

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Steffe
arr. by W. and C. Starr

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the

com- ing of the Lord; He is tramp- ling out the vin- tage where the

grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate- ful light- ning of His

ter- ri- ble swift sword, His truth is march- ing

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

Glo- ry, glo- ry hal- le- lu- jah! Glo- ry, glo- ry, hal- le-

- lu- jah! His truth is march- ing on.

2. 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.

Refrain

3. 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.

Refrain