

## Battle Hymn of the Republic

Stryper

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 hath loosed the fateful lightning  
Of His terrible swift sword  
His truth is marching on  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah  
His truth is marching on  
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