

[*The Battle Hymn of the Republic.* Fac-simile of first draft.]

Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C.,

Treasury Building, *Per* 1861.

Willard's Hotel

Julia W. Howe

To

Charlotte B. Whipple

Skinn' eyes have seen the glory of the evening
of the Ford..

He is watching how the wine flows when the grapes of
wrath are stored,
word

He hath heard the faithful helpings of his trouble
with word,

His work is marching on.

I have seen him in the watchtowers of an hundred
circling camps

They have builded him an altar in the ~~skinning~~
dews and damps,

I can read his majestic contour by the dim
and flaring lamps

His day is marching on.

I have hid a burning torch with in every row of
steel,
As ye deal with my Contumacious, so with you my
space shall deal

Let the heavy tone of evening ^{and} ~~with~~ ^{the} ~~sun~~ ^{set} ~~into~~
his soul,
Our God is marching on.

He has sounded out his trumpet that shall never
call retreat,

He has waked the earth's dull bosom with a
hope int'ating beat,

O that he might my soul to answer bring, he ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{power}
my feet.

Our God is marching on.

O that the ^{spirit} ~~ghost~~ of his ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{he} ~~he~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{born} ~~born~~ ^{across} ~~across~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{sea}
with a joy in his bosom and shining out on you and
me,

as he did to make men holy, let us try to make
men free,

Our God is marching on.

He is coming like the joy of the morning ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{the} ~~the
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is ^{power} ~~strength~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{have}
for the world shall be his fortress, and the ^{power} ~~power~~~~

and of turning his stone

Our God is marching on.

First-draft of the "Battle
Glynn of the Republics."

By Julia Ward Howe

Washington.

Nov. 1861