John Brown’s Body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown’s Body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Brown’s Body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS:
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

He’s gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He’s gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
He’s gone to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS:
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.

John Brown’s knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown’s knapsack is strapped upon his back,
John Brown’s knapsack is strapped upon his back,
His soul is marching on.

The stars in Heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars in Heaven are looking kindly down,
The stars in Heaven are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown.

We’ll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
We’ll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
We’ll hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.

CHORUS (2x):
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on.