



Mighty Fortress is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God,
a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
of mortal ills prevailing.

For still our ancient foe
does seek to work his woe;
His craft and power are great,
and armed with cruel hate,
on earth is not his equal.

Did we in our own strength confide
Our striving would be losing
Were not the right Man on our side
The Man of God's own choosing

Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus it is He
The Lord of hosts His name
From age to age the same
And He must win the battle

And though this world with devils filled
Should threaten to undo us
We will not fear, for God hath willed
His truth to triumph through us

The prince of darkness grim
We tremble not for him
His rage we can endure
For lo his doom is sure
One little word shall fell him

That word above all earthly powers
No thanks to them abideth
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Him who with us sideth

Let goods and kindred go
This mortal life also
The body they may kill
God's truth abideth still
His kingdom is forever