Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord; He is
I have seen Him in the watch fires of a hundred circling camps; They have
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea, With a

tram pling out the vint age where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath
build ed Him an al tar in the eve ning dews and damp; I can
glo ry in His bos om that trans fig ures you and me; As He

loosed the fate ful light ning of his ter ri ble swift sword, His
read His right eous sen tence by the dim and flar ing lamps, His
died to make men ho ly let us die to make men free While

truth is march Mine on. Glo ryl glo r y Hal le
day is march ing on
God is march ing on

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LosNotes Publications
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