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.