

66. Glory, Glory Hallelujah

^A
Mine eyes have seen the glory Of the coming of the Lord;
^D He is trampling out the vintage Where the grapes of wrath are stor'd;
^A
He hath loos'd the fateful lightning Of His terrible swift sword:
^E His truth is marching on ^A

^A ^D ^A ^A
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
^E His truth is marching on. ^A

^A
Sounded forth the trumpet That shall never sound retreat;
^D He is sifting out the hearts of men Before His judgment seat. ^A
^A
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubilant, my feet!
^E Our God is marching on ^A

^A ^D ^A ^A
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
^E Our God is marching on. ^A

^A
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
^D With a glory in His bosom That transfigures you and me; ^A
^A
As He died to make men holy Let us die to make men free,
^E While God is marching on. ^A

^A ^D ^A ^A
Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah! Glory, glory, hallelujah!
^E While God is marching on. ^A