A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing; Our helper He, a-striking would be losing; Were not the right Man threatening to undo us, We will not fear for thanks to them, a-bideth; 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 thro' us: The gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sildeth: Let

2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our bulwark never failing; Our helper He, a-striking would be losing; Were not the right Man threatening to undo us, We will not fear for thanks to them, a-bideth; 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 thro' us: The gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sildeth: Let

3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Prince of Dark-ness grim, We tremble not for him; His goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-so; The craft and pow'r are great, And, armed with cruel

4. That word above all earthly powers, No bulwark never failing; Our helper He, a-striking would be losing; Were not the right Man threatening to undo us, We will not fear for thanks to them, a-bideth; 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 thro' us: The gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sildeth: Let

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