

Independence Day

"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 hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
Swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling
Camps;
They have building Him an altar in the evening dews
and
Damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring
Lamps;
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

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."

CHORUS

He has sounded forth the trumpet 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! by jubliant,
My feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

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