Battle Hymn of the Republic

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 call retreat;
4 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

he is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
they have built him an altar in the evening dews and mists;
he is sitting out the hearts of men before his judgment seat;
with a glory in his bosom that transcends our conceptions.

he hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
I can read his righteous sentence on the walls of time;
O be swift, my soul, to answer him; be just and holy!
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.
Our God is marching on.
while God is marching on.

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

Text: Julia Ward Howe (1819-1910)
Tune: American melody, 19th c.

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.
lu - jah!  Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!  His truth is march - ing on.