

John Brown's Body

John Brown's body
Lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body
Lies a mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body
Lies a mould'ring in the grave,
But his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Glory, glory Hallelujah,
His soul is marching on.

He captured Harpers Ferry
With his nineteen men so true,
And he frightened old Virginia
Till she trembled through and through.
They hung him for a traitor,
Themselves the traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Glory, glory Hallelujah,
His soul is marching on.

John Brown died so
That the slave might be free,
John Brown died so
That the slave might be free,
John Brown died so
That the slave might be free,
But his soul is marching on.

Glory, glory Hallelujah,

Montgomery County Public Schools
Melissa N. Matusevich
January, 1998

Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Glory, glory Hallelujah,
His soul is marching on.

Now has come
The glorious jubilee,
Now has come
The glorious jubilee,
Now has come
The glorious jubilee,
When all mankind are free.

Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Glory, glory Hallelujah,
Glory, glory Hallelujah,
His soul is marching on.