F Horn

Bread and Roses

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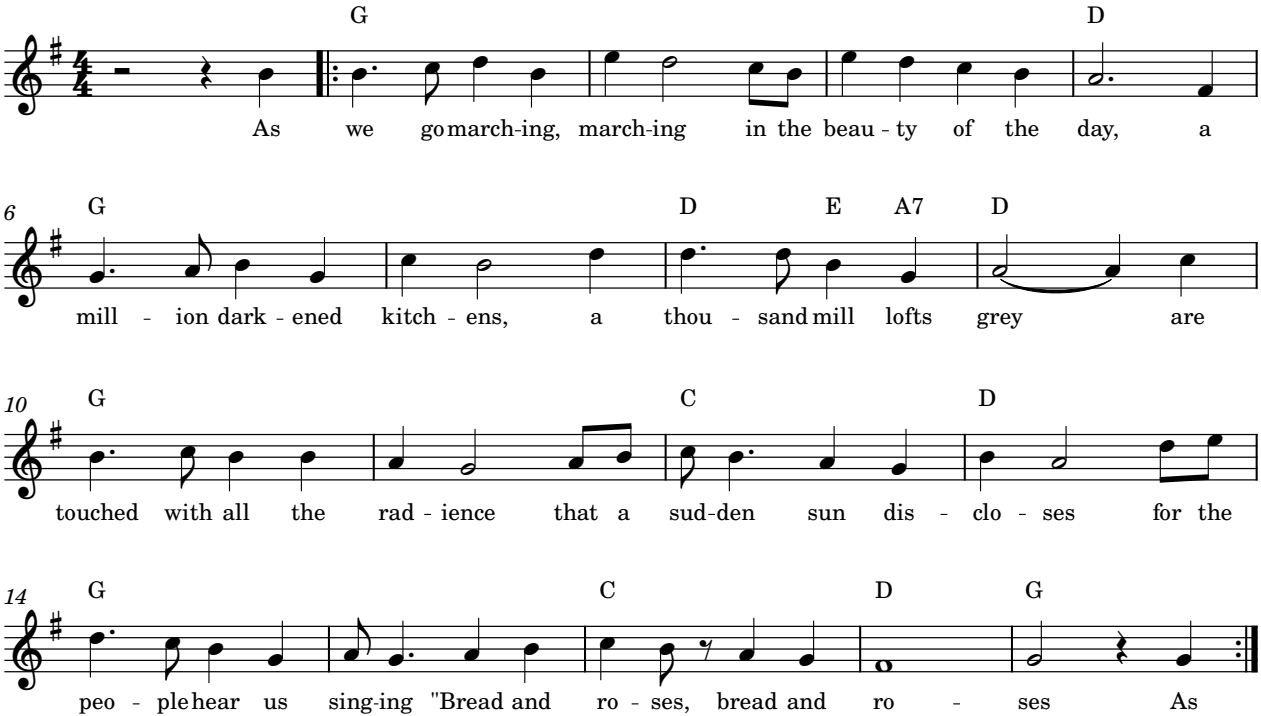

2nd	3rd
As we go marching marching, unnumbered women dead	As we go marching marching, we're standing proud and tall
Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread	For the rising of the women means the rising of us all
Small art, and love, and beauty their drudging spirits knew	No more the drudge and idler, 10 that toil where one reposes
Yes it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too	But the sharing of life's glories bread and roses, bread and roses

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