

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Traditional 19th c American Folk Song, Words by Julia Ward Howe, Arranged by Mark Hayes

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 and on.

CHORUS

Glory! Glory, hallelujah!
Glory! Glory, hallelujah!
Glory! Glory, hallelujah!
Our God is marching on.

Women

I have seen Him in the watchfires 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.

Men

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound 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 Marching on.

CHORUS

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.

CHORUS

He's marchin' on He's marchin' on
(Women) He's marchin' on.

(Men) He's marchin on

(Women) Our God is marchin' on.

(Men) He's marchin' on.

(Women) Our God is marchin' on.

(Men) He's marchin' on

(Women) Glory, hallelujah!

(Men) He's marchin' on

(Women) He's marchin' on.

(Men) He's marchin' on

Our God is marching on!