

Battle Hymn of the Republic

So the angel swung his sickle across the earth and gathered the grape harvest of the earth and threw it into the great winepress of the wrath of God. Revelation 14:19

Text: Julia Ward Howe 1819-1910

Tune: American Folk Tune

B $\flat$



Mine — eyes have seen the glo - ry of the
He has sound ed forth the trum - pet that shall
In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was

2



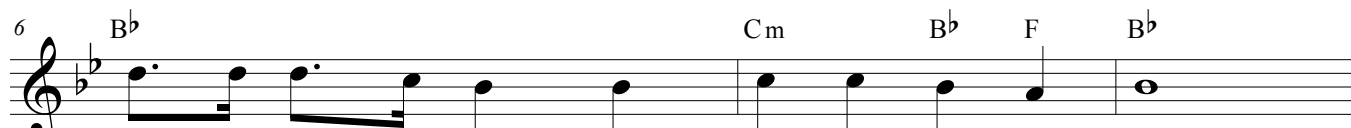
com - ing of the Lord; He is tram - pling out the vin - tage where the
nev - er call re-treat; He is sift - ing out the hearts of men be -
born a-cross the sea, With a glo - ry in his bos - om that trans -

4



grapes of wrath are stored; He has loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his
fore the judg - ment seat. Oh be swift, my soul, to an - swer him; be
fig - ures you and me. As he died to make men ho - ly, let us

6



ter - ri - ble swift sword: His truth is march - ing on.
jub - i - lant my feet! Our God is march - ing on.
die to make men free, While God is march - ing on.

9



Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!

13

B $\flat$ B $\flat$ Gm Cm B $\flat$ F B $\flat$

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