

A Mighty Fortress
PFTL 6

1

A mighty fortress is our God,
a bulwark never failing;
Our helper He, amid the flood
of mortal ills prevailing:
For still our ancient foe
doth seek to work us woe;
His craft and pow'r are great,
and, armed with cruel hate,
On earth is not his equal.

2

Did we in our own strength confide,
our striving would be losing,
Were not the right Man on our side,
the Man of God's own choosing:
Dost ask who that may be?
Christ Jesus, it is He;
Lord Sabaoth, His Name,
from age to age the same,
And He must win the battle.

3

And though this world, with evil 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.

Castillo fuerte

Tr: Juan Bautista Cabrera Ivars

1

Castillo fuerte_es nuestro Dios,
Defensa_y buen escudo.
Con Su poder nos librerá
En este trance_agudo.
Con furia_y con afán
Acósanos Satán,
Por armas deja ver
Astucia_y gran poder;
Cual Él no_hay en la tierra.

2

Nuestro valor es nada_aquí,
Con él todo_es perdido;
Mas por nosotros pugnará
De Dios el Escogido.
¿Sabéis quién es? Jesús,
El que venció_en la cruz,
Señor de Sabaoth;
Pues Hijo es de Dios,
Él triunfa_en la batalla.

3

Aunque estén demonios mil
Prontos a devorarnos,
No temeremos porque Dios
Sabrá aún prosperarnos.
Que muestre su vigor,
Satán y su furor;
Dañarnos no podrá,
pues condenado_es ya
por la Palabra santa.