

worl go home till morn · ing, Till the First gun is fired, May God protect the

right, Let the free born sons of the north a · rise, And go homewith the gals in the

morn · ing For John Browns knap-sack is strapped up-on his back, his soul is march-ing

on, to the hap · py land of Ca · naan, bright Ca · . naan, fair Ca · . naan, We're