A mighty fortress is our God A bulwark

**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
Doth seek to work us 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;
Lord Sabaoth, 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 our 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.**

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