Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
I have read a fiery gospel writ in
He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall

coming of the Lord, He is trampling out the vintage where the
hundred circling camps, They have built Him an altar in the
burnished rows of steel, "As ye deal with my con-temp-ters, so with
never call re-treat, He is sifting out the hearts of men be-

grapes of wrath are stored. He hath loos'd the fate-ful light-ing of his
evening dews and damps, I have read his right-eous sen-tence by the
you my grace shall deal." Let the hero born of wo-man crush the
fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him, be

terrible swift sword. His truth is marching on.
dim and flaring lamps. His day is marching on.
serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.
jablant my feet, Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, Hal-le-lu-jah! Glory, glory, Hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march-ing on!