1. A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing; our helper he, a
   2. Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing, were not the right, man
   3. And though this world, with devils filled, should threaten to undo us, we will not fear, for
   4. That word above all earthly powers, no thanks to them, a bide; the Spirit and the

mid the flood of mortal ills prevailing. For on our side, the man of God's own choosing. Dost God, hath willed his truth to triumph through us. The gifts are ours, through him who with us side. Let

still our ancient foe does seek to work us woe; his ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he; Lord Prince of Darkness grim, we tremble not for him; his goods and kindred go, this mortal life also; the craft and power are great, and armed with cruel rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is body they may kill; God's truth a bide

hate, on earth is not his equal. same, and he must win the battle. sure; one little word shall fell him. still; his kingdom is for ever!