A Mighty Fortress

1. A might-y for-tress is our God, A bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
Our help-er He, a-mid 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 con-fide Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
Were not the right One on our side The Man of God’s own choos-ing. name, From age to age the same, And He must win the bat-tle.

3. And tho’ this world, with e-vil filled, Should threat-en to un-do us;
We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph thru us. kill: God’s truth a-bid-eth still, His king-dom is for-ev-er.

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