

# Battle Hymn

*Blow ye the trumpet in Zion... for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand. Joel 2:1  
And out of his mouth goeth a sharp sword... and he treadeth the winepress of the fierceness and wrath of Almighty God. Rev. 19:15*

Words: Julia W. Howe, 1861; *alt.*

Music: "Glory, Hallelujah"  
William Steffe, ca. 1856.

1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is  
2. He has sound - ed forth the trum - pet that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is  
3. In the beau - ty of the li - lies Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a  
4. He is com - ing like the glo - ry of the morn - ing on the wave, He is

tramp - ling out the vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath  
sift - ing out the hearts of men be - fore His judg - ment seat; Oh, be  
glo - ry in His bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me: As He  
wis - dom to the might - y, He is hon - or to the brave; So the

loosed the fate - ful light - ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing on.  
swift, my soul, to an - swer Him; be ju - bi - lant, my feet! Our God is march - ing on.  
died to make men ho - ly, let us live to make men free; While God is march - ing on.  
world shall be His foot - stool, and His faith - ful He shall save; Our God is march - ing on.

Fine

*Refrain*

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

D.S. al Fine