

**Julia Ward Howe****"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.

cho: 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.

cho:

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.

cho:

He has sounded form 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.

cho:

He has sounded form 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.

cho:

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

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