

Bread and Roses.

As we come marching, marching, in the beauty of the day.
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts grey.
Are touched by all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people hear us singing bread and roses, bread and roses.

As we come marching, marching, we battle too for men,
For they are in the struggle: together we shall win.
Our lives shall not be sweated from our birth until life closes:
Hearts starve as well as bodies, give us bread, but give us roses.

As we come marching, marching, un-numbered women dead
Are crying through our singing, their ancient cry for bread.
Small art, and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew,
Yes, it is bread that we fight for, but we fight for roses too.

As we come marching, marching, we're standing proud and tall.
The rising of the women means the rising of us all.
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes,
But a sharing of life's glories, bread and roses, bread and roses!

Words: James Oppenheim 1911

Music: Mimi Farina 1974