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 though this world, with ev'ry 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;
   For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are

   great, And, armed with cruel hate, On earth is not his equal.
   From age to age the same, And He must win the battle.

Music by Martin Luther

Words by M. L. Tr. By F. H. Hedge

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