

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,  
On earth is not his equal.

2 Did we in our own strength confide,  
Our striving would be losing:  
Were not the right Man on our side,  
The Man of God's own choosing.  
You ask who that may be?  
Christ Jesus, it is He.  
'The Lord of Hosts'—His name,  
From age to age the same,  
And He must win the battle.

3 And though this world with devils filled  
Should threaten to o'erpower us,  
We will not fear, for God has willed  
His Truth shall triumph through us.  
The prince of darkness grim,  
We tremble not at him!  
His rage we can endure,  
For soon his doom is sure:  
One word from God shall fell him.

*PTO*

4 God's Word, above all earthly powers  
(No thanks to them) abideth;  
The Spirit and His gifts are ours  
Through Christ, Who with us sideth.  
Let goods and kindred go,  
This mortal life also,  
The body they may kill:  
God's Truth abideth still,  
His kingdom stands for ever!

*Martin Luther, 1483-1546,  
tr Frederick Hedge, 1805-90*