

Battle Hymn of the Republic

G

*Mine eyes have seen the glory, Of the coming of the Lord;
I have seen him the watchfires Of a hundred circling camps;
He has sounded forth the trumpet That shall never call retreat;
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,*

C

G

*He is trampling out the vintage Where the grapes of wrath are stored;
They have builded him an altar In the evening dews and damps.
He is shifting out the hearts of men Before his judgement seat.
With a glory in his bosom That transfigures you and me.*

G

B

Em

*He hath loosed the fateful lightning Of His terrible swift sword;
I can read his righteous sentence By the dim and flaring lamps;
O be swift my soul to answer him, Be jubilant my feet;
As he died to make men holy, Let us die to make men free,*

Am

D7

G

*His truth is marching on.
His day is marching on.
Our God is marching on.
While God is marching on.*

G

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

C

G

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

G

Em

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Am

D7

G

His truth is marching on.