

Battle Hymn of the Republic

A D A

STRUM ACROSS

Julia Ward Howe

Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is
 tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored He hath
 loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri-ble swift sword His truth is march - ing
 on Glo - ry glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry glo - ry hal - le
 -lu - jah! Glo - ry glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah His truth is mar - ching on

I've seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps
 They have builded Him an alter in the evening dews and damps
 I can read His righteous sentence by the the dim and flaring lamps
 His day is marching on **CHORUS**

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel
 "As ye deal with My contemnors so with you My grace shall deal"
 Let the Hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel,
 Since God is marching on. **CHORUS**

He has sounded out the trumpet that shall never call retreat
 He is sifting out the heards of men before His judgement seat.
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on **CHORUS**

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 **CHORUS**