## Lee Greenwood, The Battle Hymn Of The Repub

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 has loosed the fateful lightening
Of His terrible swift sword
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 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

Glory, glory, hallelujah Glory, glory, hallelujah Glory, glory, hallelujah Our God is marching on

He has sounded form 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

Glory, glory, hallelujah Glory, glory, hallelujah Glory, glory, hallelujah 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 live to make men free While God is marching on

Glory, glory, hallelujah Glory, glory, hallelujah Glory, glory, hallelujah Our God is marching on