

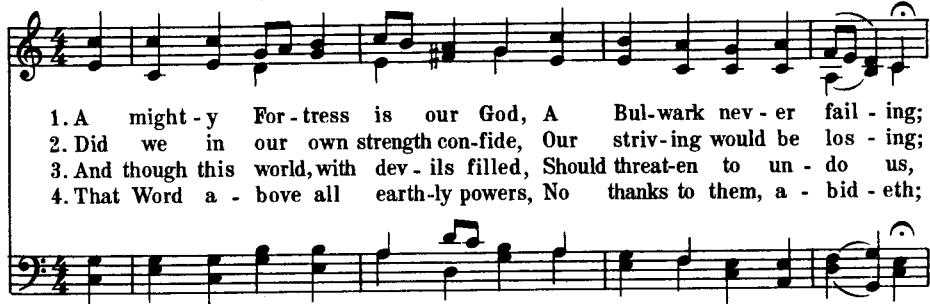
God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psalm 46:1

Martin Luther, 1529

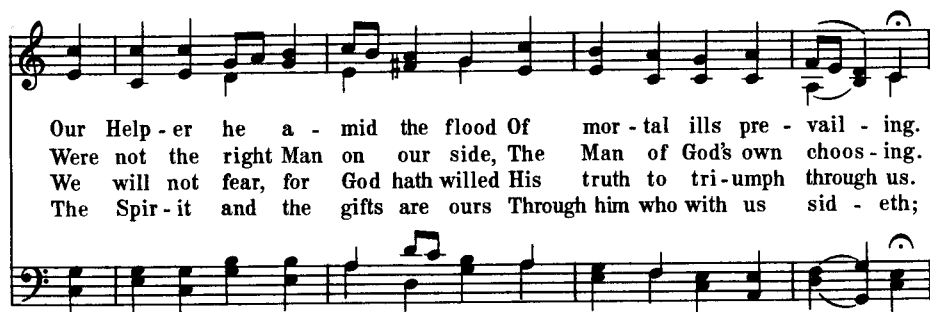
EIN' FESTE BURG 8. 7. 8. 7. 6. 6. 6. 6. 7.

Tr. by Frederick H. Hedge, 1853

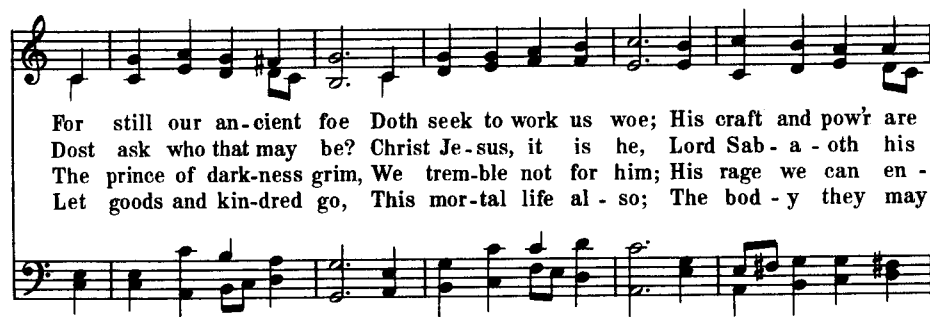
Martin Luther, 1529



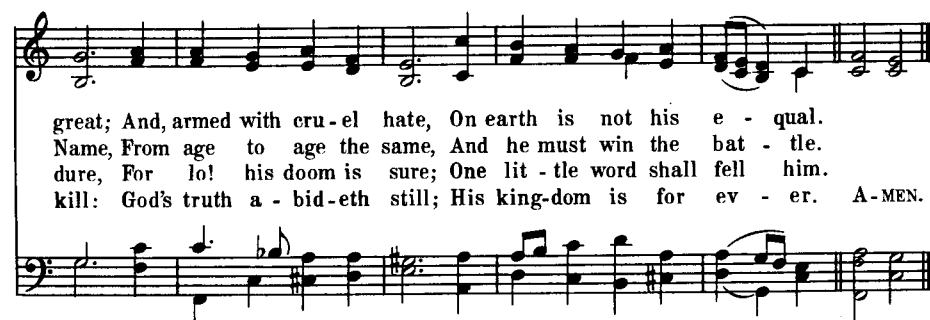
1. A might-y For-ress is our God, A Bul-wark nev-er fail-ing;
 2. Did we in our own strength con-fide, Our striv-ing would be los-ing;
 3. And though this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threat-en to un-do us,
 4. That Word a-bove all earth-ly powers, No thanks to them, a-bid-eth;



Our Help-er he a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
 Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choos-ing.
 We will not fear, for God hath willed His truth to tri-umph through us.
 The Spir-it and the gifts are ours Through him who with us sid-eth;



For still our an-cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and pow'r are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je-sus, it is he, Lord Sab-a-oth his
 The prince of dark-ness grim, We trem-ble not for him; His rage we can en-
 Let goods and kin-dred go, This mor-tal life al-so; The bod-y they may



great; And, armed with cru-el hate, On earth is not his e-qual.
 Name, From age to age the same, And he must win the bat-tle.
 dure, For lo! his doom is sure; One lit-tle word shall fell him.
 kill: God's truth a-bid-eth still; His king-dom is for ev-er. A-MEN.