

Battle Hymn of the Republic

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 hath loosed the fateful lightning
Of his terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

Chorus:

Glory! Glory, Hallelujah! Glory! Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory, Hallelujah! His truth is marching 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.

He has sounded forth the trumpet
That shall never call retreat.
He is sifting out the hearts of men
Before his judgment seat.
O 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 live to make men free
While God is marching on!

Words by Julia Ward Howe.

Music: "John Brown's Body," possibly by John William Steffe.