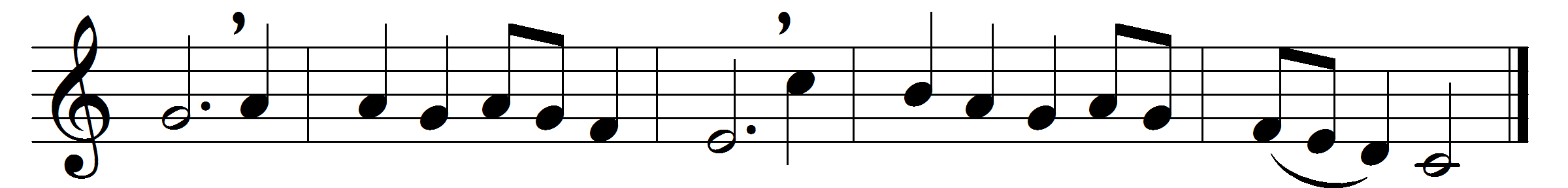
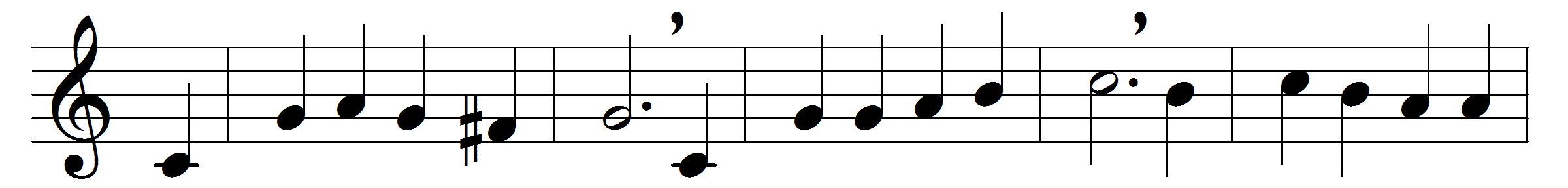
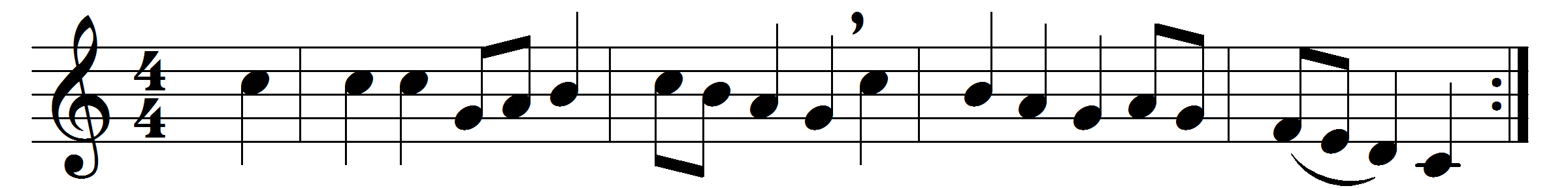
A safe stronghold our God is still AMNS 114 Melody: Ein’ feste Burg 8 7. 8 7. 6 6. 6 6 7.



A safe stronghold our God is still,  
a trusty shield and weapon;  
he’ll keep us clear from all the ill  
that hath us now o’ertaken.  
The ancient prince of hell  
hath risen with purpose fell;  
strong mail of craft and power  
he weareth in this hour;  
on earth is not his fellow.

With force of arms we nothing can,  
full soon were we down-ridden;  
but for us fights the proper Man,  
whom God himself hath bidden.  
Ask ye, Who is this same?  
Christ Jesus is his name,  
the Lord Sabaoth’s Son;  
he, and no other one,  
shall conquer in the battle.

And were this world all devils o’er,  
and watching to devour us,  
we lay it not to heart so sore;  
not they can overpower us.  
And let the prince of ill  
look grim as e’er he will,  
he harms us not a whit;  
for why? his doom is writ;  
a word shall quickly slay him.

God’s word, for all their craft and force,  
one moment will not linger,  
but, spite of hell, shall have its course;  
’tis written by his finger.  
And though they take our life,  
goods, honour, children, wife,  
yet is their profit small;  
these things shall vanish all:  
the City of God remaineth.

Words: Martin Luther (1483-1546), translated by Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

Music: Melody by Martin Luther