

A Mighty Fortress

19

Martin Luther, 1483-1546

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.
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.
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He!
Lord Sabaoth His name,
From age to age the same.
And He must win the battle.

*The LORD is my rock, and my fortress,
and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in
whom I will trust; my buckler, and the
horn of my salvation, and my high tower.*

Psalm 18:2