

A Mighty Fortress

284

Ps 46

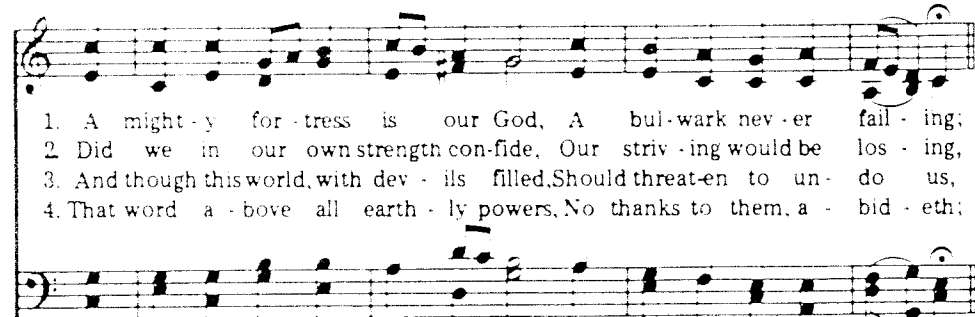
First Version

Martin Luther, 1529

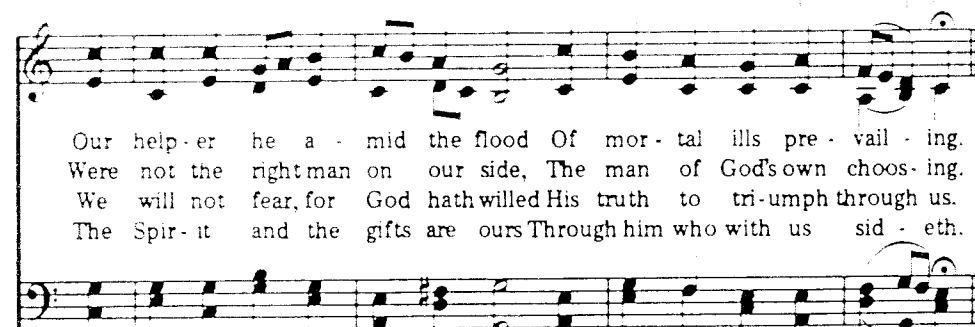
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Tr Frederick H Hedge, 1853

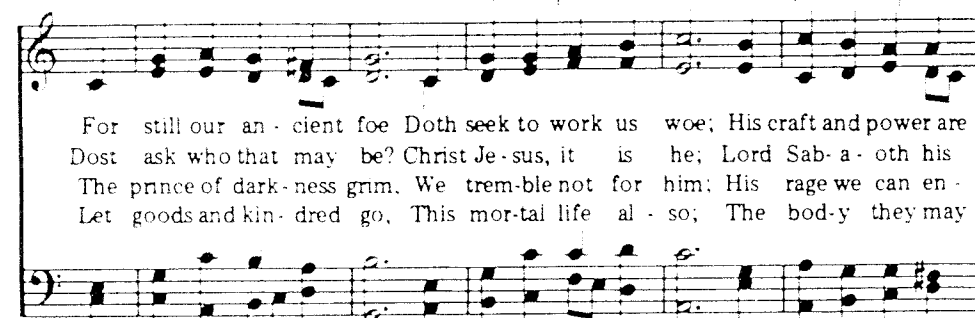
Martin Luther, 1529



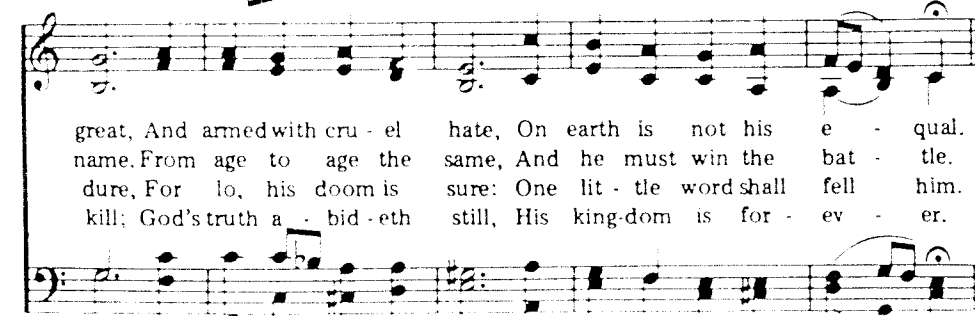
1. A might-y for-ress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing,
 3. And though this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us,
 4. That word a-bove all earth-ly powers, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;



Our help-er he a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own choos-ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Through him who with us sid-eth.



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is he; Lord Sab-a-oth his
 The prince of dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may



great, And armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
 name. From age to age the same, And he must win the bat-tle.
 dure, For lo, his doom is sure: One lit-tle word shall fell him.
 kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.

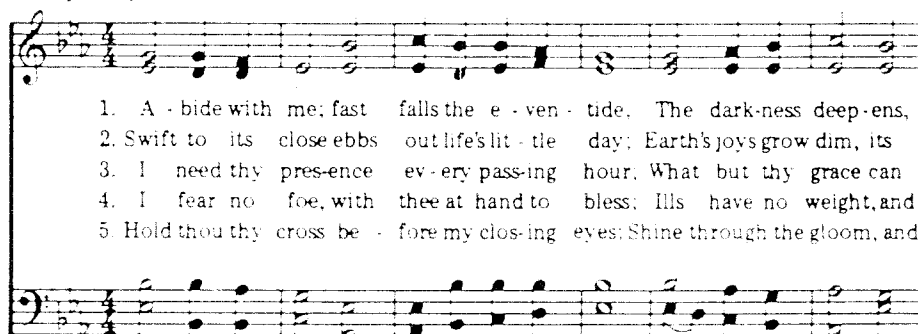
* Abide with Me

Luke 24:29

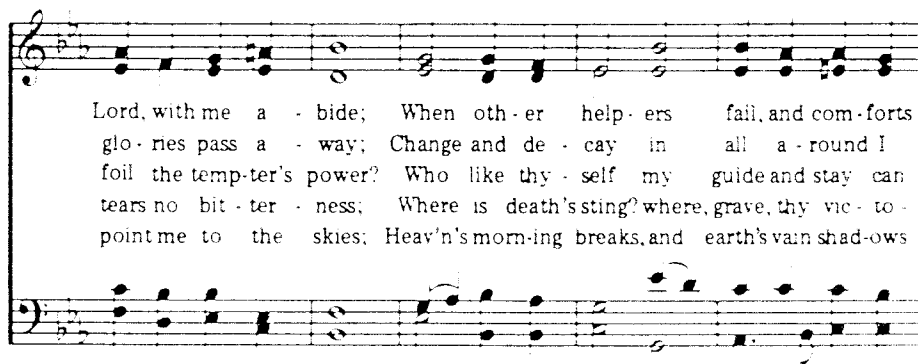
Henry F. Lyte, 1847, alt.

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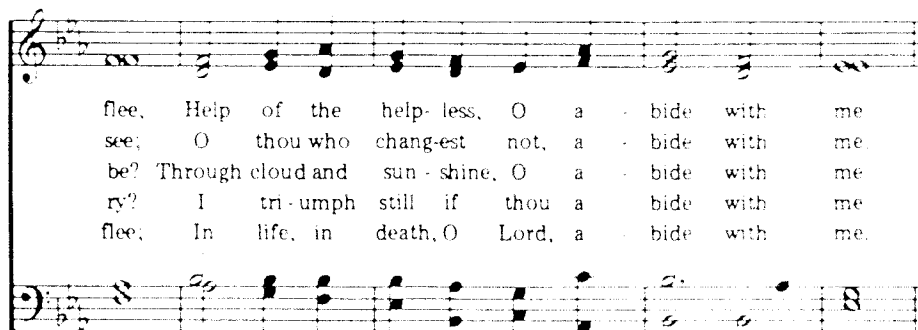
William H. Monk, 1861



1. A-bide with me; fast falls the e-ven-tide. The dark-ness deep-ens,
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its
 3. I need thy pres-ence ev-ery pass-ing hour. What but thy grace can
 4. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless; Ills have no weight, and
 5. Hold thou thy cross be-fore my clos-ing eyes; Shine through the gloom, and



Lord, with me a-bide; When oth-er help-ers fail, and com-forts
 glo-ries pass a-way; Change and de-cay in all a-round I
 foil the temp-ter's power? Who like thy-self my guide and stay can
 tears no bit-ter-ness; Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy vic-to-
 point me to the skies; Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shad-ows



flee, Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me
 see; O thou who chang-est not, a-bide with me
 be? Through cloud and sun-shine, O a-bide with me
 ry? I tri-umph still if thou a-bide with me
 flee, In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me.