

Mine [C] eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the [C7] Lord;
 He is [F] trampling out the vintage where the [C] grapes of wrath are [G7] stored.
 He hath [C] loosed the fateful [C7] lightning of His [E7] terrible, swift [Am] sword.
 His [Dm] truth is [G7] marching [C] on.

Battle

Glory! Glory! Halle [C7] lujah! [F] Glory! Glory! Halle [C] lujah!

Hymn of

Glory! Glory! Halle [E7] lu [Am] jah! His [Dm] truth is [G7] marching [C] on. **the**

Republic

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling [C7] camps.

The have [F] build-ed Him an alter in the [C] evening dew and [G7] damps

Words by:

I can [C] read his righteous [C7] sentence by the [E7] dim and flaring [Am] lamps,

Julia

His [Dm] day is [G7] marching [C] on. *{to chorus}*

Ward

Howe

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of [C7] steel.

1861

"As ye [F] deal with my contemners, so with [C] you my grace shall [G7] deal.

Let the [C] Hero, born of [C7] woman, crush the [E7] serpent with his [Am] heel,

Since [Dm] God is [G7] marching [C] on. *{to chorus}*

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call [C7] retreat,

He is [F] sifting out the hearts of men be[C]fore His judgment [G7] seat.

Oh, be [C] swift, my soul, to [C7] answer Him! Be [E7] jubilant, my [Am] feet!

Our [Dm] God is [G7] marching [C] on! *{to chorus}*

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the [C7] sea,

With a [F] glory in His bosom that trans [C] figures you and [G7] me.

As He [C] died to make men [C7] holy, let us [E7] die to make men [Am] free,

While [Dm] God is [G7] marching [C] on. *{to chorus}*

