

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

Brian Doerksen

A mighty fortress is our God
A stronghold never failing
Our helper He amid the flood
Of mortal ills prevailing
For still our ancient foe
Conspires to work us woe
His craft and power are great
And armed with bitter hate
On earth is not his equal

If we in our own strength confide
Our striving would be losing
Unless God's man is 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

And though this world, with devils filled

Should threaten to undo us
We will not fear, for God has willed
His truth to triumph through us
The Prince of Darkness grim
We tremble not for him
His rage we can endure
For lo, his doom is sure
God's word shall overthrow him

That word above all earthly powers
Is evermore abiding
The Spirit and the gifts are ours
Through Jesus with us siding
Let goods and kindred go
This mortal life also
The body they may kill
God's truth is with us still
His kingdom is forever