

THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

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 lightning of His terrible swift sword,

His truth is marching on.

CHORUS; Glory, glory Hallelujah! Glory, glory Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,

His day is marching on. (repeat chorus)

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat;

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;

O be swift, my soul to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!

Our God is marching on. (repeat chorus)

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea.

With a glory of 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. (repeat chorus)

early days of the American Civil War. But opposition developed to so common a lyric being affixed to so exalted a melody. In 1862, Julia Ward Howe was persuaded to write the inspirational words we know as "The Battle Hymn of the Republic."

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Words by
Julia Ward Howe

Music by
William Steffe



Majestic
march tempo



Mine
mf

eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is



tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath



loos'd the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword, His truth is march - ing

on. *f* 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. *mf* I have on.

Guitar Chords:

- C (first system)
- G (second system)
- B7, Em, C, G, D7, G (third system)
- G (For additional verse)
- G (For final ending)

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 They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
 I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps,
 His day is marching on. (repeat Chorus)

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 With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
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 While God is marching on. (repeat Chorus)