



BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

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 lightnings 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.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
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.”

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
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 !
CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
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.

CHORUS—Glory, glory, hallelujah, &c.
While God is marching on.

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