Battle Hymn of the Republic

Julia Ward Howe

unison

anon., ca 1861

arr by Linda Pratt

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grapes of wrath are stored. He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his
terrible, swift sword; His truth is marching on. He has
sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat; He is
swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant my feet! Our God is marching on.

Praise, glory, hallelujah!

sift ing out the hearts of men before the judgment seat. Oh, be
lu - jah!  Glo - ry, glo - ry, ha - le - lu - jah!

Glory glory, ha - le - lu - jah!  His truth is march - ing

much softer and slower

on.  In the beauty of the lil - ies, Christ was

much softer and slower
born a cross the sea, With a glory in his bosom that trans-

figures you and me. As he died to make men holy let us

live to make men free, While God is marching on.
Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, ha - le - lu - jah!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, ha - le - lu - jah!

His truth is marching on.
one or two sopranos sing the top note

truth is marching on!