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

Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co., 1862
terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry! Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!

Glo-ry! Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! Glo-ry! Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah!
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

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

2. I have seen him in the watchfires of a
3. I have read a fiery gospel writ in
4. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
5. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was

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hundred circling camps, they have built Him an altar in the
bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye deal with my con-temp-nors, so with
nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be-
born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in his bos-som that trans-
even-ing dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sen-
tence by the
you my grace shall deal; Let the He-ro born of wo-man crush the
fore His judg-ment seat: Oh, be swift, my soul, to an-
swers Him! be
fig-uress you and me: As he died to make men ho-ly, let us

Chorus.
dim and flar-ing lamps: His day is march-ing on.
ser-pent with his heel, Since God is march-ing on.
ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
die to make men free, While God is march-ing on.