

## *John Brown's Body*

The following lyrics are from the Library of Congress:

*Tune: Brothers, will you meet me*

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's marching on!

**(Chorus)**

Glory, halle—hallelujah! Glory, halle—hallelujah!  
Glory, halle—hallelujah! his soul's 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's marching on!

**(Chorus)**

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's marching on!

**(Chorus)**

His pet lambs will meet him on the way;  
His pet lambs will meet him on the way;  
His pet lambs will meet him on the way;  
They go marching on!

**(Chorus)**

They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree!  
They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree!  
They will hang Jeff. Davis to a sour apple tree!  
As they march along!

**(Chorus)**

Now, three rousing cheers for the Union;  
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union;  
Now, three rousing cheers for the Union;  
As we are marching on!

## *John Brown's Body*

The version by William Weston Patton runs:

Old John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave,  
While weep the sons of bondage whom he ventured all to save;  
But tho he lost his life while struggling for the slave,  
His soul is marching on.  
John Brown was a hero, undaunted, true and brave,  
And Kansas knows his valor when he fought her rights to save;  
Now, tho the grass grows green above his grave,  
His soul is marching on.  
He captured Harper's Ferry, with his nineteen men so few,  
And frightened "Old Virginny" till she trembled thru and thru;  
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,  
But his soul is marching on.  
John Brown was John the Baptist of the Christ we are to see,  
Christ who of the bondmen shall the Liberator be,  
And soon thruout the Sunny South the slaves shall all be free,  
For his soul is marching on.  
The conflict that he heralded he looks from heaven to view,  
On the army of the Union with its 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.  
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