The Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Julia Ward Howe

G
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
C
He is trampling out the vintage
G
where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning

G B7 Em
of His terr ible swift sword,
Am G D7 G
His truth is march ing on.

Chorus:

G
Glory, Glory Hallelujah,
C G
Glory, Glory Halle lujah,
G Em
Glory, Glory Halle lu jah
Am G D7 G
His truth is marchi ng o n.

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 can read his righteous sentence
by the dim and flaring lamps,
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
"As ye deal with My contemners,
so with you My Grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman,
crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded for the trumphet
that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men
before His Judgement Seat;
Oh! Be swift, my soul, to answer Him,
be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauties 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.