

Bread and Roses

Lyrics: James Oppenheim, 1911; Music: Mimi Fariña, 1974

As we go marching, marching in the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray,
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,
For the people here are singing: "Bread and roses! Bread and roses!"

As we go marching, marching, we battle too for men,
For they are in the struggle, and together we will win.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses!

As we go marching, marching, unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient cry 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!

As we go marching, marching, we are 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!