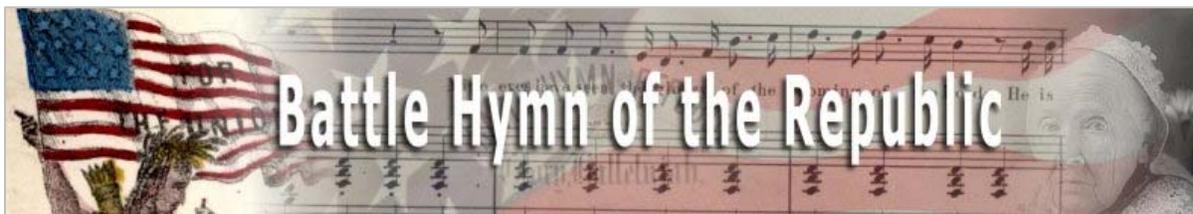


#2262 The Yom Kippur War and the Abomination of Desolation – The post-World War II U.S. waxing great toward the South and toward the East as a *second* Syria/Antiochus IV Epiphanes, part 521, **The Pale Horse, (cxviii), Let us die to make men free: Repeat of Unsealing #867 to easily see bringing Death to themselves, with Hell following for themselves**

#867 Drunken with the Blood of the Saints – “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” and ‘Let us Die to Make Men Free’

The Battle Hymn of the Republic. The patriotic anthem “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” was written by Julia Ward Howe during the American Civil War. It was published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in February 1862. In the fifth stanza, note the lyrics, **As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.** Some later versions replaced the word *die* with the word *live*, but the original and true version of the song says **let us die to make men free.**

As He died to make men holy, let us *die* to make men free



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 watch-fires of a hundred circling camps,
They have builded 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. [followed by **Chorus**]

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.” [followed by **Chorus**]

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on. [followed by **Chorus**]

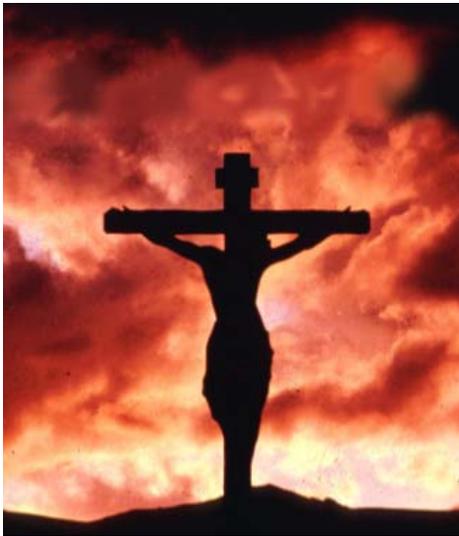
In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on. [followed by **Chorus**]

He is coming like the glory of the morning on the wave,
He is Wisdom to the mighty, He is Succour to the brave,
So the world shall be His footstool, and the soul of Time His slave,
Our God is marching on. [followed by **Chorus**]

Key Understanding: “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” and ‘let us die to make men free’.
The words in “The Battle Hymn of the Republic” of **“As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free”** are an excellent example of the Great Whore being drunken with the blood of the saints, in fulfillment of Revelation 17:6.

As He died to make men holy,

let us die to make men free



Revelation 17:5-6 (KJV) And upon her forehead was a name written, MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, THE MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH. 6 AND I SAW THE WOMAN DRUNKEN WITH THE BLOOD OF THE SAINTS, and with the blood of the martyrs of Jesus: and when I saw her, I wondered with great admiration.

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