Battle Hymn of the Republic

1. 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 faithful lightning of His terrible swift sword;

2. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat;
   He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat.
   O be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!

3. In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
   With a glory in His bosom that transforms you and me;
   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!

Words: Julia Ward Howe
Music: American Folk Hymn

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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.