

THE QUEEN OF AMERICA

By

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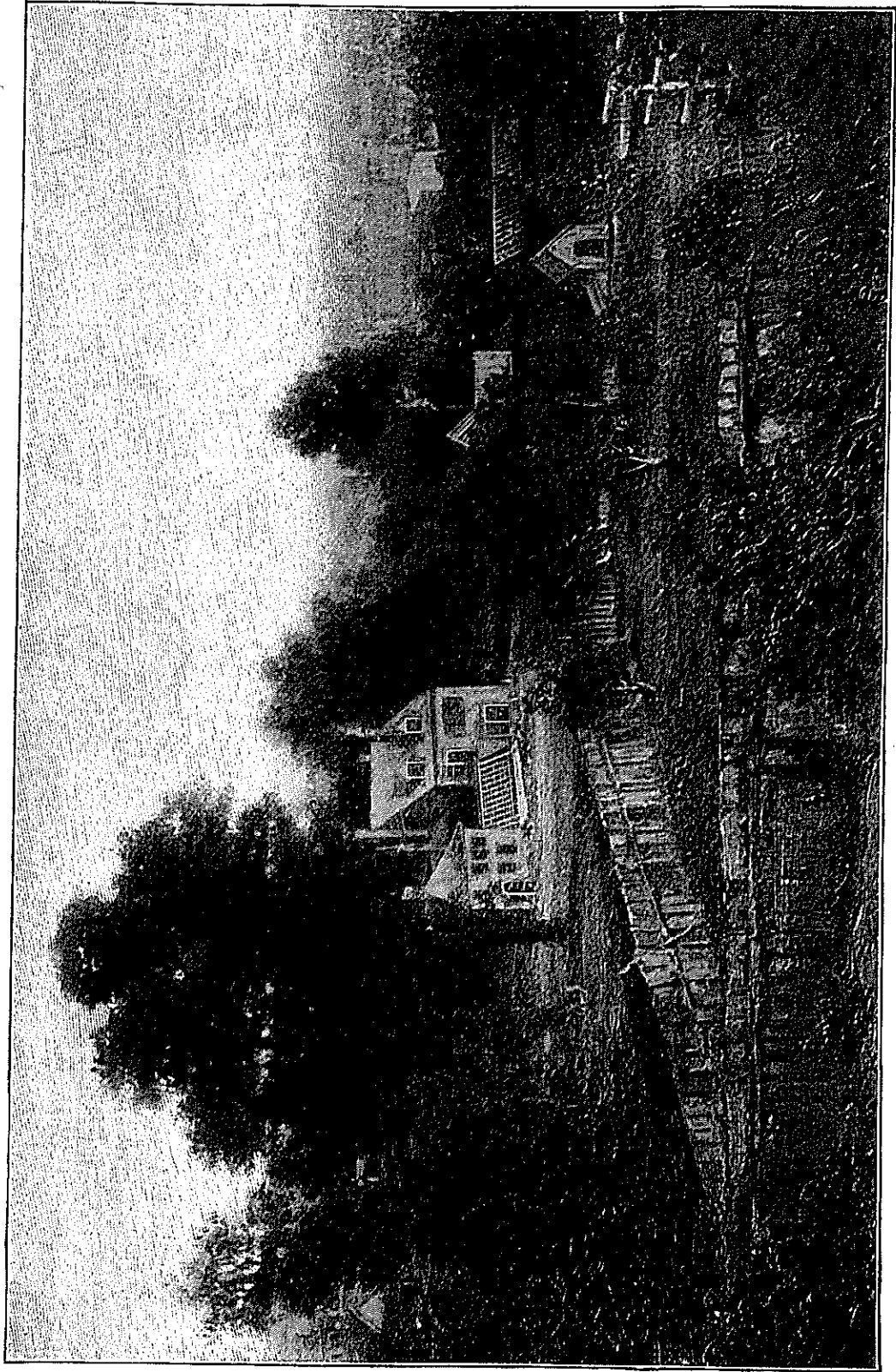
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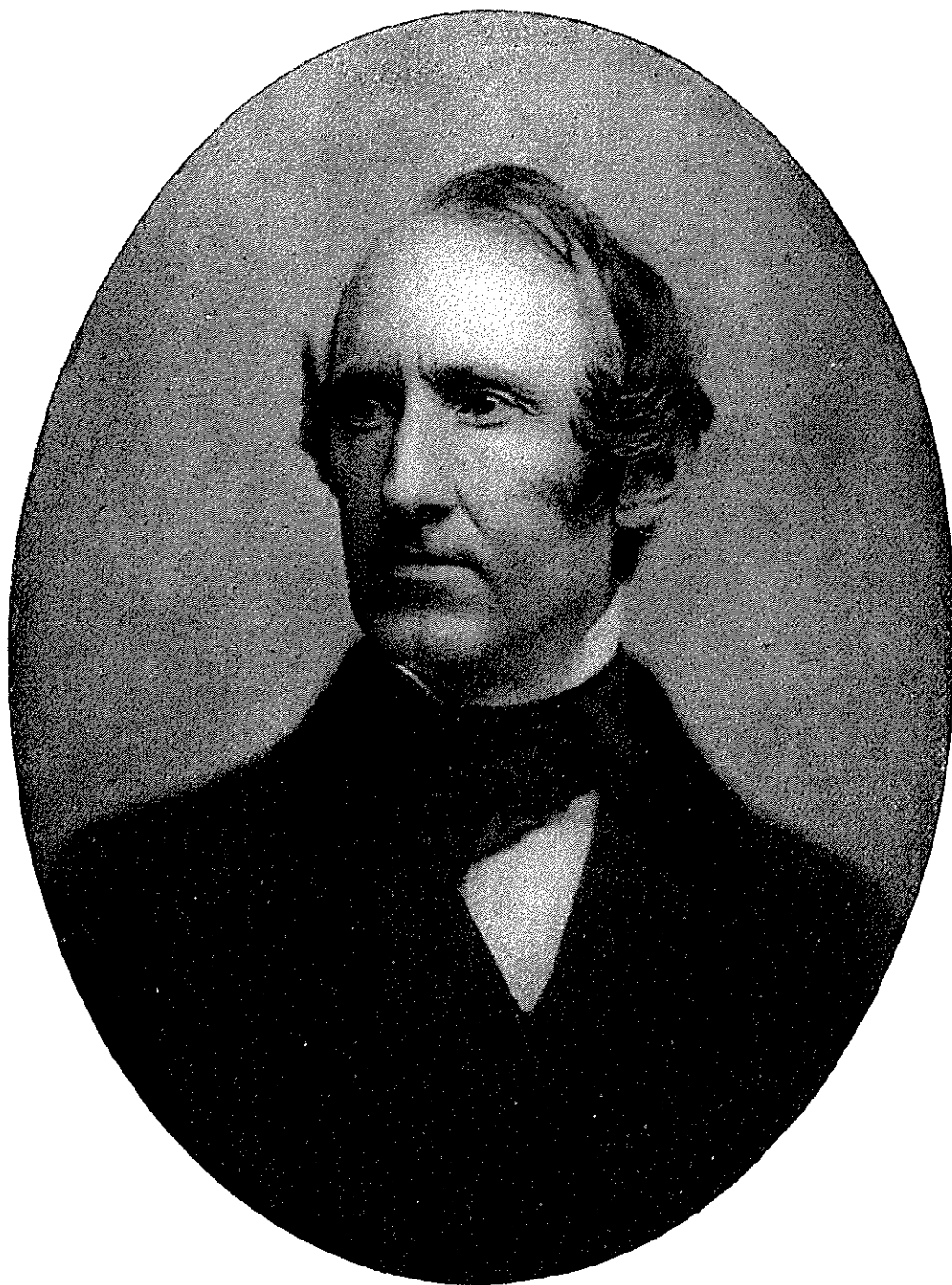


Julia Ward Howe.

From a photograph by Hardy, 1897

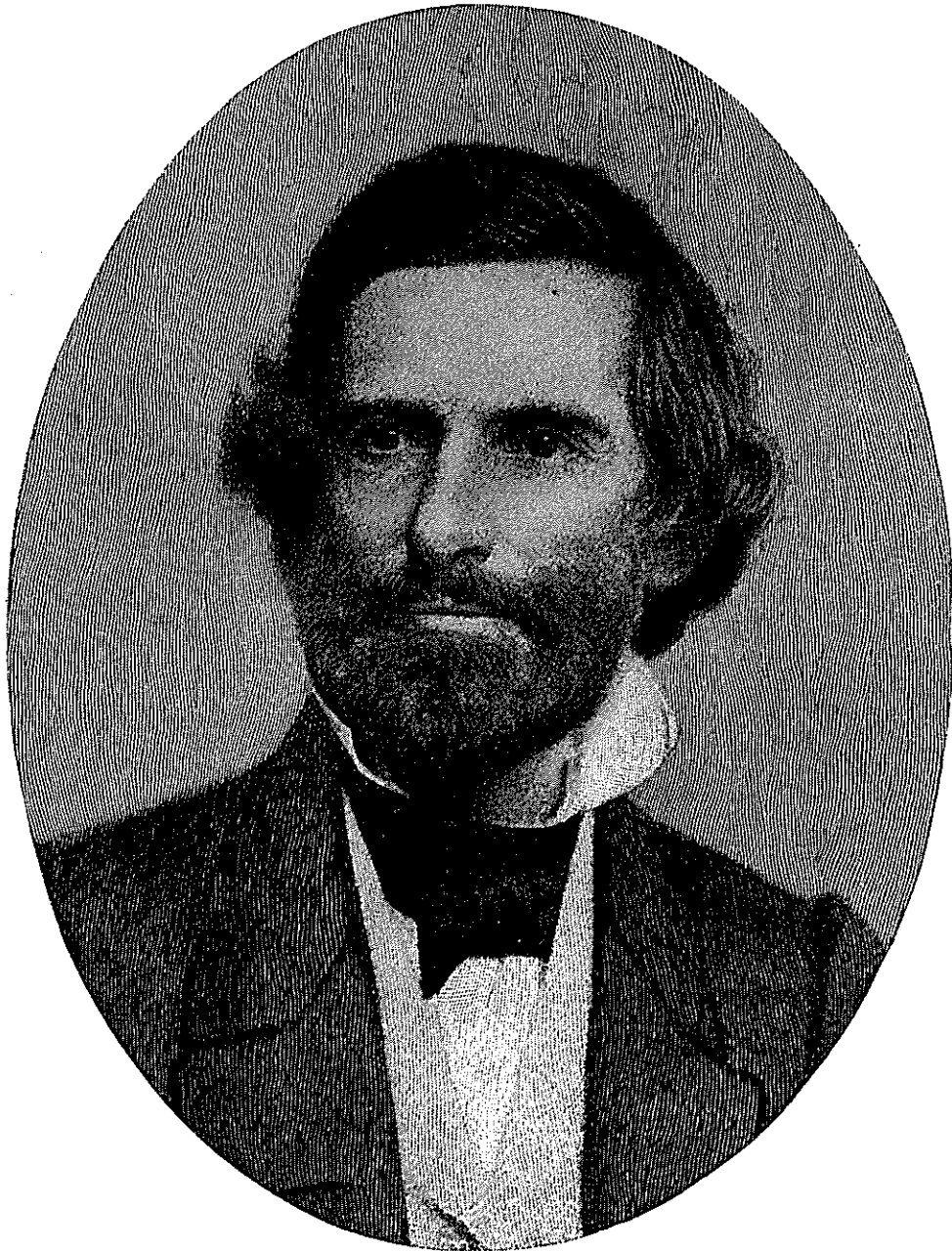


THE HOME AT SOUTH BOSTON

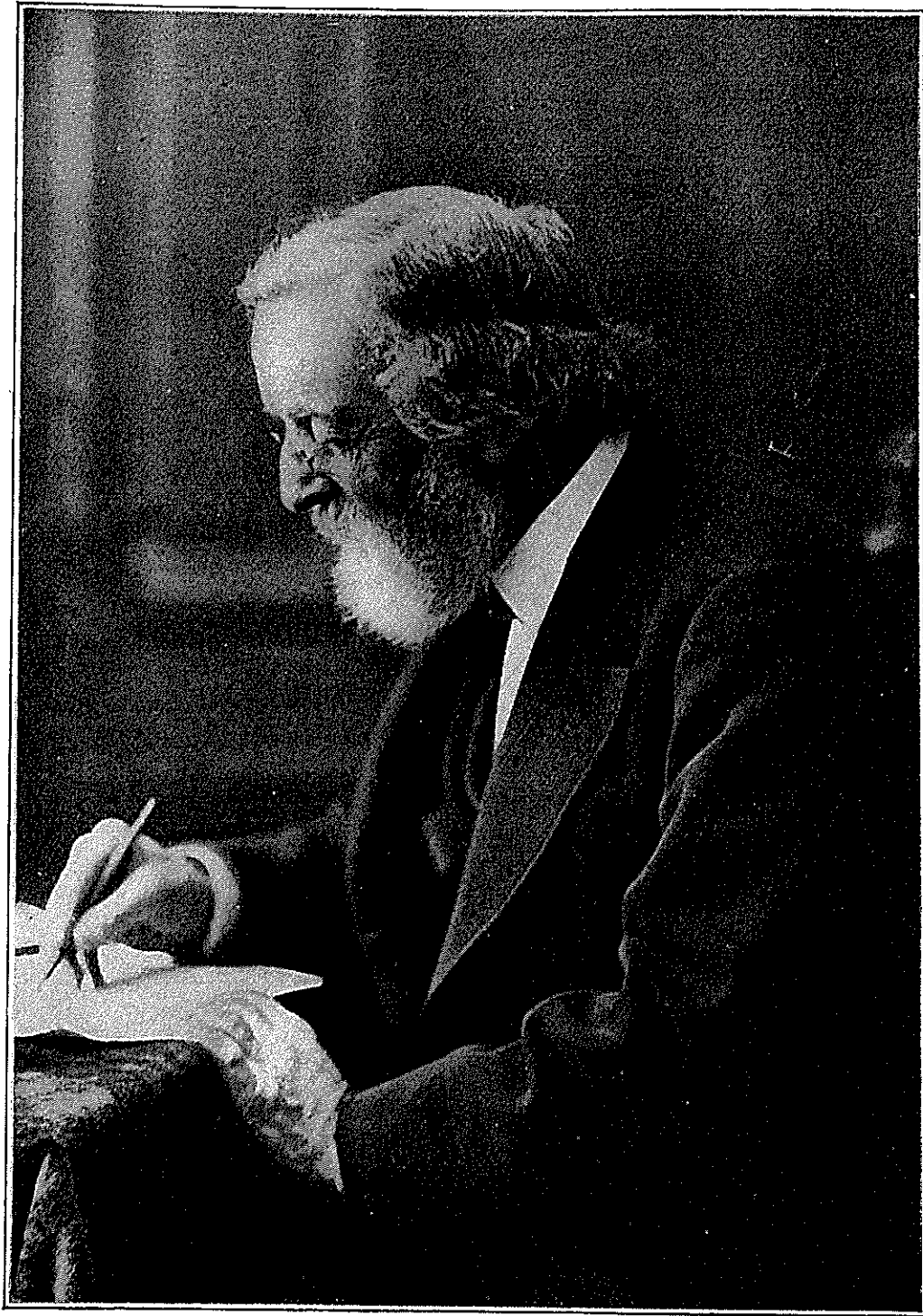


WENDELL PHILLIPS

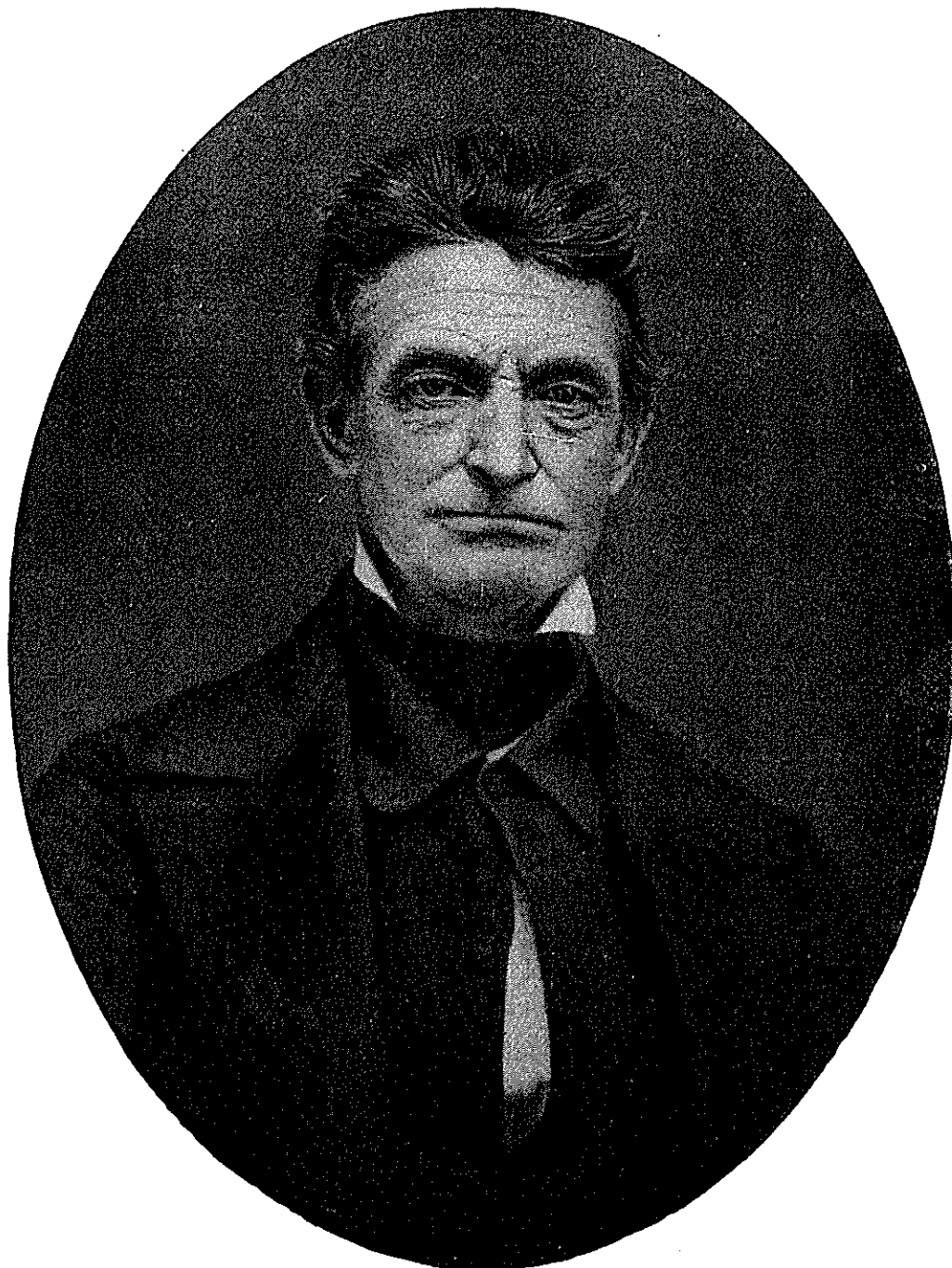
At the age of 48



SAMUEL GRIDLEY HOWE
From a photograph about 1859



JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE



JOHN BROWN

From a photograph about 1857

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

Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C.,

Treasury Building, *Am* 1861.

Williams' Hotel

John W. Howe

To

Charlotte B. Whipple

Many eyes have seen the glory of the evening
of his Lord...

He is baptizing how he will from where the flocks of
wreaths are stored,

He hath ^{loved} ~~loved~~ the fateful happenings of his humble
with sword,

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 smoking
dews and damps,

I can read his restless countenance by the dim
and flashing lamps

His day is marching on.

I have said a burning torch with in every row of
As ye deal with my countenances, so with you my
grace shall deal

Let the heavy tone of evening ~~and~~ the sunset ~~into~~
but hush,
Our God is moving on.

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

He has washed the earth's dull brown with a
high radiant heat,

Oh! he swift my soul to answer him, he ~~is~~ ^{is} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~glorious~~
myself.

Our God is marching on.

Oh the ^{glorious} ~~glory~~ of his ~~which~~ ^{which} he was born ~~across~~ ^{across} the sea
with a joy in his brow and shining out on you and
me.

As he did to make men holy, let us be to make
men free,

Our God is marching on.

He is coming like the glory of the morning ~~and~~ ^{and} the
He is wisdom to the mighty, he is ~~stronger~~ ^{stronger} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~power~~
to the world shall be his fortress, and the ~~power~~ ^{power}

and of turning his name

Our God is marching on.

First draft of the "Battle
Gymn of the Republic."
By Julia Ward Howe

Washington.
Nov. 1861

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.

CHORUS

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

I have seen Him in the watchfires of a hundred circling
Camps;
They have building Him an altar in the evening dews and
Damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring
Lamps;
His day is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall
Deal;
Let the hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

CHORUS

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call
Retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgement
Seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
My feet!
Our God is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Since God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the
Sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

CHORUS

Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
While God is marching on.