Marching along
William Batchelder Bradbury (1816-1868)

1. The army is gath’ring from near and from far, The trumpet is sound-ing the call for the war; Mc-

CHORUS
Marching along, we are marching along, Gird on the armor and be marching along; Mc-

2. The foe is before us in battle array,
But let us not waver, or turn from the way; The Lord is our strength, and the Union's our song,
With courage and faith we are marching along.

3. Our wives and our children we leave in your care,
We feel you will help them their sorrows to bear; 'Tis hard thus to part, but we hope 'twont be long,
We'll keep up our hearts as we're marching along.

4. We sigh for our country, we mourn for our dead,
For them now our last drop of blood we will shed;
Our cause is the right one - our foe's in the wrong,
Then gladly we'll sing as we're marching along.

5. The flag of our country is floating on high,
We'll stand by that flag till we conquer or die;
McClellan's our leader, he's gallant and strong,
We'll gird on our armor and be marching along.

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