2020-06-27		
Battle Hymn of the Republic (Julia Ward Howe, 18	861) - Key C	
C Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, F C	C	F
He is trampling out the vineyards where the grapes of wrath are stored. Am	•	9
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword. Dm G C		
His truth is marching on. Am	Dm	G
Chorus:		
C F C Glory! Glory, hallelujah! Glory! Glory, hallelujah! Am Dm G C Glory! Glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on!	98	6
C I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps, F C		
They have build-ed Him an altar in the evening dews and damps. Am		
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps. Dm G C His day is marching on.		
(Chorus)		
С		

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat,

He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement seat.

O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet! Dm

Our God is marching on.

(Chorus)

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,

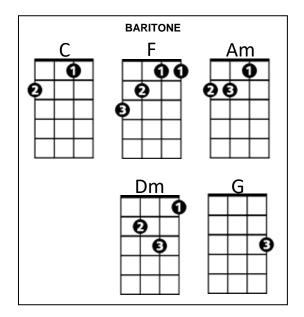
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.

As He died to make me holy, let us live to make men free,

Dm G

While God is marching on.

(Chorus)



Battle Hymn of the Republic ((Julia Ward Howe, 1861) - Key G

	-	-
G Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord, C G He is trampling out the vineyards where the grapes of wrath are Em He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword. Am D G His truth is marching on.	stored.	G 9 9
Chorus:		
Glory! Glory, hallelujah! Glory! Glory, hallelujah! Em Am D G Glory! Glory, hallelujah! His truth is marching on! G I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps, C G They have build-ed Him an altar in the evening dews and damps Em I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps.	Em O	Am
Am D G His day is marching on.		
(Chorus)		
G He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat, C G He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement seat. Em O be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet! Am D G Our God is marching on.		
	_	BARITONE
(Chorus) G In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, C G With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me. Em As He died to make me holy, let us live to make men free,	G	9 6
7.3 TO GICG TO MAKE THE HOLY, LET US LIVE TO MAKE MEN HEE,		۸m

(Chorus)

Am

While God is marching on.

