Battle Hymn of the Republic

1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
2 I have seen him in the watch-fires of a
3 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
4 In the beauty of the lies Christ was

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

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

he hallowed the fateful evening of his terrible swift sword;
I can read his right eous sentence by the dim and ring lamps;
O be swift, my soul, to answer; be just, my feet!
as he died to make men ho by, let us die to make men free,

Refrain

his truth is marching on. Our God is marching on.

Glo-ry! glory, hal-le-lujah!

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lu-jah! His truth is marching on.