

Bread and Roses

(melody by Margarita Mimi Baez Fariña; lyrics based on poem by James Openheim)

As we go marching, marching
In the beauty of the day,
A million darkened kitchens,
A thousand mill lofts grey,
Are touched with all the radiance
That a sudden sun discloses.
For the people hear us singing
Bread and Roses, Bread and Roses.

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.
As we come marching, marching
Unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
Their ancient call for bread.
Small art and love and beauty
Their trudging spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for,
But we fight for roses too.