

# 275 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark nev - er  
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be  
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -  
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing. Our help - er he, a - mid the flood of  
 los - ing, were not the right man on our side, the  
 do us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his  
 bid - eth. The Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe doth  
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ  
 truth to tri - umph through us. The Prince of Dark - ness grim, we  
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go, this

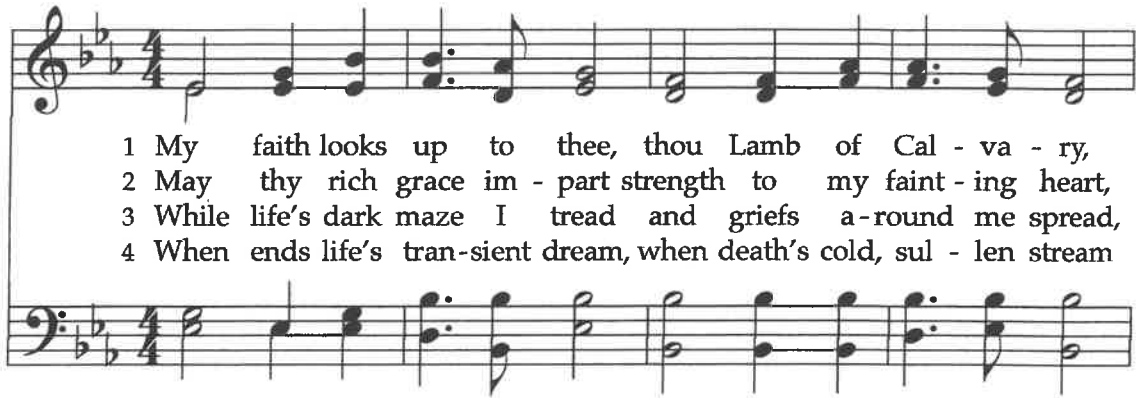
seek to work us woe. His craft and power are great, and  
 Je - sus, it is he. Lord Sab - a - oth his name, from  
 trem - ble not for him. His rage we can en - dure, for  
 mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they may kill; God's

Long before Isaac Watts began to Christianize the Psalms, Martin Luther had already done so when he created the text and tune for this, his most famous hymn, which is based on Psalm 46. Luther encouraged metrical versions of psalms as well as chanted psalms and new hymns.

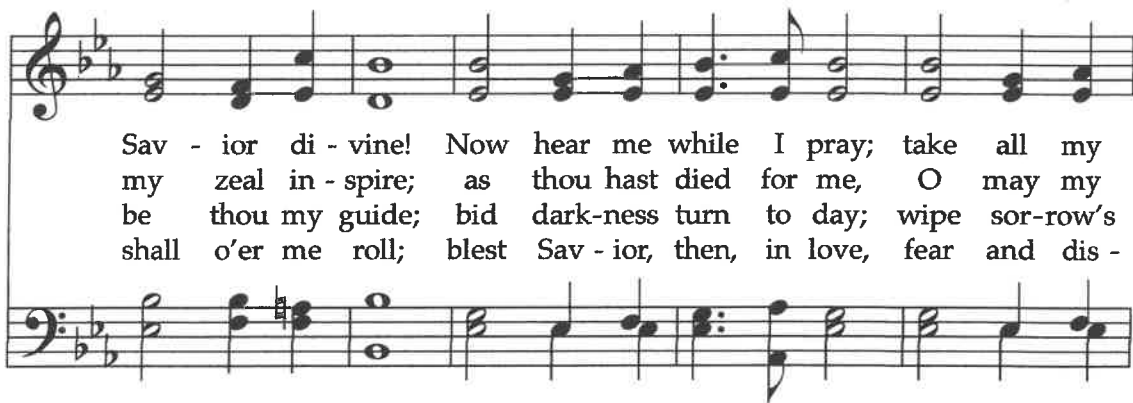
JESUS CHRIST: ASCENSION AND REIGN

armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.  
age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.  
lo, his doom is sure. One lit - tle word shall fell him.  
truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

# My Faith Looks Up to Thee 829



1 My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,  
 2 May thy rich grace im - part strength to my faint - ing heart,  
 3 While life's dark maze I tread and griefs a - round me spread,  
 4 When ends life's tran - sient dream, when death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray; take all my  
 my zeal in - spire; as thou hast died for me, O may my  
 be thou my guide; bid dark - ness turn to day; wipe sor - row's  
 shall o'er me roll; blest Sav - ior, then, in love, fear and dis -



guilt a - way; O let me from this day be whol - ly thine!  
 love to thee pure, warm, and change-less be, a liv - ing fire!  
 tears a - way; nor let me ev - er stray from thee a - side.  
 trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, a ran - somed soul!

Originally a poem of private reflection, this text was offered to the composer when he asked the author if he had written anything that could be set to music for a new hymn and tune collection. This was the first tune written for these words and has proved the most enduring.