

## **Alvin & The Chipmunks**

# **"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, His truth is marching

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

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

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 live to make men  
free

While God is 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! On  
and on and on and on!

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