1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
2 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
3 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was

coming of the Lord; he is
hundred circling camps; they have
never call retreat; he is
born across the sea, with a

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
built him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;

he hath loosed the fruitful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
I can read his right eous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
O be swift, my soul, to answer him; be bi-ant, my feet!
as he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,

Refrain

his truth is marching on.
his day is marching on. Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
Our God is marching on.
while God is marching on.

Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le

lu-jah! His truth is marching on.