Bread and Roses

Paroles: d'après James Oppenheim (1912)

Musique: Caroline Kohlsaat

Arrangement: Emer Mc Key & Strawberry Thieves choir

A- s we come mar- ching, mar- ching, in the beau- ty of the day,
A- s we come mar- ching, mar- ching, we - bat- tle too for men.
A- s we come mar- ching, mar- ching, u- nnum- bered wo- men dead.
A- s we come mar- ching, mar- ching, we - bring the gree - ter days.

A- mil- lion dar- kened kit- chens a- thou- sand mill lofts grey,
O- ur broth- ers in the strug- gle, and to- ge- ther we will win.
Go - ing through our sing- ing the ir an- cient cry for bread.
For the ri- sing of the wo- men ra- ises up the hu- man race.

A- re touched with all the ra- diance that a sud- den sun dis- clos- es,
O- ur lives shall not be swea- ted from birth un- til life closes;
Smal- l art and love and beau- ty the ir drud- ging spi- rits kne- w.
No - more the drudge and id- ler- mil- lions toil where one re- pos- es;

for the peo- ple hear us sing- ing, Bread and ros- es! Bread and ro- ses!
Hea- rts starve as well as bod- ies; give us bread, but give us ro- ses!
Yes it is bread that we fight for - but we fight for ro- ses, to- o!
but a shar- ing of life's glo- ries: Bread and ro- ses! Bread and ro- ses!