifts are ours Through him who with us sideth; Let still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are ask who that may be? Christ Jesus it is he, Lord Sabaoth his prince of darkness grim, We tremble not for him; His rage we can end goods and kindred go, This mortal life also; The body they may great; And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal. Name, From age to age the same, And he must win the battle. dure, For lo! his doom is sure; One little word shall fell him. kill: God's truth abideth still; His kingdom is forever.