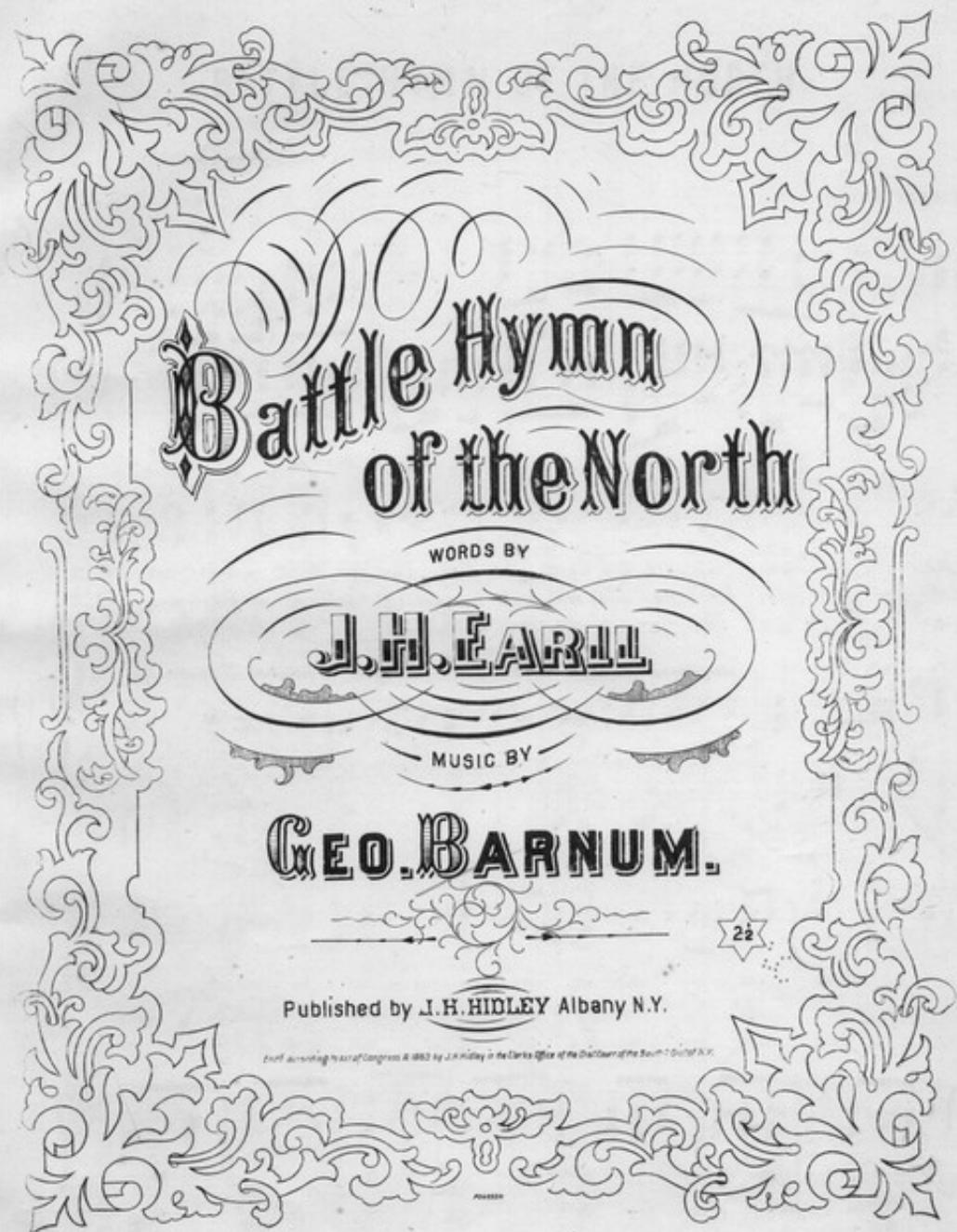


<b>Title:</b>	Battle hymn of the north
<b>Name(s):</b>	Barnum, Geo. Earll, J. L.
<b>Resource Type:</b>	notated music
<b>Note(s):</b>	Music associated with the Union side
<b>Subject(s):</b>	United States--History--Songs and music Songs--Texts Music--Poetry Vocal quartets Vocal music Patriotic music War songs--United States
<b>URL</b>	<a href="http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.natlib.ihas.200000846">http://lcweb2.loc.gov/diglib/ihas/loc.natlib.ihas.200000846</a>

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# BATTLE HYMN OF THE NORTH.

Words by J. L. EARLL.

Music by GEO. BARNUM.

*MARZIALE.*

The musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is for the piano, marked 'M. MARZIALE.' and 'ff'. The middle staff is for the vocal part, marked 'P'. The bottom staff is also for the piano. The vocal part begins with a melodic line: '1. What though the fair bright mor - ning sky Is fleck'd with bat - tle smoke, Shall 2. What though wild wa - ters beat a - main, And tem - pests surge and roar, Shall 3. What though at home are voi - ces dumb And hearts that i - dly beat, Shall'. The piano parts provide harmonic support throughout the piece.

sti - fling heat of can - non's breath Our pa - triot vol - ees choke?.....  
ships of line, with sails all furld Lie i - dle at the shore?.....  
loy - al lips their use for - get, Nor bat - tle - song re - peat?.....

Entered according to Act of Congress A.D. 1863 by J.H. Hidley, in the Clerks Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

## Chorus.

*Sopr.*

No, by the scars our fathers have worn, By the banners our sons have

*Alto.*

No, by the scars our fathers have worn, By the banners our sons have

*Tenor.*

No, by the scars our fathers have worn, By the banners our sons have

*Bass.*

*PIANO.*

borne, No, by the faith that we all have sworn, No, by our Liber-

borne, No, by the faith that we all have sworn, No, by our Liber-

*PIANO.*

Battle Hymn of the North.

5



4.

What though across the sea there comes  
A voice that's hoarse and low,  
Shall't stop the beating of our drums  
Or check emotions glow?

*Chorus.*

5.

What though we hear the booming guns,  
And shrill the bugles play,  
Fear we or death or battle-field,  
This glorious battle-day?

*Chorus.*