

AMNS 114 A safe stronghold our God is still

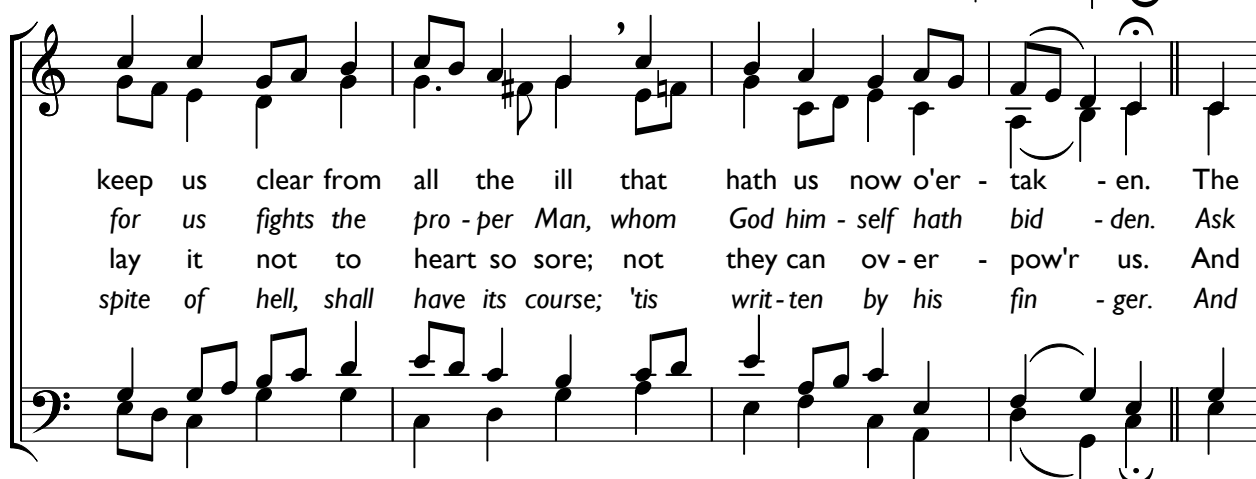
Martin Luther (1483-1546)
tr. Thomas Carlyle (1795-1881)

Melody: Ein' feste Burg

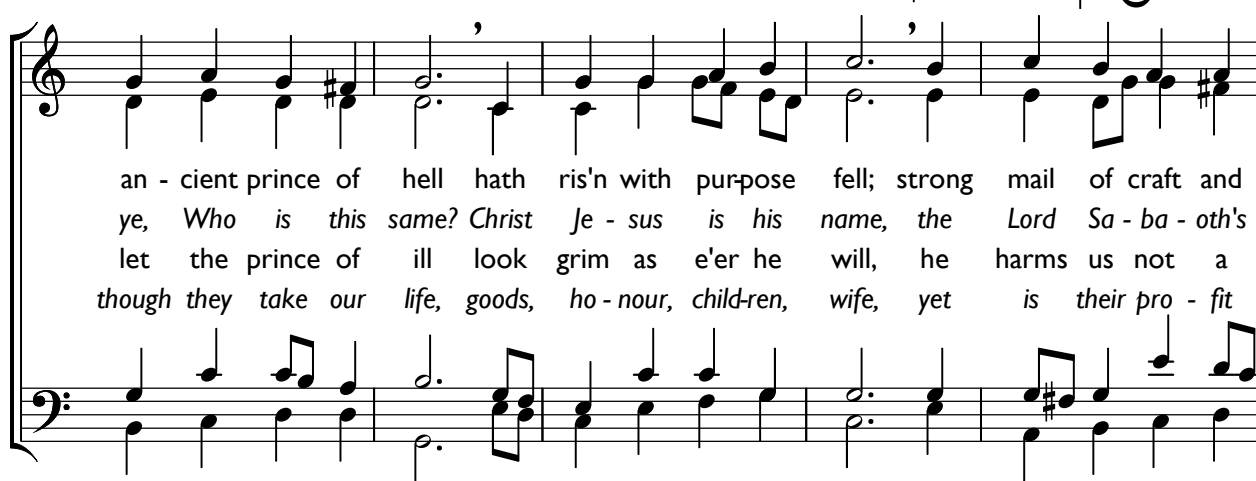
Melody by
Martin Luther



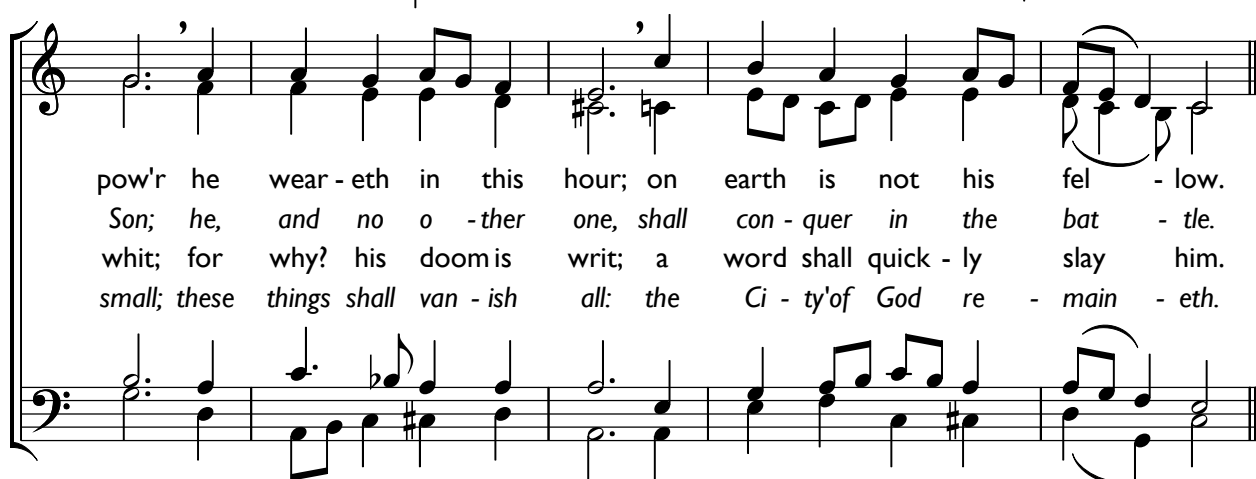
1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, a trust - y shield and wea - pon; he'll
2. With force of arms we no - thing can, full soon were we down - rid - den; but
3. And were this world all dev - ils o'er, and watch - ing to de - vour us, we
4. God's word, for all their craft and force, one mo - ment will not lin - ger, but,



keep us clear from all the ill that hath us now o'er - tak - en. The
for us fights the pro - per Man, whom God him - self hath bid - den. Ask
lay it not to heart so sore; not they can ov - er - pow'r us. And
spite of hell, shall have its course; 'tis writ - ten by his fin - ger. And



an - cient prince of hell hath ris'n with purpose fell; strong mail of craft and
ye, Who is this same? Christ Je - sus is his name, the Lord Sa - ba - oth's
let the prince of ill look grim as e'er he will, he harms us not a
though they take our life, goods, ho - nour, child - ren, wife, yet is their pro - fit



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