

# Battle Hymn of the Republic

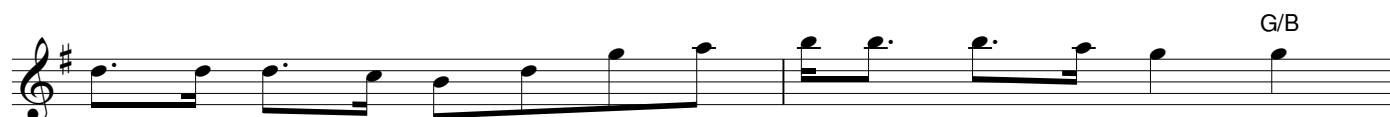
Music by William Steffe  
Words by Julia Ward Howe



Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is  
I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps; They have  
I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel, "As ye  
He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is  
In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a



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  
deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the  
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; O, be  
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword: His  
read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and flar - ing lamps: His  
He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since  
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet: Our  
die to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While



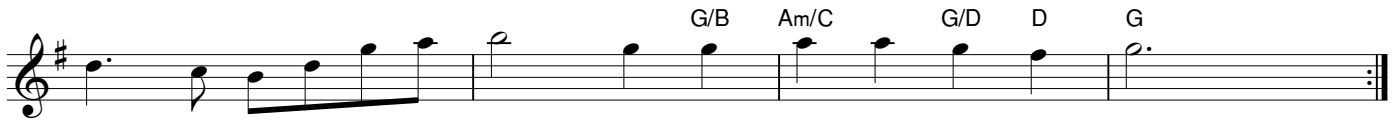
truth	is	march	-	ing	on.
day	is	march	-	ing	on.
God	is	march	-	ing	on.
God	is	march	-	ing	on.



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.