

Count in 1 - 2

1, 2, 3,



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

As we go marching, marching We battle too for men  
For they are women's comrades And we fight as one with them  
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 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 the sharing of lives glories Bread and roses, bread and roses  
(Bread and roses, bread and roses)