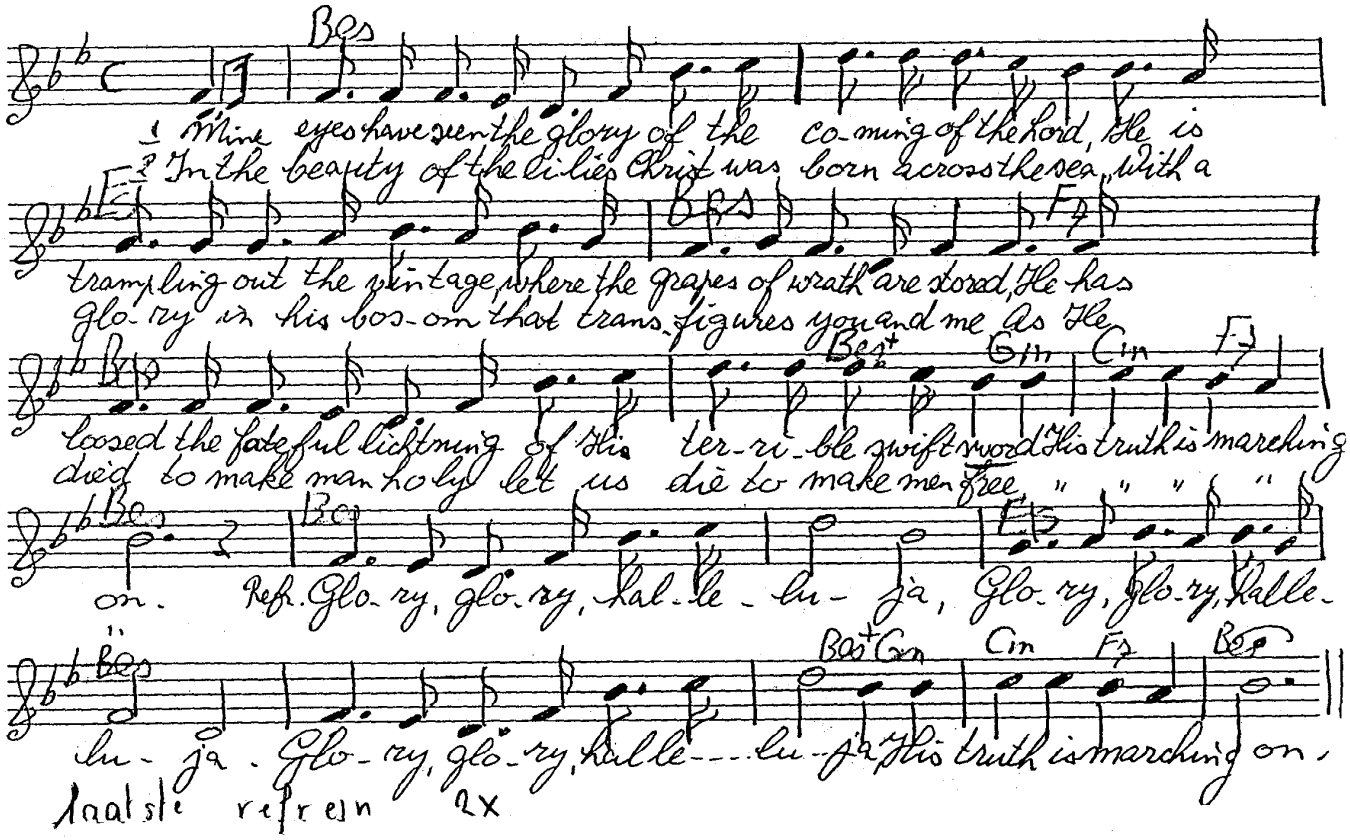
1 Mine eyes have seen the glory of the co-ming of the Lord, He is
2 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a
trampling out the vintage, where the grapes of wrath are stored, He has
glo-ry in his bos-om that trans-figures you and me As He
loosed the fate-ful lightning of his ter-ri-ble swift sword His truth is marching
died to make man ho-ly let us die to make men free
on. Refr. Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-ja, Glo-ry, glo-ry, halle-
lu-ja. Glo-ry, glo-ry, halle---lu-ja His truth is marching on.
laatste refrein 2x