

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

verse

⑥⑥	⑥⑥	⑤⑤	⑥⑦	⑧⑧	⑧⑧	⑧⑦	
↑↑	↑↑	↓↑	↑↑	↓↑	↑↑	↓↑	
⑦⑦	⑥⑥	⑥⑦	⑦⑦	⑦⑥	⑥⑥	⑥⑤	⑥
↑↓	↓↓	↓↓	↑↓	↑↓	↑↓	↑↑	↑
⑥⑥	⑥⑥	⑤⑤	⑥⑦	⑧⑧	⑧⑧	⑧	⑦
↑↑	↑↑	↓↑	↑↑	↓↑	↑↑	↓	↑
⑦	⑧	⑧	⑦	⑦	⑦		
↑	↓	↓	↑	↓	↑		

chorus:

⑥	⑤⑤	⑥⑦	⑧	⑧	⑦
↑	↓↑	↑↑	↓	↑	↑
⑥	⑦⑦	⑦⑦	⑥	⑥	⑤⑥
↓	↓↑	↓↑	↓	↑	↑↑
⑥	⑤⑤	⑥⑦	⑧	⑧	⑦
↑	↓↑	↑↑	↓	↑	↑
⑦	⑧	⑧	⑦	⑦	⑦
↑	↓	↓	↑	↓	↑

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 loos'd the fateful light-ning of His
terrible swift sword,
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory Hallelujah!
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.

He has sounded from 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 trans-
figures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us
die to make men free,
While God is marching on.