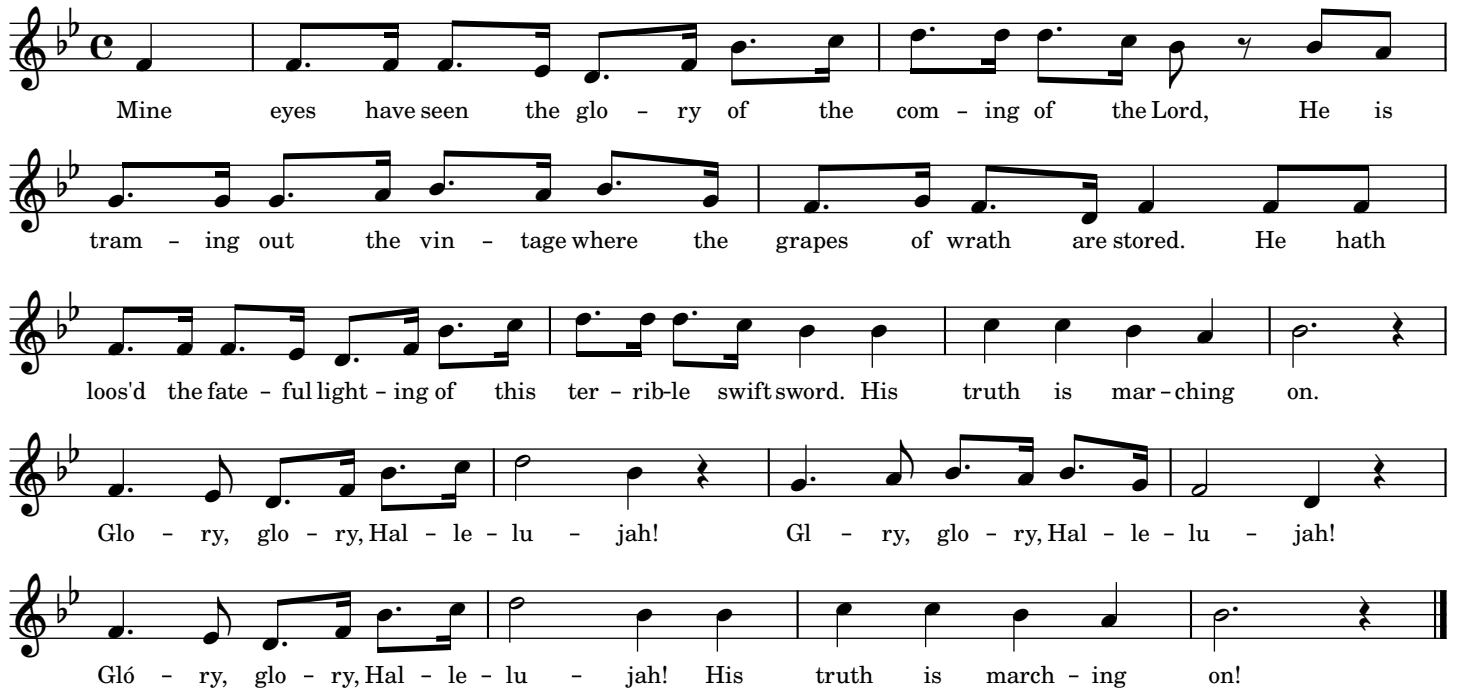


Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Julia Ward Howe



Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
tram - ing out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored. He hath
loos'd the fate - ful light - ing of this ter - rib-le swift sword. His truth is mar - ching on.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Gl - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!
Gló - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on!

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 lightening of His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.
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 can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps
His day is marching on.
Glory . . .

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd 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.
Glory . . .

He has sounded form 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!
Our God is marching on.
Glory . . .

He has sounded form 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!
Our God is marching on.
Glor . . .

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.
Glory . . .