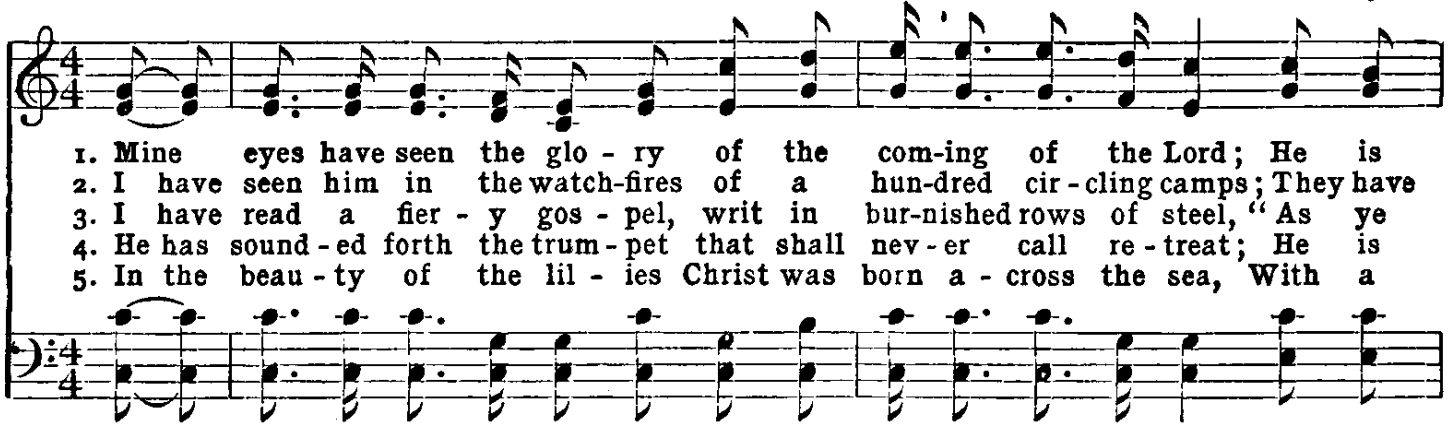


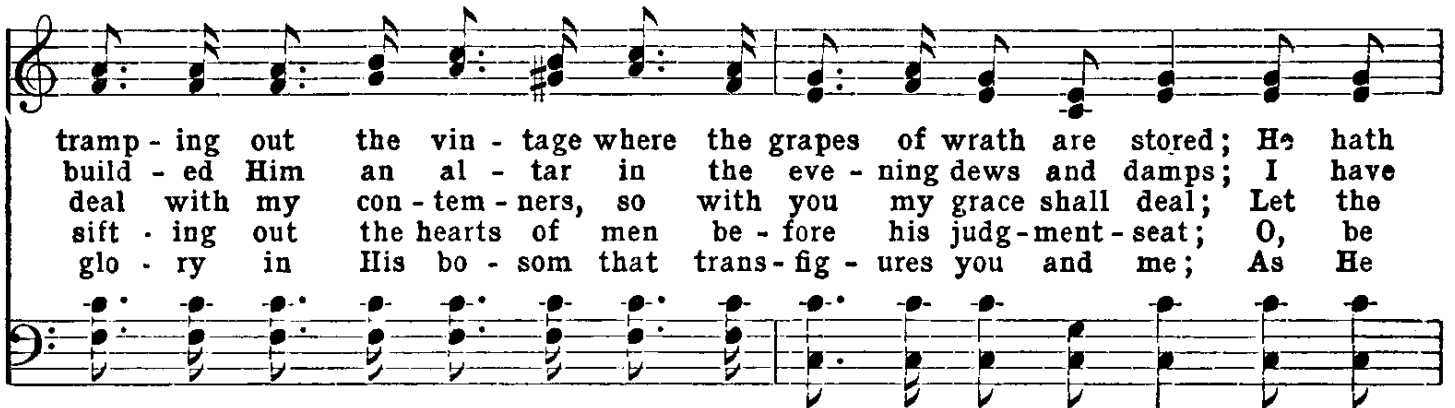
Battle Hymn of the Republic

JULIA WARD HOWE

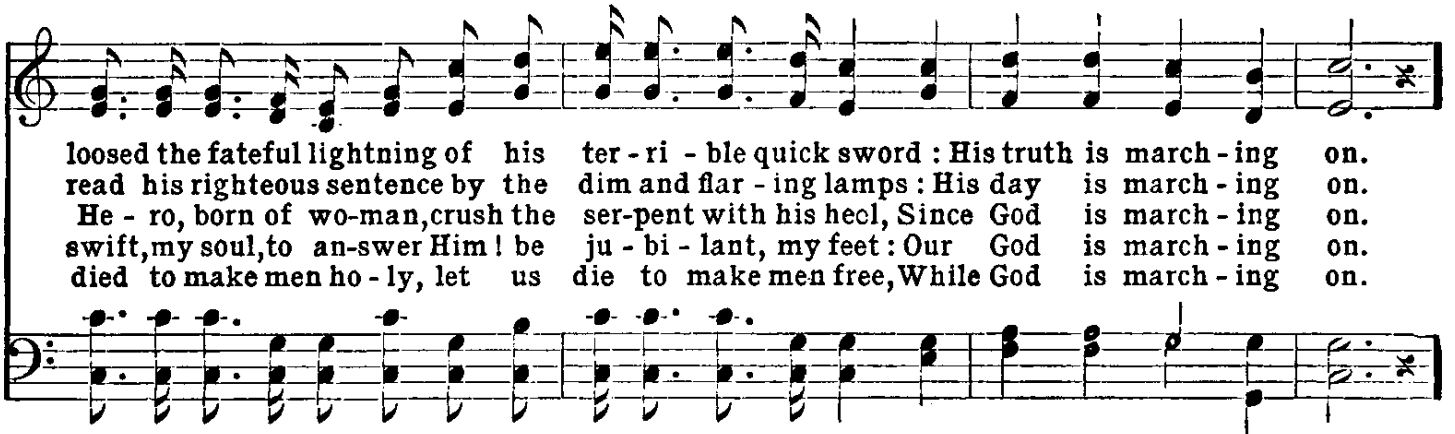
Old Plantation Melody



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 - cling camps; They have
 3. I have read a fier - y gos - pel, writ in bur - nished rows of steel, "As ye
 4. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is
 5. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a

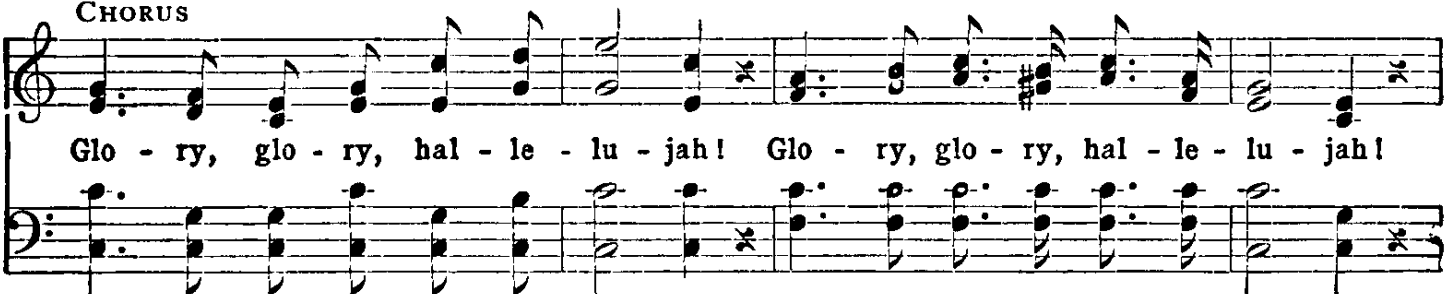


tramp - ing out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 build - ed Him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have
 deal with my con - tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the
 sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment - seat; O, be
 glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He

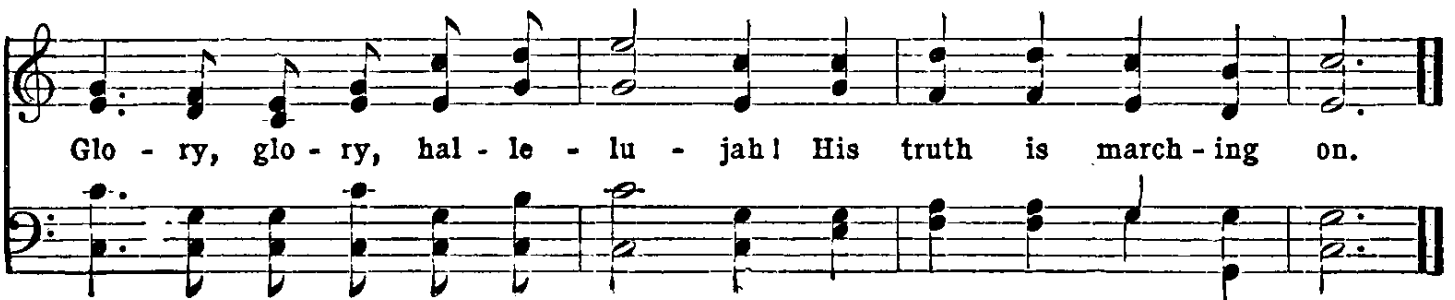


loosed the fateful lightning of his ter - ri - ble quick sword : His truth is march - ing on.
 read his righteous sentence by the dim and flar - ing lamps : His day is march - ing on.
 He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.
 swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi - lant, my feet : Our God is march - ing on.
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

CHORUS



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.