Battle Hymn Of The Republic

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 tramping out the vintage where the
hundred circling camps, They have builded Him an altar in the
bur-nished rows of steel, "As ye deal with my contemners, so with
never call retreat, He is sifting out the hearts of men be-
grapes of wrath are stored. He hath loos'd the fateful lighting of his
evening dews and damps, I have read his righteous sentence by the
you my grace shall deal." Let the hero born of woman crush the
fore His judgment seat. O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be

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

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