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**A Mighty Fortress is Our God
Hymns for the Pilgrim People**

{verse 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 pow'r are great, And armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

{verse 4}

That word above all earthly powers,
No thanks to them, abideth;
The spirit and the gifts are ours
Through him 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 is forever.