

THE Hiding Place

The Battle Hymn of the Republic

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 loosed the fateful lightning of
His terrible swift sword
His truth is marching on.

Chorus

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 truth is marching on.

Chorus

I have read a fiery gospel writ in
burnished rows of steel
"As ye deal with my condemners, so
with you my grace shall deal"
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush
the serpent with his heel
Since God is marching on

Chorus

He has sounded forth 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

Chorus

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was
born across the sea
With a glory in His bosom that
transfigures you and me
As He died to make men holy, let us
live to make men free
While God is marching on.

Chorus