Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

Text: Julia Ward Howe, 1861
Tune: USA campmeeting tune, 19th. c.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
   coming of the Lord; he is trampling out the
   vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; he has
   loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword;

2. He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall
   never call retreat; he is sifting out all
   human hearts before his judgment seat; O be
   died to make us holy, let us die to make all free,

3. 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
   made the soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet!

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his truth is marching on. God 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 - lu - jah! Glo - ry,

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is marching on.