1 A mighty fortress is our God,   A trusty
2 With might of ours can naught be done;  Soon were our
3 Though devils all the world should fill,  All eager
4 The Word they still shall let remain,  Nor any

shield and weapon;  He helps us free from ev’ry
loss effect ed.  But for us fights the valiant

to devour us,  We tremble not, we fear no
thanks have for it;  He’s by our side upon the

need  That has us now o’er taken.  The
one  Whom God himself elected.  You
ill;  They shall not overpow’r us.  This
plain  With his good gifts and Spirit.  And

old evil foe  Now means deadly woe;
ask,  “Who is this?”  Jesus Christ it is,
world’s prince may still  Scowl fierce as he will,
do what they will —  Hate, steal, hurt, or kill —
Deep guile and great might Are his dread arms in
The almighty Lord. And there’s no other
He can harm us none. He’s judged; the deed is
Though all may be gone, Our victory is

dead; On earth is not his equal.
God; He holds the field forever.
done! One little word can fell him.
won; The kingdom’s ours forever!

Text: Martin Luther, 1483-1546; tr. composite
Tune: Martin Luther, 1483-1546, alt.