

Battle Hymn of the Republic

by 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 has 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 watch-fires of a hundred circling camps
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on.

Chorus:

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd 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
His truth 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
His truth 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:

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 has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.

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