

From Age to Age They Gather

Frederick Hosmer, 1891.

19th Century American.

From age to age they gather, all the brave of heart and strong;
In the strife of truth with error, of the right against the wrong;
I can see their gleaming banner, I can hear their triumph song;
The truth is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! The truth is marching on.

"In this sign we conquer," 'tis the symbol of our faith,
Made holy by the might of love triumphant over death;
"He who finds his life loseth it," forevermore it saith,
The right is marching on!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! The right is marching on!

The earth is circling onward out of shadow into light;
The stars keep watch above our way, however dark the night;
For every martyr's stripe there glows a bar of morning bright;
And love is marching on!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah! And love is marching on!

Lead on, O cross of martyr faith, with thee is victory;
Shine forth, O stars and reddening dawn, the full day yet shall be;
On earth His kingdom cometh, and with joy our eyes shall see,
Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!

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