

A Safe Stronghold Our God Is Still  
Martin Luther, 1529.

A safe stronghold our God is still,  
A trusty shield and weapon;  
He'll help 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, honor, children, wife,  
Yet is their profit small;  
These things shall vanish all:  
The City of God remaineth!