

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe (1819–1910)

William Steffe (1830–1890)

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1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;
 2. I have seen Him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel writ in bur - nished rows of steel:
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat;
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

He is tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
 They have build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dew and damp;
 "As ye deal with My con - tem - ners, so with you My grace shall deal:"
 He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat:
 With a glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me;

He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His
 I can read His right - eous sen - tence in the dim and flar - ing lamps: His
 Let the He - ro born of wo - man crush the ser - pant with His heel, Since
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our
 As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While

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truth is march - ing on.
 day is march - ing on.
 God is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le -
 God is march - ing on.
 God is march - ing on.

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