

The 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.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
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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.

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.