

1 Fair - est Lord Je - sus, Rul - er of all
 2 Fair are the mead - ows, fair - er still the
 3 Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the
 4 Beau - ti - ful Sav - ior, Rul - er of the

na - ture, O thou of God to earth come
 wood - lands, robed in the bloom - ing garb of
 moon - light, and all the twink - ling, star - ry
 na - tions, Son of God and Son of

down, thee will I cher - ish, thee will I
 spring. Je - sus is fair - er; Je - sus is
 host. Je - sus shines bright - er; Je - sus shines
 Man! Glo - ry and hon - or, praise, ad - o -

hon - or, thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown.
 pur - er, who makes the woe - ful heart to sing.
 pur - er, than all the an - gels heaven can boast.
 ra - tion, now and for - ev - er - more be thine!

Franz Liszt used this melody for a "Crusaders' March" in an oratorio, but this hymn had nothing to do with the Crusades. No record of the German text exists before the middle of the 17th century or of the Silesian folk melody before the first half of the 19th century.

275 A Mighty Fortress Is Our God

1 A might - y for - tress is our God, a bul-wark nev - er
 2 Did we in our own strength con - fide, our striv - ing would be
 3 And though this world, with dev - ils filled, should threat - en to un -
 4 That word a - bove all earth - ly powers, no thanks to them, a -

fail - ing. Our help - er he, a - mid the flood of
 los - ing, were not the right man on our side, the
 do us, we will not fear, for God hath willed his
 bid - eth. The Spir - it and the gifts are ours through

mor - tal ills pre - vail - ing. For still our an - cient foe doth
 man of God's own choos - ing. Dost ask who that may be? Christ
 truth to tri - umph through us. The Prince of Dark-ness grim, we
 him who with us sid - eth. Let goods and kin - dred go, this

seek to work us woe. His craft and power are great, and
 Je - sus, it is he. Lord Sab - a - oth his name, from
 trem - ble not for him. His rage we can en - dure, for
 mor - tal life al - so. The bod - y they may kill; God's

armed with cru - el hate, on earth is not his e - qual.
 age to age the same, and he must win the bat - tle.
 lo, his doom is sure. One lit - tle word shall fell him.
 truth a - bid - eth still. His king - dom is for - ev - er.

Long before Isaac Watts began to Christianize the Psalms, Martin Luther had already done so when he created the text and tune for this, his most famous hymn, which is based on Psalm 46. Luther encouraged metrical versions of psalms as well as chanted psalms and new hymns.