

F Battle Hymn Of The Republic

[F] Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
He is [Bb] trampling out the vintage where the [F] grapes of wrath are stored
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword
His [Bb] truth is [C7] marching [F] on.

Chorus

[F] Glory, glory, Hallelujah, [Bb] Glory, glory. Halle [F] lujah.
Glory, glory hallelujah, His [Bb] truth is [C7] marching [F] on.

[F] I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling camps
They have [Bb] builded Him an altar in the [F] evening dews and damps
[F] I have read His righteous sentence
By the dim and flaring lamps,
[Bb] His truth is [C7] march [F] ing on.

Chorus