

# The Battle Hymn of the Republic

WORDS BY JULIA WARD HOWE

- 1.** 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. (\*)
- 2.** 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. (\*)
- 3.** He has sounded forth the trumpet  
That shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men  
Before his judgement seat.  
O be swift my soul to answer him,  
Be jubilant my feet;  
Our God is marching on. (\*)
- 4.** 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. (\*)
- \* Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

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