

A Mighty Fortress is Our God

1. A might-y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er fail - - ing;
Our help-er He, a-midst the flood Of mor - tal ills pre-vail - - ing.
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
great, And, armed with cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - - qual.

2. Did we in our own strength confide, our striving would be losing;
Were not the right Man by our side, the Man of God's own choosing.

Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Saboath is His name, From age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3. 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 fail him.

4. That word above all earthly pow'rs, no thanks to them, abideth;
The Spirit and the gifts are 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.