

God Is a Stronghold and a Tower  
Martin Luther, 1529.

God is a stronghold and a tower,  
A help that never faileth,  
A covering shield, a sword of power,  
When Satan's host assaileth.  
In vain our crafty foe  
Still strives to work us woe,  
Still lurks and lies in wait  
With more than earthly hate;  
We will not faint, nor tremble.

Frail sinners are we: naught remains  
For hope or consolation,  
Save in His strength whom God ordains  
Our Captain of salvation.  
Yes, Jesus Christ alone  
The Lord of hosts we own,  
God ere the world began,  
The Word-made-flesh for man,  
Still conquering, and to conquer.

Though fiercely strive the hosts of ill  
Within us, and around us,  
With fiendish strength, and fiendish skill,  
Yet ne'er may they confound us.  
Man's night of dark despair,  
When storm clouds fill the air,  
In God's triumphal hour,  
The noonday of His power,  
One word, and He prevailleth.

Our Father's truth abideth sure;  
Christ, our Redeemer, liveth;  
For us He pleads His offering pure,  
To us His Spirit giveth.  
Though dear ones pass away,  
Though strength and life decay,  
Yet loss shall be our gain,  
For God doth still remain  
Our All-in-all forever.