

# Ellsworth's Body Lies Mouldering In The Dust - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

Ellsworth's Body Lies Mouldering in the Dust.

Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in the dust,  
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in the dust,  
Ellsworth's body lies mouldering in the dust,  
As we go marching on.-Glory, glory, hallelujah!

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.-Glory, glory, hallelujah.

Ellsworth's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
Ellsworth's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
Ellsworth's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
As we go marching on.-Glory, glory, hallelujah.

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,  
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,  
We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,  
As we go marching on.-Glory, glory, hallelujah.

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,  
As they go marching on.-Glory, glory, hallelujah.

The Fire Zouaves are marching on their way,  
The Fire Zouaves are marching on their way,  
The Fire Zouaves are marching on their way,  
For Ellsworth's death to avenge.-Glory, glory, hallelujah.

Now three rousing cheers for the Union,  
Now three rousing cheers for the Union,  
Now three rousing cheers for the Union,  
As we go marching on.-Glory, glory, hallelujah.