

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming Lord.
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.
He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword.
His truth is marching on.

Glory, glory hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watchfires in a hundred circling camps.
They have gilded 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.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never sound retreat.
He is sifting out the hearts of all before His judgement seat.
O, be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
with the glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me.
As He died to make us holy, let us make all people free.
Whilst God is marching on.