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 transcfigures you and me;

He hath loosed the fateful lightning 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
Battle Hymn of the Republic

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory!

Hallelujah! While God is marching on.