A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing; Our helper He amid the flood Of mortal ills prevailing: For still our ancient foe doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, age to age the same, And He must win the battle.

2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be lost, Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing: Dost ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is He; Lord Sabaoth, His name, From His own bosom coming, Like to His Father only, Lo, his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him. And to that doom he yields himself, His kingdom is forever.

3. And tho' this world, with devils filled, Should threaten us with evil, Spiri-t and the gifts are ours Thro' Him who with us sith: Let goods and kindred perish, Fool, doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are great, And, armed with cruel hate, age to age the same, And He must win the battle.

4. That word above all earthly pow'rs, No thanks to them, a-bideth; The truth a-bideth still, His kingdom is forever.

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