

Battle Hymn of the Republic

William Steffe

A

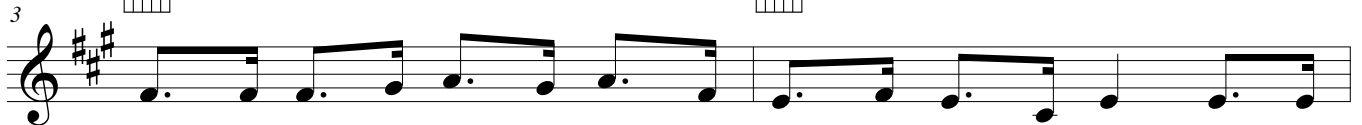


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
 (2. In the) beau - ty of the li - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
 (3. He is) com - ing like the glo - ry of the morn - ing on the wave, He is

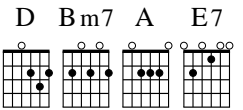
D



A



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me. As He
 Wis - dom to the migh - ty, He is Suc - cour to the brave, So the



loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing
 died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free, While God is march - ing
 world shall be His foot - stool, and the soul of Time His slave, Our God is march - ing

A



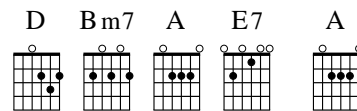
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A



on.
 on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 on.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is march - ing on. 2. In the
 3. He is

Battle Hymn of the Republic

A
Mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the coming of the Lord
D
He is trampling out the vintage
A
Where the grapes of wrath are stored
He has loosed the fateful lightening
Of His terrible swift sword
D B^{m7} A E⁷ A
His truth is march - ing on

Chorus:

A
Glory, glory, hallelujah
D A
Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah
A
Glory, glory, hallelujah
D B^{m7} A E⁷ A
Our God is march-ing 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

Chorus:

I have read a fiery gospel
Writ in burnish'd rows of steel
As ye deal with my condemners
So with you my grace shall deal
Let the hero, born of woman
Crush the serpent with his heel
Since God is marching on

Chorus:

He has sounded from 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

Chorus:

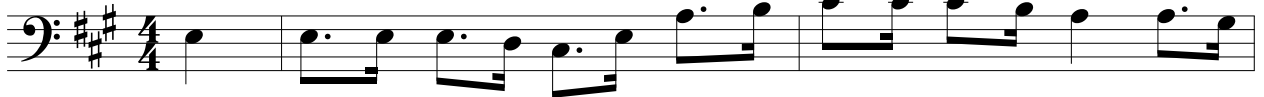
In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea
With a glory in his bosom
That transfigures you and me
As he died to make men holy
Let us live to make men free
While God is marching on

Chorus:

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 (2. In the) beau - ty of the li - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
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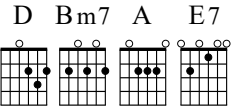


3



tramp - ling out the vint - age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
 glo - ry in His bos - om that trans - fig - ures you and me. As He
 Wis - dom to the migh - ty, He is Suc - cour to the brave, So the

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loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing
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 world shall be His foot - stool, and the soul of Time His slave, Our God is march - ing

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D



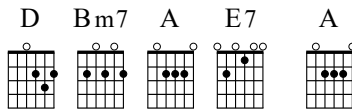
A



8



on.
 on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 on.



13



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is march - ing on. 2. In the
 3. He is

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C



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is
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F

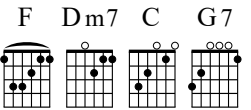


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 on.
 on.

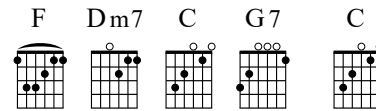
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!

F



C



13



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! While God is march - ing on.

2. In the
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Ukulele

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 (2. In the) beau - ty of the li - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a
 (3. He is) com - ing like the glo - ry of the morn - ing on the wave, He is

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D Bm7 A E7



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