

SONGS

I will now repeat the first two verses and chorus of the John Brown Song, which was composed at that time by a gentleman from Frederick, Maryland, and reads as follows:

JOHN BROWN SONG.

In old Virginia there is a place they call it
Charlestown,
Where they hung an Abolitionist, his
name was John Brown;
He came to Harper's Ferry, in the middle
of the night,
And thought to scare the citizens by
showing them some fight.

CHORUS:

Now old John Brown, can't you never see,
It will never do for you to try to set the
negroes free?
For if you do, the people will come from all
around—
They will take you down and hang you
up in old Charlestown.

150 CAPTURE AND EXECUTION

Just then a train of cars came by,
 Making such a clatter, when out jumps
 the conductor,
And asks what is the matter, says Mr.
 Brown, to Conductor Phelps,
 “Don't you move or stir, for if you do, I
 will shoot you down,
As sure as you are here.”

THE OLD SONG.

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;
 But his soul is marching on.

CHORUS:

 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 Glory, glory, hallelujah!
 His soul is marching on.

OF JOHN BROWN 151

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;
 But his soul is marching on.

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;
 But his soul is marching on.

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.

They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple
 tree;
They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple
 tree;
They will hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple
 tree;
 As they march along.

152 CAPTURE AND EXECUTION

Now three rousing cheers for the Union!

Now three rousing cheers for the Union!

Now three rousing cheers for the Union!

As they are marching on.

CHORUS:

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

Hip, hip, hip, hip-hurrah!