

# Glory alleluia

My eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,  
He'll use the faithful lighting and his terrible whip saw  
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilly's Christ was born across the sea,  
The glory in His boosom that transfered to you and me:  
As He died to make the glory, like he died to make me free  
God is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

My eyes have seen the coming of the glory of the Lord  
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored,  
He'll use the faithful lighting and his terrible whip saw  
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.

Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah!  
His truth is marching on.