

The John Brown Song
Version 2

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage, whom he ventured all to save,
But tho' he lost his life in struggling for the slave,
His soul is marching on.

CHORUS:

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

John Brown was a hero undaunted, true, and brave,
And Kansas knew his valor, when he fought her rights to save;
And now though the grass grows green above his grave,
His soul is marching on. CHORUS

He captured Harpers Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
They frighten'd old Virginy till she trembled through and through,
They hung him for a traitor : themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul goes marching on. CHORUS

John Brown was John the Baptist, of Christ we are to see,
Christ who of the bondman shall the Liberator be,
And soon throughout the sunny South, the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul is marching on. CHORUS

The conflict that he heralded, he looks from heaven to view,
On the army of the Union, with his flag red, white and blue,
And heaven shall ring with anthems, o'er the deed they mean to do.
For his soul is marching on. CHORUS

Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike, while strike ye may,
The death-blow of oppression, in a better time and way,
For the dawn of old John Brown, has brightened into day,
And his soul is marching on. CHORUS

NEW JOHN BROWN SONG.

John Brown's body lies a mouldering in the grave,
While weep the sons of bondage, whom he ventured all to save,
But tho' he lost his life in struggling for the slave,
His soul is marching on.

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

John Brown was a hero undaunted, true, and brave,
And Kansas knew his valor, when he fought her rights to save;
And now though the grass grows green above his grave,
His soul is marching on : Glory &c.

He captured Harper's Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
And he frighten'd old Virginnny till she trembled through and through
They hung him for a traitor : themselves a traitor crew,
But his soul is marching on ; Glory &c.

John Brown was John the Baptist, of Christ we are to see,
Christ who of the bondman shall the Liberator be,
And soon throughout the sunny South, the slaves shall all be free,
For his soul is marching on. Glory &c.

The conflict that he heralded, he looks from heaven to view, *
On the army of the Union, with his flag red, white and blue,
And heaven shall ring with anthems, oe'r the deed they mean to do.
For his soul is marching on. Glory &c.

Ye soldiers of Freedom, then strike, while strike ye may,
The death-blow of oppression, in a better time and way,
For the dawn of old John Brown, has brightened into day,
And his soul is marching on. Glory &c.