A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1. A mighty fortress is our God, A bulwark never failing: Our helper, helper 'mid 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, On earth is not his equal.

2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing; Our toils unprofitable were, It seemed our truth was slaying, Our holy work no fruit bringeth, The Prince of Darkness winning. Truth’s bane, lo, his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him.

3. And tho’ this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us, We will with our Driver fight The sheets of death will not undo us, For lo, his doom is sure, One little word shall fell him.

4. That word above all earthly pow’rs, No thanks to them, a bidental; The sword of Christ, the mouth of Him who with us doth fight, The sword of Christ, the mouth of Him who with us doth fight, The Prince of Darkness winning. True truth a bidental still, His kingdom is forever.

Martin Luther

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