

# Battle Hymn of the Republic

Arranged by Dan Wolaver  
SATB a cappella

Music by John William Steffe  
Words by Julia Ward Howe



*Julia Ward Howe.*

# Battle Hymn of the Republic

Words: Julia Ward Howe  
Music: John William Steffe

Arranged by  
Dan Wolaver

$\text{♩} = 100$

S  
A  
T  
B

*p* Dun, da da da dun, da da da  
*p* Dun, da da da dun, da da da dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da  
*p* Dun, da da da dun, da da da dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da  
*p* Mine eyes have seen the glo - - - - ry of the  
dun, da da da dun dun dun. Mine eyes have seen the glo - - - - ry of the  
dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da dun, da da da dun dun dun  
dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da dun, da da da dun dun dun  
com - - - - ing of the Lord. He is tram - - - - pling out the  
com - - - - ing of the Lord. He is tram - - - - pling out the  
dun, da da da dun, da da da dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da  
dun, da da da dun, da da da dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da

10 3 3 11 3 3 12 13

vin - - - - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored. He hath loosed the fate - ful *mp* *mf*

vin - - - - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored. He hath loosed the fate - ful *mp* *mf*

8 3 3 3 3

dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da dun. He hath loosed the fate - ful *mp* *mf*

dun, da da da dun dun dun dun, da da da dun, da da da dun. He hath loosed the fate - ful *mp* *mf*

14 15 16 17 18

light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing *f*

light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is da, dat dat dat dat dat dat *f*

8 light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth is march - ing *f*

light-ning of His ter - ri - ble swift sword; His truth, His truth is march - ing *f*

19 20 21 22

on. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

on. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

on. Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

truth is march-ing. Glo-ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le, Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le,

23 24 25 26 27

lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing on. \_\_\_\_\_

lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing on. \_\_\_\_\_

lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing on. \_\_\_\_\_

Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing, truth is march - ing,

28 29 30 31 *slower* 32 33

Truth is march - ing on. *rit.* Ah. *p* Christ was born a - cross the

Truth is march - ing on. *rit.* Ah. *p* Christ was born a - cross the

Truth is march - ing on. *rit.* Ah. *mp* *melody* In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the

truth is march - ing on. *rit.* Ah. *p* *slower* In the beau - ty of the lil - ies Christ was born a - cross the

34 35 36 37 *rit.* 38 *a tempo* 39

sea, with a glo - ry in His bos - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he died to make men

sea, glo - ry in His bos - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he died to make men

sea, with a glo - ry in His bos - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he died to make men

sea, glo - ry in His bos - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As he died to make men

40 41 42 43 44 45 46

ho - ly, let us die to make men free; while God is march-ing, march-ing on.

*accel.* ***f*** *presto*

ho - ly, let us die to make men free; while God is march-ing, march-ing on.

*accel.* ***f*** *presto*

8 ho - ly, let us die to make men free; while God is march-ing on.

*accel.* ***f*** *presto*

ho - ly, let us die to make men free; while God is march-ing, march-ing on.

47 *tempo I°* ( $\text{♩} = \text{♩}$ ) 48 49

*melody*  
Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

8 Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le, Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le -

50 51 52 53

lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing

lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing

8 lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing

Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His truth is march - ing,

54 on, \_\_\_\_\_ and on. \_\_\_\_\_ 55  
 56 Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja!  
 57

on, \_\_\_\_\_ and on. \_\_\_\_\_ Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja!

on, \_\_\_\_\_ and on. \_\_\_\_\_ Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja!

truth is march-ing, His truth is march-ing. Truth is march - ing truth is march-ing

58 Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! 59  
 60 *slower* Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His  
 61

*slower*  
 Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His

*slower*  
 Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His

*slower*  
 Truth is march - ing, His truth is march-ing. Glo-ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - ja! His

62 *molto rit.* truth is march - ing \_\_\_\_\_ 63 *a tempo* A - - - - - men!  
 64 65 66 *ff*

*molto rit.* 3 *a tempo* *ff*  
 truth is da, da da da dat dat dat da. A - men! A - men, A - men!

*molto rit.* *a tempo* *ff*  
 8 truth is march - ing \_\_\_\_\_ on. A - men! A - men, A - men!

*molto rit.* *a tempo* *ff*  
 truth is march - ing \_\_\_\_\_ on. A - men! A - men, A - men!

This hymn was born during the American civil war, when Howe visited a Union Army camp on the Potomac River near Washington, D. C. She heard the soldiers singing the song “John Brown’s Body,” and was taken with the strong marching beat. She wrote the words the next day:

I awoke in the grey of the morning, and as I lay waiting for dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to entwine themselves in my mind, and I said to myself, “I must get up and write these verses, lest I fall asleep and forget them!” So I sprang out of bed and in the dimness found an old stump of a pen, which I remembered using the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper.

The hymn appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1862.

*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 lightning of His terrible swift sword;  
His truth is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His truth is marching on.*

*I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;  
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;  
His day is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! His day is marching on.*

*I have read a fiery Gospel writ in burnished rows of steel;  
“As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal”;  
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with His heel,  
Since God is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Since God is marching on.*

*He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat;  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet;  
Our God is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our God is marching on.*

*In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;  
While God is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! While God is marching on.*

*He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,  
He is wisdom to the mighty, He is honor to the brave;  
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of wrong His slave,  
Our God is marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! Our God is marching on.*