

As we go march-ing, march-ing in the beau-ty of the day, a  
 6 mill - ion dark - ened kitch - ens, a thou - sand mill lofts grey are  
 10 touched with all the rad - ience that a sud-den sun dis - clo - ses for the  
 14 peo - ple hear us sing-ing "Bread and ro - ses, bread and ro - ses As

2nd

As we go marching marching, unnumbered women dead  
 Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread  
 Small art, and love, and beauty their drudging spirits knew  
 Yes it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too

3rd

As we go marching marching, we're standing proud and tall  
 For the rising of the women means the rising of us all  
 No more the drudge and idler, 10 that toil where one reposes  
 But the sharing of life's glories bread and roses, bread and roses