

Bread and Roses

James Oppenheim, Mimi Fariña

la rangeuse

♩ = 120

Soprano
Alto

proposition:
1 T+B sur la mélodie
2 S+A
3 tutti
4 tutti fort
* S + A doux

1. As we go mar-ching, mar-ching, in the beau - ty of the day, A
2. As we go mar-ching, mar-ching, we bat - tle too for men, For
3. As we go mar-ching, mar-ching, un - num - bered wo - men dead, Go
4. As we go mar-ching, mar-ching, we bring the grea - ter days, The

Tenor
Bass

6

S
A

mil - lion dar - kened kit - chens, a thou - sand mill lofts gray, Are touched with all the
they are wo - men's chil - dren, and we mo - ther them a - gain. Our lives shall not be
cry - ing through our sing - ing their an - cient call for bread. Small art and love and
ri - sing of the wo - men means the ri - sing of the race. No more the drudhe and

T
B

11

S
A

ra - diance that a sud - den sun dis - clo - ses, For the peo - ple hear us sing - ing: "Bread and
swea - ted from birth un - til life clo - ses; Hearts starve as well as bo - dies give us
beau - ty their drud - ging spi - rits knew Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we
id - ler, ten that toil where one res - po - ses, But a sha - ring of life's glo - ries: Bread and

T
B

16

1, 2. 3.

S
A

ro - ses! Bread and ro - ses!" fight for ro - ses too.
bread, but give us ro - ses.

T
B

arrangé par et pour la chorale anarchiste de lausanne
et mis à disposition libre et non marchande
ni dieu, ni maître, ni ©

23 4.

S
A
ro-ses, bread and ro - ses. * Our lives shall not be swea-ted frõm birth un-til life clo-ses; Hearts

T
B

30

S
A
starve as well as bo - dies; give us bread, but give us ro - ses.

T
B

1. 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 hear us singing: "Bread and roses! Bread and roses!"

2. As we go marching, marching, we battle too for men,
For they are women's children, and we mother them again.
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses.

3. 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.

4. As we go marching, marching, we bring the greater days,
The rising of the women means the rising of the race.
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.

* Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;
Hearts starve as well as bodies; bread and roses, bread and roses.