

But tho' that they may keep his dust,
They may not keep his soul!
Better the man that we knew well,
Better his bone and brawn,
Better the cry that blood will tell,
His soul goes marching on!

The Seven Seas may keep his bones
Among their deeps impearled,
His spirit hand shall shake the thrones
That domineer our world.
Altho' his bones are 'neath the wave
Bid every fear begone,
For tho' our hero's in his grave
His soul goes marching on!

He left five million men behind,
Each bears a British gun;
Why are ye foolish—why so blind
As think his work is done?
Nay! Nay! his work will never cease
Until all fear is gone,
Upon its way to seek for peace
His soul goes marching on!

The Lord He never shuts a door
But others open wide,
His body sank thro' ocean's floor,
His soul rose from the tide.
Then let our proudest ensigns fly,
And let all dread be gone,
For o'er our heads in yonder sky
His soul goes marching on!