



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah,



Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, but his



soul goes march - ing on.

2. He is going to be a soldier in the Army of the Lord, and his soul goes marching on. Glory, glory . . .
3. The stars above in heaven, they are looking kindly down, on the grave of Old John Brown. Glory, glory . . .
4. John Brown died that the slaves might be free, but his soul goes marching on. Glory, glory . . .

*Anmerkung: Das Gedicht verherrlicht einen amerikanischen Freiheitskämpfer vor Beginn des Sezessionskrieges (1861 - 1865)*