

A safe stronghold our God is still

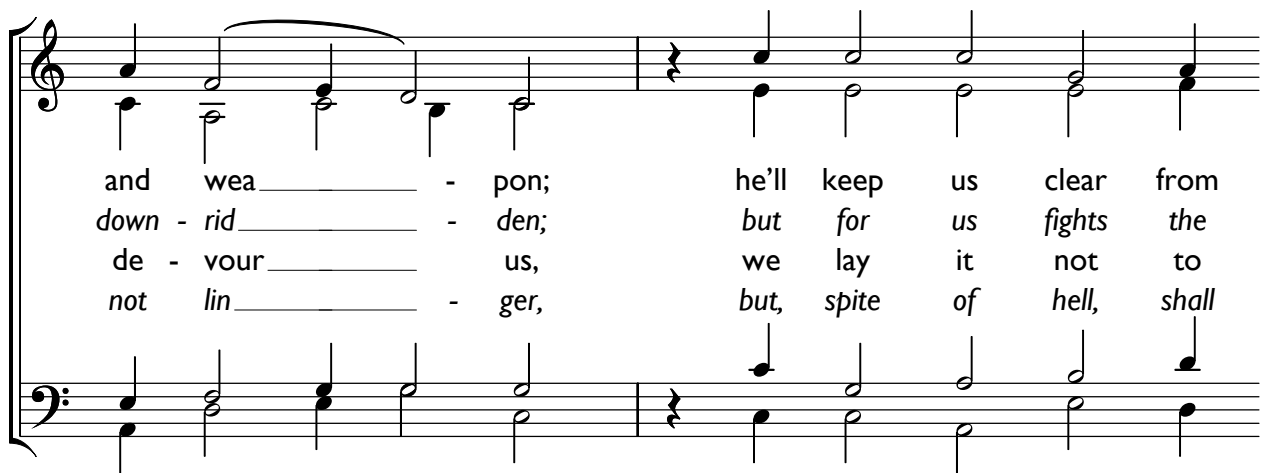
Hymnal 1982 no. 687, Melody: Ein feste Burg
Words from AMNS

M. Luther (1483-1546),
tr. Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

Mel.: M. Luther (1483-1546),
harm. H. L. Hassler (1564-1612)



1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, a trust-y shield
2. With force of arms we no-thing can, full soon were we
3. And were this world all dev-ils o'er, and watch-ing to
4. God's word, for all their craft and force, one mo-ment will



and wea-pon; he'll keep us clear from
down-rid-den; but for us fights the
de-vour us, we lay it not to
not lin-ger, but, spite of hell, shall



all the ill that hath us now o'er-tak-en.
pro-per Man, whom God him-self hath bid-den.
heart so sore; not they can ov-er-pow'r us.
have its course; 'tis writ-ten by his fin-ger.

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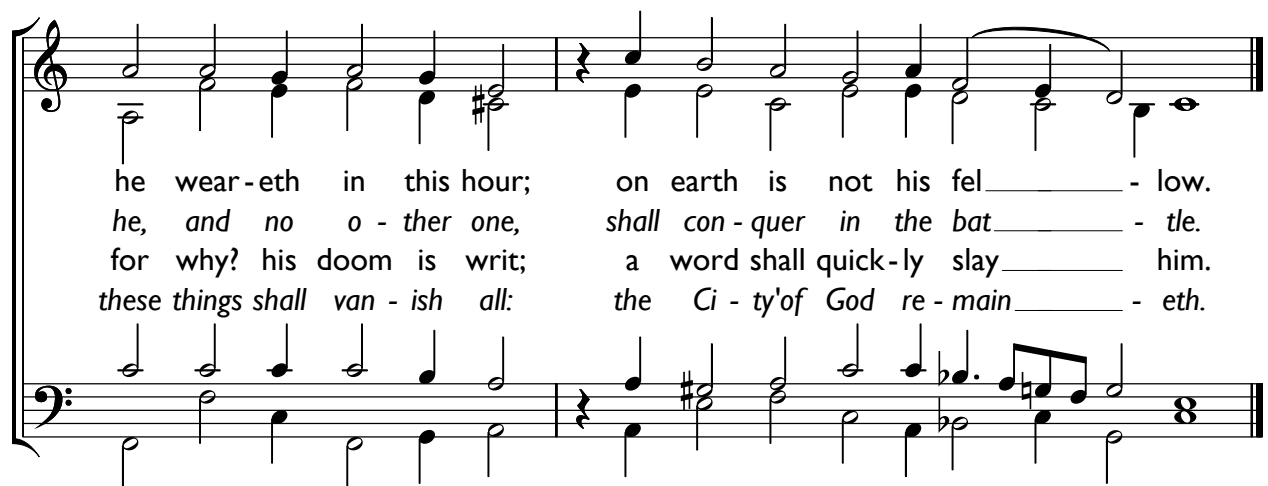
Hymnal 1982 no. 687 continued (words from AMNS)



The an - cient prince of hell hath ris'n
 Ask ye, Who is this same? Christ Je -
 And let the prince of ill look grim
 And though they take our life, goods, ho -



with pur - pose fell; strong mail of craft and pow'r
 sus is his name, the Lord Sa - ba - oth's Son;
 as e'er he will, he harms us not a whit;
 nour, child - ren, wife, yet is their pro - fit small;



he wear-eth in this hour; on earth is not his fel - low.
 he, and no o - ther one, shall con - quer in the bat - tle.
 for why? his doom is writ; a word shall quick-ly slay him.
 these things shall van - ish all: the Ci - ty of God re - main - eth.