

# Bread and Roses

Music: Caroline Kohlsaatt

Arr: Emer KcKay

Words: James Oppenheim, 1912

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- n- num- bered wo- men dead  
A- s we come mar- ching, mar- ching, we bring the grea- 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- - cry- ing through our sing- ing their an- cient cry for bread.  
For the ri- sing of the wo- men raises up the hu- man race.

a- re touched with all the rad- iance that a sud- den sun dis- clos- es  
Our lives shall not be swea- ted from birth un- til life clo- ses;  
Sma- ll art and love and beau- ty the- ir drud- ging spi- rits kne- ew.  
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!