

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.

CHORUS: Glory! Glory!
 Hallelujah! Glory!
 Glory! Hallelujah!
 Glory! Glory!
 Hallelujah! His truth is
 marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea

With the 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.

CHORUS: