

Battle Hymn Of The Republic

Julia Ward Howe

Arr. by P. P. Bliss

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1.) Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is
2.) I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-c'ling camps; They have
3.) He has sound-ed forth the trum-pet that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is

tramp-ing out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build-ed Him an al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps, I have
sift-ing out the hearts of men be-fore His judg-ment seat, Oh, be

loosed the fate-ful light-'ning of His ter-ri-ble swift sword His truth is march-ing
read His right-eous sen-tence by the dim and flar-ing lamps His truth is march-ing
swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be jub-i-lant, my feet; Our God is march-ing

on. Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-
on! Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry,

lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is march-ing on.
Hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, Hal-le-lu-jah!