

BATTLE HYMN.

15.15.15.6. with Refrain. WILLIAM STEFFE, c. 1852.

1 Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord;

He is trampling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

He hath loosed the fate - full light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword;

Refrain.

His truth is march-ing on. Glo - ry! glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

National Days.

Glo - ryl glo - ryl Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ryl glo - ryl Hal - le -

lu - jah! 1 His truth is march - ing on.
2 His day is march - ing on.
3 Since God is march - ing on.
4 Our God is march - ing on.
5 While God is march - ing on. A - men.

- 2 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 have read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.
- 3 I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with My contemnners, so with you My grace shall deal;"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,
Since God is marching on.
- 4 He has sounded forth His trumpet that shall never call 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.
- 5 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.

JULIA WARD HOWE, 1862.