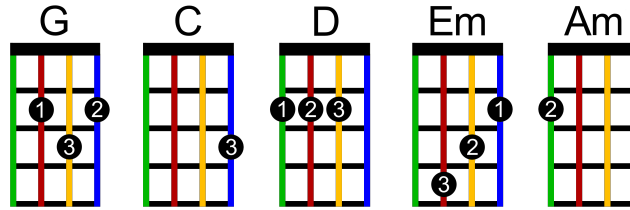


Battle Hymn of the Republic



G

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;

C

G

D

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;

G

Em

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible, swift sword;

Am

D

G

His truth is mar-ching on.

[Chorus]

G

C

G

Glory! Glory! halle-lu- jah! Glory! Glory! hallelu-jah!

G

Em

Am

D

G

Glory! Glory! halle- lu - jah! His truth is mar-ching on.