Battle Hymn of the Republic

Vigorous March

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; he is

trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored; he has loosed the fateful light-ning of his

terrible swift sword; his truth is marching on. Glory, glory hallelujah!

Glo-ry, glo-ry hallelujah! Glo-ry, glo-ry hallelujah! His truth is marching 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.