

A Safe Stronghold

I will say of the LORD, "He is my refuge and my fortress; My God, in Him I will trust." — Psalm 91:2

Tune: FORTRESS

Martin Luther 1529

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Tr., Thomas Carlyle 1831

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott (from Cantata 80)

Harmony Arr., Johann Sebastian Bach c. 1717-1723

1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, A trust-y shield and wea-pon;
2. With force of arms we noth-ing can, Full soon were we down-rid-den;
3. And were this world all de-vils o'er, And watch-ing to de-vour us,
4. God's Word, for all their craft and force, One mo-ment will not lin-ger,

He'll help us clear from all the ill That hath us now o'er-tak-en.
But for us fights the pro-per Man, Whom God Him-self hath bid-den.
We lay it not to heart so sore; Not they can o-ver-pow'r us.
But, spite of hell, shall have its course; 'Tis writ-ten by His fin-ger.

The an-cient prince of hell Hath ris'n with pur-pose fell; Strong mail of craft and pow'r
Ask ye, who is this same? Christ Je-sus is His name, The Lord Sa-ba-oth's Son;
And let the prince of ill Look grim as e'er he will, He harms us not a whit;
And though they take our life, Goods, ho-nor, chil-dren, wife, Yet is their pro-fit small;

He wear-eth in this hour; On earth is not his fel-low.
He, and no oth-er one, Shall con-quer in the bat-tle.
For why?—his doom is writ; A word shall quick-ly slay him. A-men.
These things shall van-ish all: The Cit-y of God re-main-eth!

Sabaoth: from the Hebrew word tsebha'oth, meaning "hosts," "armies."
Compare with "A Mighty Fortress."