

Joan Baez

"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 lost the fateful lightning of his terrible swift
sword
His truth is marching on

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

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

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