A Mighty Fortress

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing;
   Our helper He, amid the flood of mortal ills prevailing.
2. Did we in our own strength confide Our striving would be losing;
   Were not the right on our side, The Man of God's own choosing.
3. And tho' this world, with evil filled, Should threaten to undo us;
   We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to triumph thru us.
4. That word above all earthly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bideth;
   The Spirit and the gifts are ours Thru Him who with us sideth.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are
Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth is His
Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life also; The body they may
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great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
name, From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.
kill: God's truth a-bideth still, His kingdom is forever.
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