Battle Hymn of the Republic

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
2. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat,
3. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
With a glory in His bosom that transcends our fleeting dreams;

He hath loosed the fatal lighting of His terrible swift sword;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
As He died to make men holy, let us teach to make men free;

Chorus
His truth is marching on.
Our God is marching on. Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!
While God is marching on.

Words: Julia Ward Howe
Music: American Folk Hymn

PDHymns.com
Battle Hymn of the Republic

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

Hal-le-lu-jah! While God is march-ing on.