

Gene Harris

"Battle Hymn Of The Republic"

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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

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
sound 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
For my God is marching on

Everyday I sing glory, glory, hallelujah
Everyday, glory, glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
For my God is marching on
Marching on, marching on, marching on

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 march, He's marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His truth is marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
Glory, glory, hallelujah
His truth is marching on
His truth is marching on

His truth is marching on

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