A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A mighty fortress is our God, a bulwark never failing; our helper he, a striving would be losing, were not the right man threathen to undo us, we will not fear for thanks to them, a bide: the Spirit and the

2 Did we in our own strength confide, our 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

3 And though 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 also; the

4 That word above all earthly powers, no craft and power are great, and, armed with cruel Saba-th, his name, from age to age the rage we can endure, for lo, his doom is body they may kill: God’s truth a bide: the

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