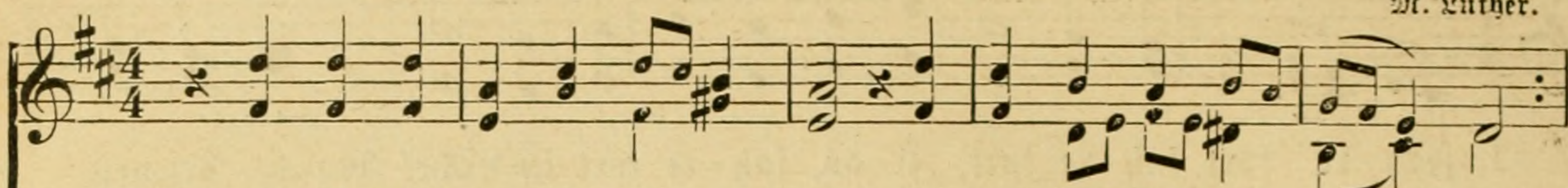


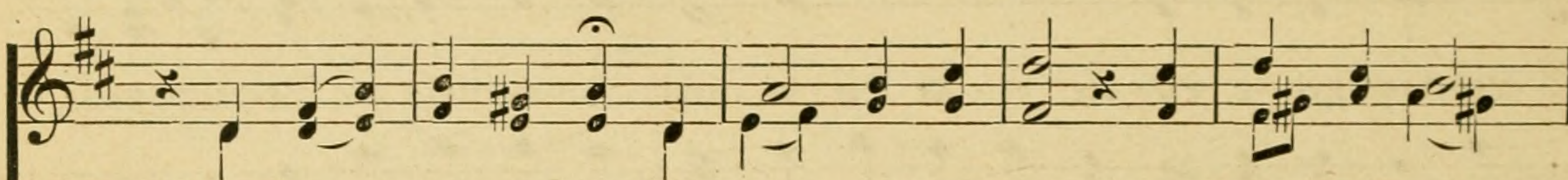
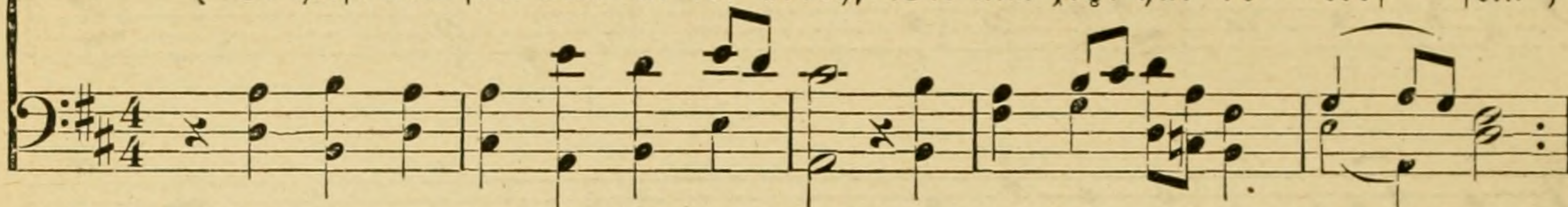
133. Ps. 91, 1. 2. Wer unter dem Schirm des Höchsten sitzet und unter dem Schatten des Allmächtigen bleibet, der spricht zu dem Herrn: Meine Zuversicht und meine Burg, mein Gott, auf den ich hoffe.

(175)

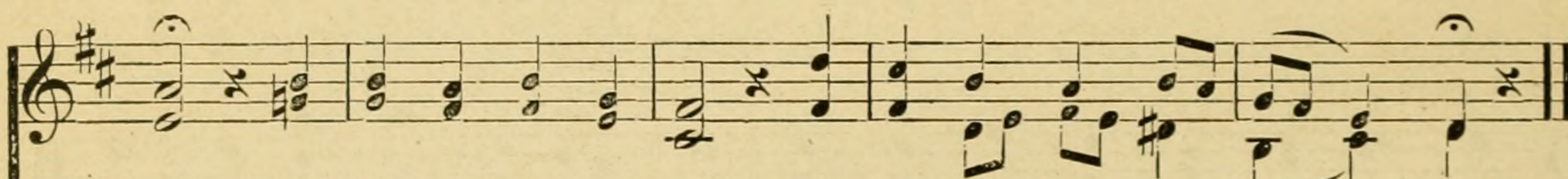
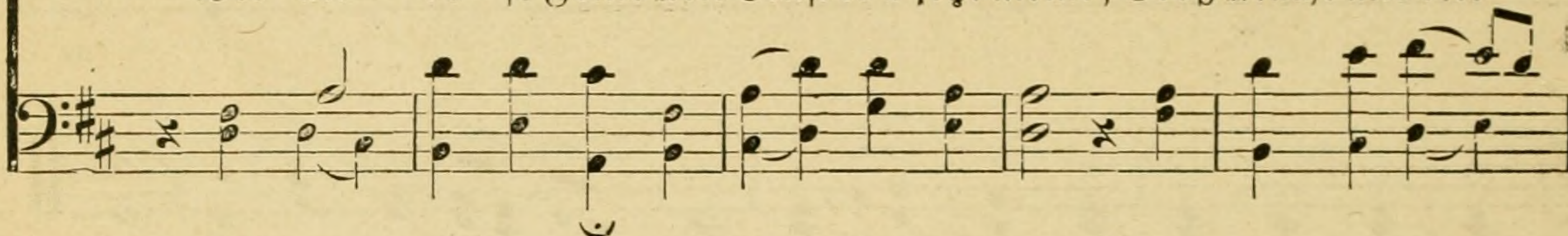
M. Luther.



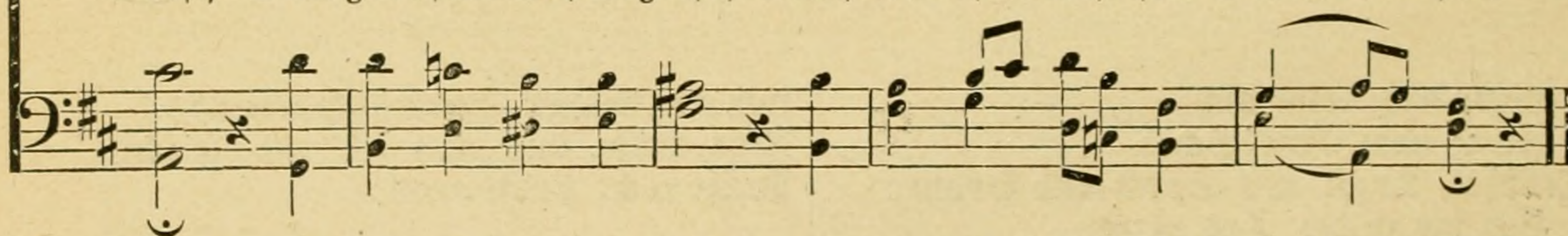
1. { Ein fe-ste Burg ist un-ser Gott, Ein gu-te Wehr und Waf-fen: }
 { Er hilft uns frei aus al-ler Noth, Die uns jetzt hat be-trof-fen. }



Der alt' bö-se Feind Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint; Groß Macht und viel



List, Sein grausam Rüstung ist; Auf Erd ist nicht sein's Glei-chen.



2 Mit uns'rer Macht ist nichts gethan,
 Wir sind gar bald verloren.
 Es streit't für uns der rechte Mann,
 Den Gott selbst hat erkoren.

Fragst du, wer der ist?

Er heißt Jesus Christ,
 Der Herr Zebaoth,
 Und ist kein and'rer Gott;
 Das Feld muß er behalten.

3 Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär'
 Und wollt'n uns gar verschlingen,
 So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
 Es soll uns doch gelingen.
 Der Fürst dieser Welt,

Wie sau'r er sich stellt,
 Thut er uns doch nichts;
 Das macht, er ist gericht't:
 Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

4 Das Wort sie sollen lassen stahn,
 Und kein'n Dank dazu haben!
 Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
 Mit Seinem Geist und Gaben.
 Nehmen sie den Leib,
 Gut, Ehr, Kind und Weib:
 Laß fahren dahin,
 Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn;
 Das Reich muß uns doch bleiben!

Dr. Martin Luther.

334 Ein' Feste Burg P. M.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529

1. A might - y fort - 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,

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.

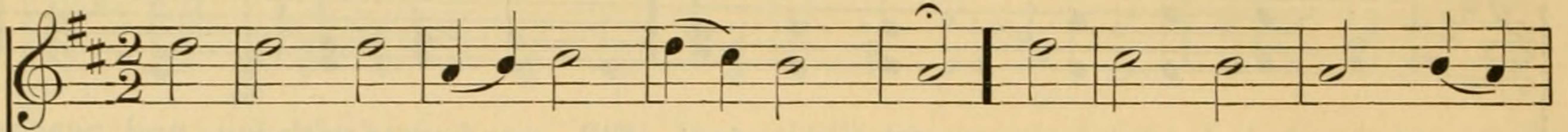
For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to work us woe; His craft and power are
 Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus, it is he, Lord Sab - a - oth his

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. A - MEN.

Ein' Feste Burg ist Unser Gott

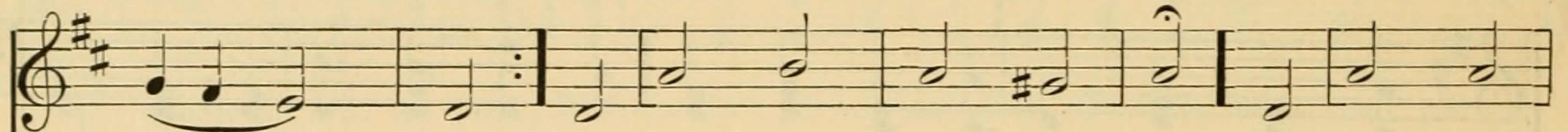
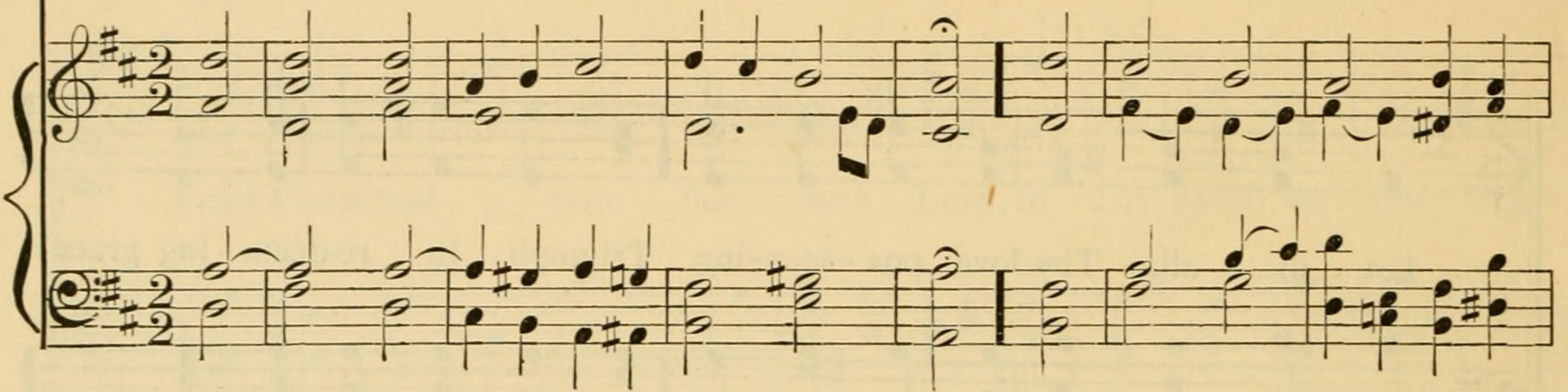
- 3 And though this world, with devils filled,
 Should threaten to undo us;
 We will not fear, for God hath willed
 His truth to triumph through us.
 The prince of darkness grim,—
 We tremble not for him;
 His rage we can endure,
 For lo! his doom is sure,
 One little word shall fell him.
- 4 That word above all earthly powers,
 No thanks to them, abideth;
 The Spirit and the gifts are ours
 Through him who with us sideth.
 Let goods and kindred go,
 This mortal life also;
 The body they may kill:
 God's truth abideth still,
 His kingdom is forever.

MARTIN LUTHER, 1529. Tr. FREDERICK H. HEDGE, 1853



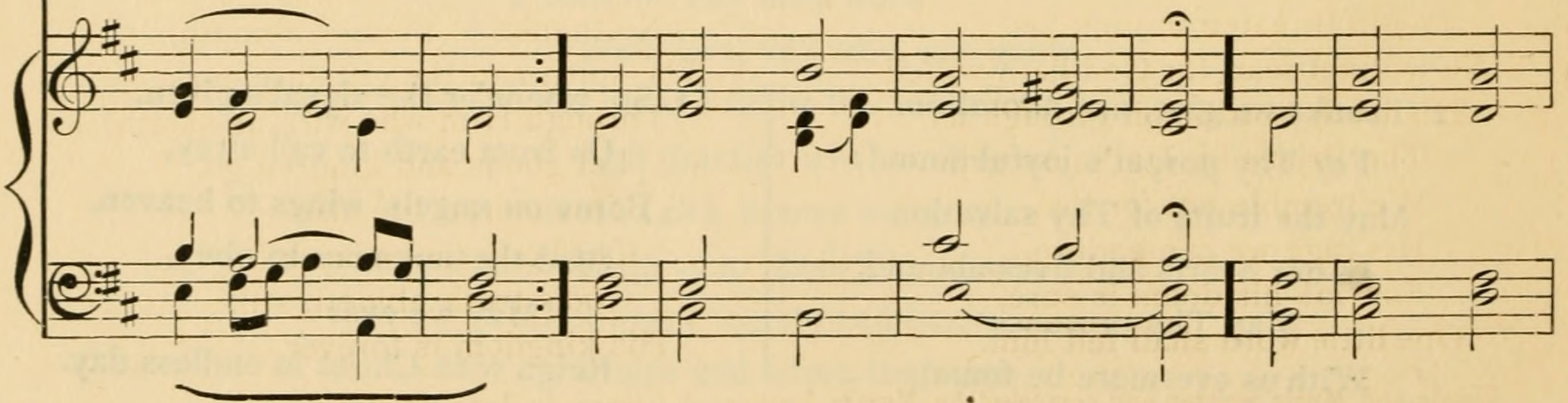
1. { A might - y for - tress is our God, A bul - wark nev - er
 Our help - er He a - mid the flood Of mor - tal ills pre .

2. { Did we in our own strength con - fide, Our striv - ing would be
 Were not the right man on our side, The man of God's own



fail - - ing; } For still our an - cient foe Doth seek to
 vail - - ing. }

los - - ing, } Dost ask who that may be? Christ Je - sus
 choos - - ing. }



A mighty Fortress is our God.—Concluded.

work us woe, His craft and power are great, And, armed with
it is He, Lord Sa - ba - oth His name, From age to

cru - el hate, On earth is not his e - - qual.
age the same, And He must win the bat - - tle.

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Should threaten to undo us,
We will not fear, for God hath willed
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His kingdom is forever.

Words and Music written and composed by Martin Luther, at Coburg, in June, 1530.

EIN' FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT. 8,7,5,6,7.

MARTIN LUTHER.

{ A might-y For-tress is our God, A trust-y Shield and Wea - pon; }
 { He helps us free from ev - 'ry need That hath us now o'er-tak - - en. }

The old bit-ter foe Means us dead-ly woe: Deep guile and great might

Are his dread arms in fight, On earth is not his e - - qual. A - MEN.

140

2 With might of ours can naught be done,

Soon were our loss effected;
 But for us fights the Valiant One
 Whom God Himself elected.

Ask ye, Who is this?
 Jesus Christ it is,
 Of Sabaoth Lord,
 And there's none other God,
 He holds the field for ever.

3 Though devils all the world should fill,

All watching to devour us,
 We tremble not, we fear no ill,

They cannot overpower us.

This world's prince may still
 Scowl fierce as he will,
 He can harm us none,
 He's judged, the deed is done,
 One little word o'erthrows him.

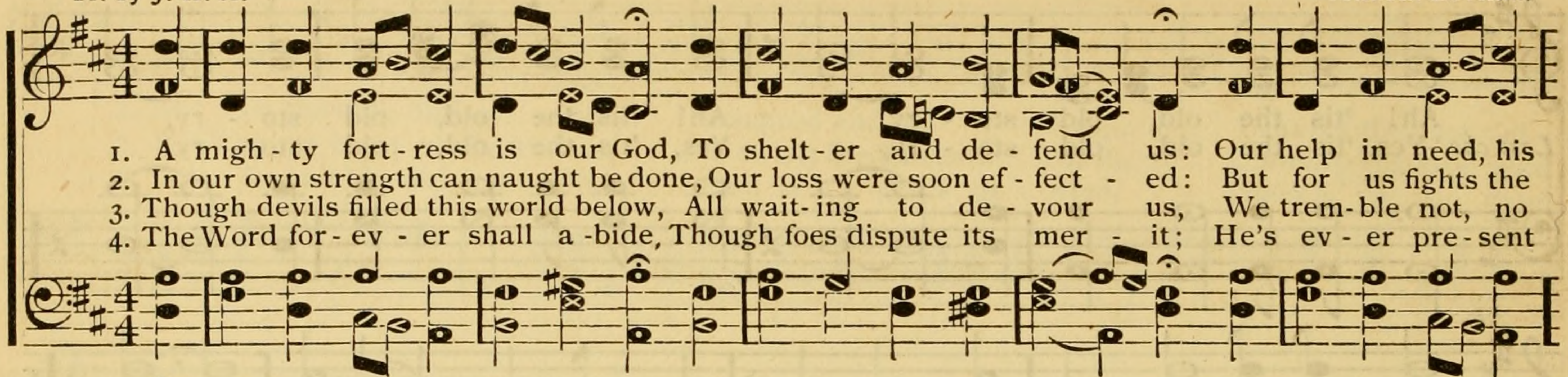
4 The Word they still shall let remain,
 And not a thank have for it,
 He's by our side upon the plain,
 With His good gifts and Spirit,
 Take they then our life,
 Goods, fame, child, and wife;
 When their worst is done,
 They yet have nothing won,
 The Kingdom ours remaineth.

Martin Luther.

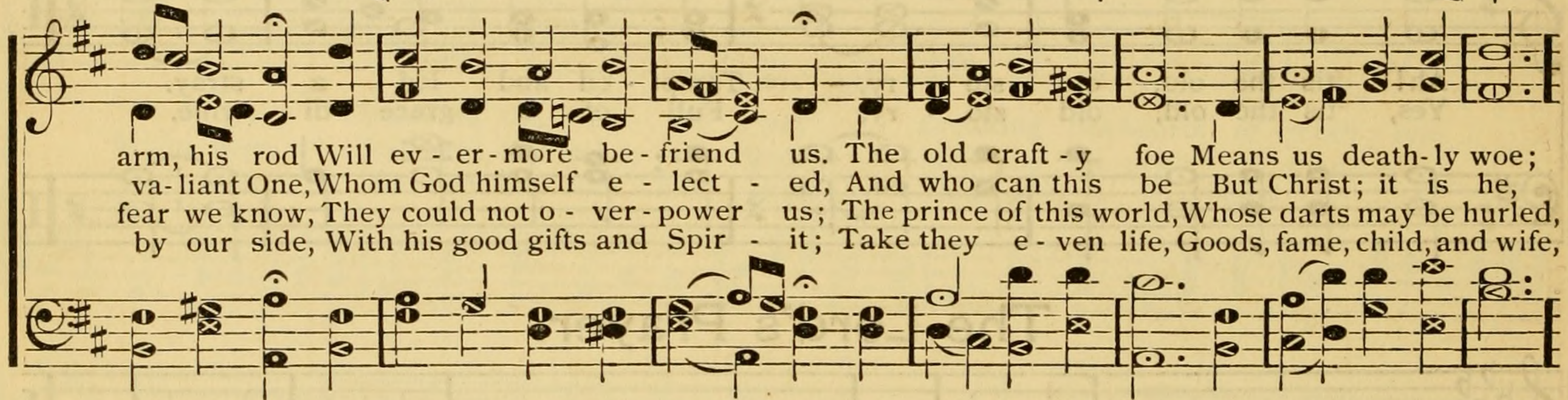
A Mighty Fortress is our God.

Tr. by J. H. K.

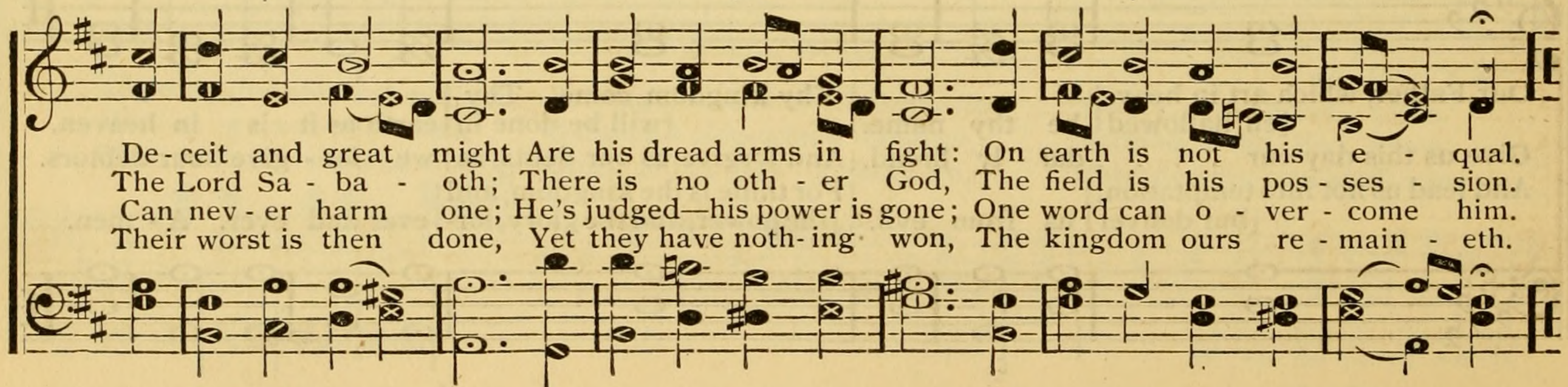
MARTIN LUTHER.



1. A migh - ty fort - ress is our God, To shelt - er and de - fend us: Our help in need, his
 2. In our own strength can naught be done, Our loss were soon ef - fect - ed: But for us fights the
 3. Though devils filled this world below, All wait - ing to de - vour us, We trem - ble not, no
 4. The Word for - ev - er shall a - bide, Though foes dispute its mer - it; He's ev - er pre - sent



arm, his rod Will ev - er - more be - friend us. The old craft - y foe Means us death - ly woe;
 va - liant One, Whom God himself e - lect - ed, And who can this be But Christ; it is he,
 fear we know, They could not o - ver - power us; The prince of this world, Whose darts may be hurled,
 by our side, With his good gifts and Spir - it; Take they e - ven life, Goods, fame, child, and wife,



De - ceit and great might Are his dread arms in fight: On earth is not his e - qual.
 The Lord Sa - ba - oth; There is no oth - er God, The field is his pos - ses - sion.
 Can nev - er harm one; He's judged—his power is gone; One word can o - ver - come him.
 Their worst is then done, Yet they have noth - ing won, The kingdom ours re - main - eth.