Battle Hymn of the Republic
Popular de Estados Unidos

W. STEFFE / Arm.: R. J. N.

1. 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 lighting of His read His righteous sentence by the
terrible swift sword, His dim and flaring lamps, His

2. I've seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
   built Him an altar in the evening dews and damps; I can
   seen by the light of the dim and flaring lamps, His

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Coral Hilarión Eslava
truth is marching on. 

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

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D.C.

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Glo-ry, glo-ry! Hal-le-lu-jah! His truth is marching on.

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