

Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic," also known as "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory," is an iconic American patriotic song that was written by abolitionist Julia Ward Howe in 1861. The lyrics were first published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in February 1862. They were inspired by a traditional religious hymn but with new words specifically referencing the Civil War and Union military victories.

It quickly became popular among soldiers in the Union Army and was later adopted as an anthem for the Union cause. It eventually became a classic American patriotic song due to its stirring lyrics and musical accompaniment (set to the tune of "John Brown's Body").

The "Battle Hymn of the Republic" has had a lasting legacy on both popular culture and history. Its lyrics have been quoted often by political figures, including Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr.

The song was one of Winston Churchill's favorite hymns, and because of this was played at his state funeral in St Paul's Cathedral in 1965. It was also one of Walt Disney's favorite songs and was played at the conclusion of his private funeral on December 16, 1966. Additionally, it was performed in St. Paul's Cathedral on September 14, 2001, as part of a memorial service for those lost in the September 11, 2001 attacks.

In addition to its iconic status in popular culture, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" remains an important symbol in American history. It is seen as a powerful reminder of the spirit and resilience of those who fought during the Civil War, and it has come to represent the country's commitment to freedom and justice for all people.

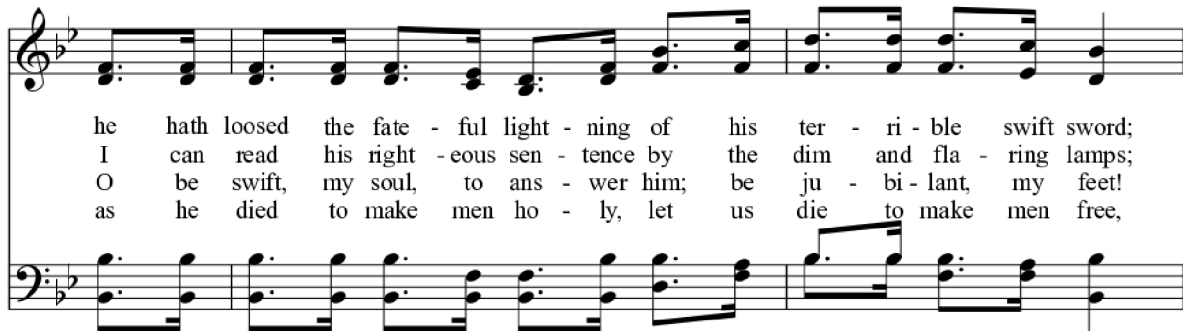
Battle Hymn of the Republic



1 Mine_ eyes have seen the glo - ry of the co - ming of the Lord;
2 I have seen him in the watch - fires of a hun - dred cir - cling camps;
3 He has soun - ded forth the trum - pet that shall ne - ver call re - treat;
4 In the beau - ty of the li - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea,

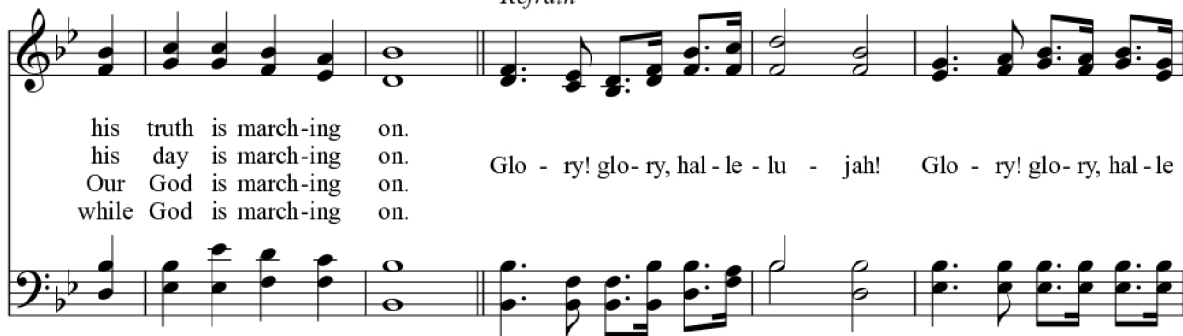


he is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
they have buil - ded him an al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps;
he is sif - ting out the hearts of men be - fore his judg - ment seat.
with a glo - ry in his bo - som that trans - fi - gures you and me;



he hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his ter - ri - ble swift sword;
I can read his right - eous sen - tence by the dim and fla - ring lamps;
O be swift, my soul, to ans - wer him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet!
as he died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make men free,

Refrain



his truth is march - ing on.
his day is march - ing on. Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le
Our God is march - ing on.
while God is march - ing on.



lu - jah! Glo - ry! glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! His truth is march - ing on.

Battle Hymn of the Republic Lyrics

Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the co-ming of the Lord;
he is tram-pling out the vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
he hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of his ter-ri-ble swift sword;
his truth is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
His truth is march-ing on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps;
they have buil-ded him an al-tar in the eve-ning dews and damps;
I can read his right-eous sen-tence by the dim and fla-ring lamps;
his day is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
His truth is march-ing on.

He has soun-ded forth the trum-pet that shall ne-ver call re-treat;
he is sif-ting out the hearts of men before his judg-ment seat.
O be swift, my soul, to ans-wer him; be ju-bi-lant, my feet!
Our God is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
His truth is march-ing on.

In the beau-ty of the li-lies Christ was born a-cross the sea,
with a glo-ry in his bo-som that trans-fi-gures you and me;
as he died to make men ho-ly, let us die to make men free,
while God is march-ing on.

Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
Glo-ry! Glo-ry, ha-le-lu-jah!
His truth is march-ing on.