

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Martin Luther (1483 - 1546)

Soprani
Alti




A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He, a -
Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing; Were not the right Man
And tho' this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us, We will not fear, for
That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'r's, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the

Tenori




8 A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - ing; Our help - er He, a -
Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be los - ing; Were not the right Man
And tho' this world, with dev - ils filled, Should threat - en to un - do us, We will not fear, for
That word a - bove all earth - ly pow'r's, No thanks to them, a - bid - eth; The Spir - it and the



Bassi


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 thro' us: The Prince of Dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for
gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth: Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al -



8 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 thro' us: The Prince of Dark - ness grim, We trem - ble not for
gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sid - eth: Let goods and kin - dred go, This mor - tal life al -

woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not His e - qual.
He; Lord Sa - ba - 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.



8 woe; His craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not His e - qual.
He; Lord Sa - ba - 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.

