

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 fatal lightning of His terrible swift
sword:*

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.