

October 26th 2025

A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

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.

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.

And though this world, with devils filled, Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath 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,
One little word shall fell him.

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. AMEN.

The Church's One Foundation

The church's one foundation Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her To be His holy bride;
With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation, Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation One Lord, one faith, one birth:
One holy Name she blesses, Partakes one holy food,
And to one hope she presses, With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder The world sees her oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder, By heresies distressed,

Yet saints their watch are keeping, Their cry goes up, "How long?"
And soon the night of weeping Shall be the morn of song.

'Mid toil and tribulation, And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation Of peace forevermore;
Till with the vision glorious Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious Shall be the Church at rest. AMEN.

O God, Our Help In Ages Past

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast, And our eternal home:

Under the shadow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone, And our defense is sure.

Before the hills in order stood Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God, To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream, Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past, Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guide while life shall last, And our eternal home. AMEN.