

# Battle Hymn of the Republic

Andy Williams

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 lightening of His terrible swift sword  
His truth is marching on

Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
His truth is marching on

He has sounded for 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

Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
His truth is marching on

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea  
With a glory in 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

Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
His truth is marching on

Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
Glory, glory, Hallelujah  
His truth is marching on

Amen