1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
3. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat;
4. In the beauty of the lie-pet Christ was born across the sea,
5. He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave;

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have built Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
He is siting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is honor to the brave,

He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-rible swift sword;
I can read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps;
O be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be ju-bilant, my feet!
As He died to make men holy, let us live to make men free,
So the world shall be His foot-stool, and the soul of wrong His slave.

His truth is march-ing on.
His day is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.  Glo-ry! glory, hal-le-lu-jah!  Glo-ry!
While God is march-ing on.
Our God is march-ing on.

Text: Julia Ward Howe, 1819-1910
Tune: American Folk Song, 19th Century

Irregular

BATTLE HYMN
www.hymnary.org/text/mine_eyes_have_seen_the_glory

This hymn is in the public domain. You may freely use this score for personal and congregational worship. If you reproduce the score, please credit Hymnary.org as the source.
glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!  Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Our God is march-ing on.