## **Battle Hymn of the Republic**

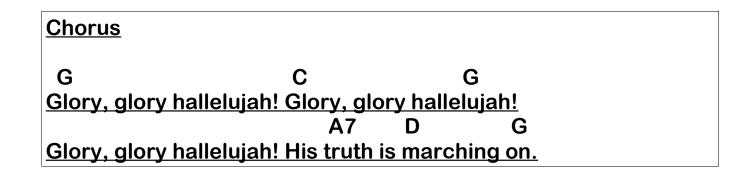
G Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, C He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored. Em He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword, A7 D G his truth is marching on.

<u>Chorus</u>			
G	С	G	
Glory, glory hal	lelujah! Glory, glory	<u>/ hallelujah!</u>	
	A7	D	G
Glory, glory hal	<u>lelujah! His truth is</u>	marching o	<u>n.</u>

G In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea C With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me G As He died to make men holy let us die to make men free A7 D7 G While God is marching on!

<u>Chorus</u>

G I have seen him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps, C G they have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps. Em I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps, A7 D G his day is marching on.



G

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel, C G as ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal. Em Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with His heel, A7 D G since God is marching on.

<u>Chorus</u>