

Marching On

Rich Mullins

"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 has loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword

And He's marching, marching on

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat
And He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement seat

Oh, be swift my soul to answer Him, be jubilant my feet!

Hey! Feet, keep marching, keep on marching on

Hey, yeah, feet keep marching, keep on marching on

Well, in the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea
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With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me

And as He died to make men holy, let us live to make them free

Keep marching, marching on

Yeah, keep marching

Keep on... yeah

And behold I saw a new heaven and a new earth"