

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Arr. S. Boucké

Allegretto

Violin 

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the
I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a
I have read a fier-y gos-pel writ in
He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall
In the beau-ty of the lil-ies Christ was



com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the vint-age where the
hun-dred cir-cling camps. They have build-ed Him an al-tar in the
bur-nished rows of steel: "As ye deal with My con-tem-ners, so with
nev-er call re-treat, He is sift-ing out the hearts of men be-
born a-cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His bos-om that trans-



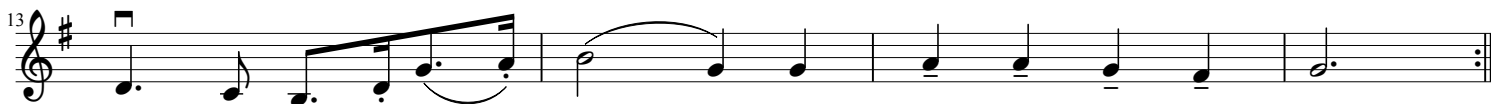
grapes of wrath are stor'd; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His
eve-ning dews and damp; I can read His right-eous sen-tence by the
you My grace shall deal." Let the He-ro born of wom-an crush the
fore His judg-ment-seat; Oh, be swift, my soul, to an-swer Him! be
fig-ures you and me; As He died to ake men ho-ly, let us



ter-ri-ble swift sword; His truth is march-ing on.
dim and flar-ing lamps His day is march-ing on.
ser-pent with His heel, Since God is march-ing on.
ju-bi-lant, my feet! Our God is march-ing on.
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!