

Religious Music

"The 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.

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

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

He has sounded forth 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! 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,
While God is marching on.

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

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