

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning
Of His terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

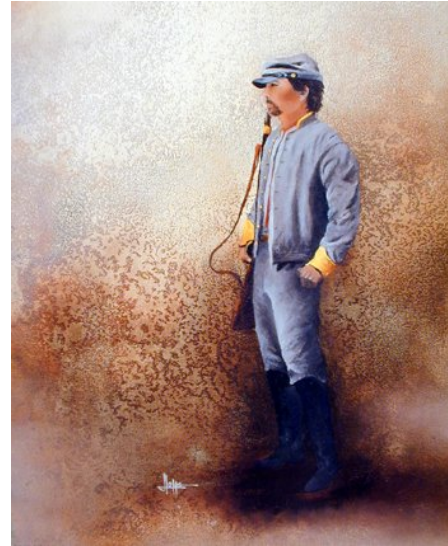
*Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah
His truth is marching on.*

I have seen Him in the watchfires
Of a hundred circling camps
They have builded Him an altar
In the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

Chorus

I have read a fiery gospel writ
in burnished rows of steel:
“As ye deal with My condemners,
So with you My grace shall deal”:
Let the Hero born of woman
Crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.

Chorus



He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before His judgment seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him;
Be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

Chorus

In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom
That transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free;
While God is marching on.

Chorus