

Rich Mullins

"Marching On"

Visit "[Marching On](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"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 lightning of His terrible swift
sword
And He's marching, marching on

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
retreat
And He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgement seat
Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my
feet!
Hey! Feet, keep marching, keep on marching on
Hey, yeah, feet keep marching, keep on marching on

Well, in the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me
And as He died to make men holy, let us live to make
them free
Keep marching, marching on
Yeah, keep marching

Keep on... yeah

And behold I saw a new heaven and a new earth"

Visit [Rich Mullins](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.