

# 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.*