

# The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe


American Folk

G




Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord, He is

C G D7



tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored, He hath

G B7 Em Am D7 G



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing on.

C G



Glo - ry, glo - ry, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry, glo - ry, al - le - lu - ia! Glo - ry, glo - ry, al - le -

lu - ia! His truth is march - ing on.

*I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,  
His day is marching on.*

*I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:  
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,  
Since God is marching on."*

*He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat,  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.*

*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 died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.*

*He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,  
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,  
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,  
Our God is marching on.*