A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

A mighty fortress is our God, a bul-wark of mortal ills prevailing. For still our ancient foe does 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 con-fide, our striv-ing be? Grim, we tremble not for him; his rage we can en-

And though this world, with dev-ils filled, should threat-en go, this mortal life also; the body they may

That Word a-bove all earth-ly powers—no thanks to from age to age the same; and for lo! his doom is sure; one

never fail-ing; our help-er he, a-mid the flood would be los-ing, were not the right Man on our side, to undo us, we will not fear, for God has willed them—a-bid-eth; the Spirit and the gifts are ours of mortal ills prevailing. For still our ancient foe does seek to work us woe; his craft and power are    great, and armed with cruel hate, on earth is not his equal.

Though Christ Jesus, it is he; Lord Sa-ba-oth his    name, from age to age the same; and for lo! his doom is sure; one

This Man of God's own choos-ing. You ask whothat may his truth to tri-umph through us. The prince of darkness through him who with us sid-eth. Let goods and kindred the Man of God's own choos-ing. You ask whothat may his truth to tri-umph through us. The prince of darkness through him who with us sid-eth. Let goods and kindred