

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Text: Julia Ward Howe

The musical score is written in G-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. It consists of six staves of music with corresponding lyrics. Above the first staff, six guitar chord diagrams are provided: Bb, Eb, Cm7, F, C7, and F7. The lyrics are: 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 hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword: His truth is marching on. Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on.

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 hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

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Frei zum Gebrauch für private oder gemeinnützige Zwecke (z.B. Chöre, Kindergärten, Schulen etc),
nicht jedoch zur anderweitigen Veröffentlichung.

Refrain:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, (glory) hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching 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.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel:
“As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.”

He has sounded forth 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.

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.

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is honour to the brave;
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of wrong His slave,
Our God is marching on.