1. A safe stronghold our God is still, a trusty shield and wea-pon; he'll

keep us clear from all the ill that hath us now o'er-tak-en. The

ancient prince of hell hath ris'n with purpose fell; strong mail of craft and

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.

2. With force of arms we no-thing can, full soon we down-rid-den; but

for us fights the pro-per Man, whom God him-self hath bid-den. Ask

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 quick-ly slay him.

3. And were this world all dev-ils o'er, and watch-ing to de-vour us, we

lay it not to heart so sore; not they can over-pow'r us. And

though they take our life, goods, ho-nour, child-ren, wife, yet is their pro-fit

small; these things shall van-ish all: the Ci-ty'of God re-main-eth.

4. God's word, for all their craft and force, one mo-ment will not lin-ger, but,

And God's With us here, we'll trust the word, he can do all things. Why?

his name, the Lord Sa-ba-oth's

Lord Sa-ba-oth's

Tis writ-ten by his fin-ger. And

Tis writ-ten by his fin-ger. And

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