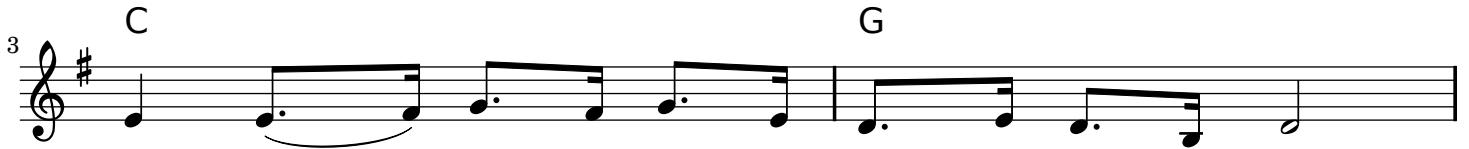


# John Brown's Body

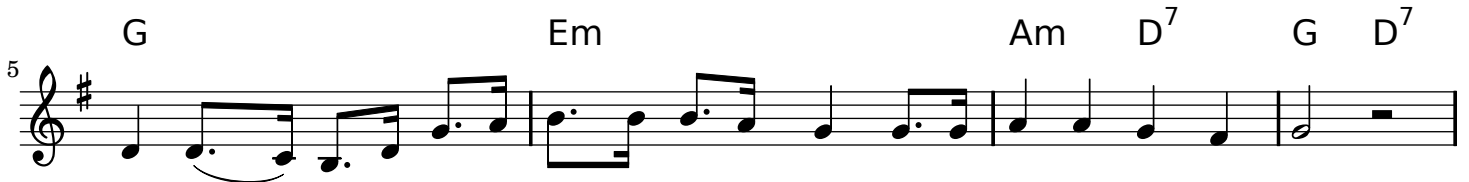
$\text{♩} = 120$   
G



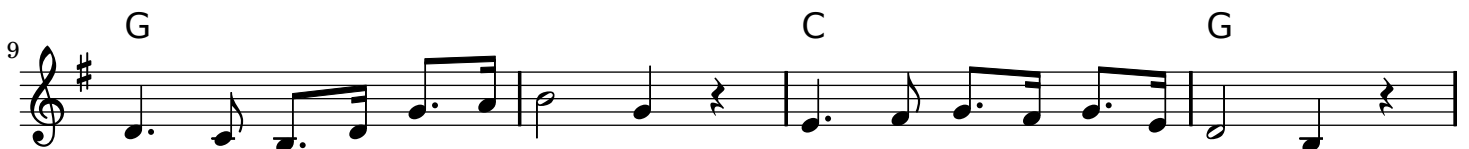
John Brown's bo - dy lies a - mould - ring in the grave,



John Brown's bo - dy lies a - mould - ring in the grave,



John Brown's bo - dy lies amouldring in the grave, but his soul is marching on.



Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry! Glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! But his soul is mar - ching on.

2. The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, (3x)  
on the grave of old John Brown.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! (3x)  
But his soul is marching on.
  
3. He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, (3x)  
and his soul goes marching on.  
Glory! Glory! Hallelujah! (3x)  
But his soul is marching on.