



## BREAD AND ROSES



1. As we go marching, marching in the beauty of the day. A million  
darken kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray. Are touched with all the  
radiance that a sudden sun discloses. For the people hear us singing:  
Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!
2. As we go 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!

