

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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*Martin Luther, c. 1529**Ps. 46**Transl. Frederick H. Hedge, 1853; adapt. Ruth Duck, 1981*

1 A might - y for - tress 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 be - yond all earth - ly powers for - ev - er is a - bid - ing:

Our pres - ent help a - mid the flood of mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing.
 But there is one who takes our side, the One of God's own choos - ing.
 We will not fear for God has willed the truth to tri - umph through us.
 The Spir - it and the gifts are ours, for Christ is with us sid - ing.

For still our an - cient foe does seek to work us woe with craft and pow - er
 You ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus sets us free! With might - y power to
 The powers of e - vil grim, we trem - ble not for them; their 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 with - out an e - qual.
 save, vic - to - rious o'er the grave, Christ will pre - vail tri - um - phant.
 dure, for lo, their doom is sure: one lit - tle word shall fell them.
 kill; God's truth shall tri - umph still; God's reign en - dures for - ev - er.

There is speculation that this psalm paraphrase was written in 1527 when Martin Luther's friend was burned at the stake, or in 1529, when Lutheran German princes protested the revocation of their liberties. It has been translated into more than fifty languages.

Tune: EIN' FESTE BURG (isometric) 8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.

Martin Luther, c. 1529

Harm. The New Hymnal for American Youth, 1930; alt.

For another version, see 440

Forty Days and Forty Nights

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George Hunt Smytton, 1856; alt.

Matt. 4:1-11; Heb. 2:18

1 For - ty days and for - ty nights you were fast - ing in the wild;
2 Shall we not your sor - row share and from world - ly joys ab - stain,
3 Then if Sa - tan on us press, flesh or spir - it to as - sail,
4 So shall we have peace di - vine: ho - lier glad - ness ours shall be;
5 Keep, O keep us, Sav - ior dear, ev - er con - stant by your side;

For - ty days and for - ty nights tempt - ed, and yet un - de - filed.
Fast - ing with un - ceas - ing prayer, strong with you to suf - fer pain?
Vic - tor in the wil - der - ness, grant that we not faint or fail!
'Round us, too, shall an - gels shine, such as served you faith - ful - ly.
That with you we may ap - pear at the e - ter - nal Eas - ter - tide.

The son of a doctor in Bombay, George Hunt Smytton became a priest in the Church of England. He published several collections of verse. This hymn was one of three Lenten hymns that appeared in The Penny Post (1856).

Tune: HEINLEIN 7.7.7.
Attrib. to Martin Herbst, 1676

STRUGGLE AND CONFLICT

438

When Peace, Like a River
(It Is Well with My Soul)

Ps. 146; Col. 1:19-23; 2:13-14; 3 John 1:2

Horatio G. Spafford, 1873; alt.

1 When peace, like a riv - er, up - holds me each day, when
2 Though e - vil should tempt me, though tri - als should come, let
3 My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous thought— my
4 O God, speed the day that is filled with your light, when

sor - rows like sea bil - lows roll, What - ev - er my lot, you have
this blessed as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my
sin— not in part, but the whole— Is nailed to the cross and I
clouds are rolled back as a scroll; The trum - pet shall sound and the

Refrain

taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, and has paid life and blood for my soul: It is
bear it no more. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord, O my soul!
Lord shall ap - pear, "e - ven so"— it is well with my soul.

well with my soul, it is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well with my soul.

This hymn was written out of grief over the loss of the author's four daughters in the sinking of the SS Ville du Havre. After leaving his Chicago law practice, Horatio G. Spafford and his wife settled in Jerusalem.

Tune: VILLE DU HAVRE 11.8.11.9. with refrain
Philip P. Bliss, 1876