

A mighty stronghold is our God,
a sure defence and weapon.
He'll help us out of every need
whatever now may happen.
The ancient evil fiend
has deadly ill in mind;
great power and craft are his,
his armour gruesome is
on earth is not his equal.

With our own strength is nothing done
soon we are lost, dejected;
but for us fights the rightful Man
Whom God Himself elected.
You ask: Who may this be?
Christ Jesus it is He,
the Lord Sabaoth's Son,
our God, and He alone
shall hold the field victorious.

And though the world were full of fiends
all lurking to devour us,
we tremble not nor fear their bands,
they shall not overpower us.
The prince of this world's ill
may scowl upon us still,
he cannot do us harm,
to judgement he has come;
one word can swiftly fell him.

The World they must allow to stand -
for this they win no merit;
upon the field, so near at hand,
he gives to us his Spirit.
And though they take our life,
goods, honour, child, and wife,
though we must let all go,
they will not profit so:
to us remains the Kingdom.