

## Benny Hester

### "Marching On"

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Marching On by Benny Hester

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

And He's marching, marching on

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call  
retreat

And He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgement seat

Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my  
feet!

Hey! Feet, keep marching, keep on marching on

Hey, yeah, feet keep marching, keep on marching on

Well, in the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across  
the sea

With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me  
And as He died to make men holy, let us live to make  
them free

Keep marching, marching on

Yeah, keep marching

Keep on... yeah

And behold I saw a new heaven and a new earth

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