

John Brown's Body

By: Paul Robeson

an American folk song

John Browns body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Browns body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
John Browns body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, his soul goes marching on.

John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
John Brown died that the slaves might be free,
But his soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, his soul goes marching on.

He captured Harpers Ferry with his nineteen men so true,
He frightened Old Virginny till she trembled through and through,
They hung him for a traitor, themselves the traitor crew,
But his soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, his soul goes marching on.

Hes gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
Hes gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
Hes gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
But his soul goes marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, his soul goes marching on.

The stars of heaven now are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven now are looking kindly down,
The stars of heaven now are looking kindly down,
On the grave of old John Brown.

Glory, glory, hallelujah, glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory, glory, hallelujah, his soul goes marching on.