Eine Feste Burg
Text and Melody: Martin Luther (1529)
Trans: Thomas Carlyle (1831)

1. A safe strong-hold our God is still, a trusty shield and weapon;
   He'll keep us clear from all the ill that hath us now o'er-taken.

   The ancient prince of hell hath ris'n with purpose fell;
   Strong mail of craft and power he wearèth at this hour;
   On earth is not his

2. With force of arms we nothing can,
   Full soon were we down-ridden;
   But for us fights a proper Man,
   Whom God himself hath bidden.
   Ask ye, Who is this same?
   Christ Jesus is his name,
   The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
   He, and no other one,
   Shall conquer in the battle.