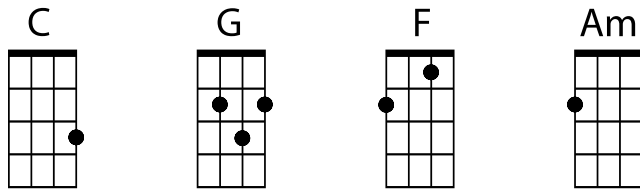


## Bread and Roses – Caroline Kohsleet and James Oppenheimer



As [C] we go marching, marching, in the [G] beauty of the [C] day  
A [C] million darkened kitchens, a [G] thousand [F] mill lofts [G] gray  
Are [C] touched with all the [Am] radiance that a [F] sudden sun dis[G] closes  
For the [C] people hear us singing, bread and [F] roses, [G] bread and [C] roses.

As [C] we come marching, marching, we [G] battle too, for [C] men,  
For [C] they are in the struggle and [G] together [F] we shall [G] win.  
Our [C] days shall not be [Am] sweated from [F] birth until life [G] closes,  
Hearts [C] starve as well as bodies, give us [F] bread, [G] but give us [C] roses.

As [C] we come marching, marching, un-[G] numbered women [C] dead  
Go [C] crying through our singing their [G] ancient [F] call for [G] bread,  
Small [C] art and love and [Am] beauty their [F] trudging spirits [G] knew  
Yes, [C] it is bread we fight for, but we [F] fight for [G] roses, [C] too.

As [C] we go marching, marching, we're [G] standing proud and [C] tall.  
The [C] rising of the women means [G] the [F] rising of us [G] all.  
No [C] more the drudge and [Am] idler, ten that toil [F] where one re[F] poses,  
But a [C] sharing of life's glories, bread and [F] roses, [G] bread and [C] roses.