

John Brown's bo - dy lies a- mould-ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a-
mould-ring in the grave, John Brown's bo - dy lies a- mould-ring in the grave, But his
soul goes marching on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le -
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! But his soul goes marching on.

John Brown's body lies
a-mouldring in the grave, (3x)
But his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! (3x)
But his soul goes marching on.

John Brown's knapsack
is strapped upon his back, (3x)
But his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! ...

He's gone to be a soldier
in the Army of the Lord, (3x)
But his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! ...

John Brown died
that the slaves might be free, (3x)
And his soul goes marching on.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! ...

The stars above in Heaven now
are looking kindly down, (3x)
To the soul of old John Brown.
Glory, glory, hallelujah! ...