THE

JOHN BROWN SONG,

OR

GLORY Hallelujah,

WITH

NEW AND REVISED WORDS.

CHICAGO:

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S-1889-1(E)  Woman's Crusade, page 1
Music: "Tune—John Brown."

Verse 1
The light of truth is breaking,
On the mountain tops it gleams;
Let it flash along our valleys,
Let it glitter on our streams,
Till all our land awakens,
In its flush of golden beams;
Our God is marching on.

Chorus
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

Verse 2
With a purpose strong and steady,
In the great Jehovah's name,
We rise to snatch our kindred
From the depths of woe and shame,
And the jubilee of freedom
To the slaves of sin proclaim;
Our God is marching on.

Chorus
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!....

Verse 3
From morning's early watches
Till the setting of the sun,
We will never flag nor falter,
In the work we have begun,
'Till the forts have all surrounded
And the victory is won;
Our God is marching on.

Chorus
Glory, Glory Hallelujah!....
Verse 1
Our hearts have felt the glory of the coming of the time,
When law and right and love and might shall make our land sublime,
When mount and hill and rock and rill with freedom's light will shine,
As Truth comes marching on.

Chorus
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
Glory, glory hallelujah!
As Truth comes marching on.

Verse 2
They saw it in the shadows of that old New England Bay,
They heard it in the breezes of that cold December day.
They sent it with the echoes to Britannia far away,
That Truth was marching on.

Chorus
Glory, glory hallelujah!....

Verse 3
Columbia's daughters saw it when their brothers sprang to arms
They heard it in the blooming of battle's rude alarms,
They read it in the shadows of th' dreary night's dead calms,
That Truth was marching on.

Chorus
Glory, glory hallelujah!....

Verse 4
The trumpet then was sounded that shall never call retreat;
Adown the centuries softly we hear the tramp of feet;
To-day we still are marching to the same old music sweet,
Of truth still marching on.

Chorus
Glory, glory hallelujah!....
THE JOHN BROWN SONG.

1. Oh, John Brown's body lies a mould'red in the grave, While weep the sons of bondage whom he
2. John Brown was a hero undaunted, true and brave; Kansas knew his valor when he
3. He captured Harpers Ferry, with his nineteen men so few, And he frightened Old Virginny 'til she
4. John Brown was John the Baptist for the Christ we are to see—Christ who of the bondman shall the
5. The conflict that he heralded, he looks from heaven to view; On the army of the Union with its
6. O soldiers of freedom, then strike while strike you may The death-blow of oppression in a

 ventured all to save; But the he lost his life in struggling for the slave, His
fought her rights to save; And now the grass grows green above his grave, His
troubled thru and thru; They hung him for a traitor, themselves a traitor crew, But his
Lib'ra tor be; And soon throughout the sunny south, the slaves shall all be free; For his
flag red, white and blue, And heavens shall ring with anthems o'er the deeds they mean to do, For his
bet ter time and way; For the dawn of old John Brown has bright'ned in to day, And his
CHORUS

AIR

soul is marching on. Oh glory hallelujah

ALTO


