

# **Bread & Roses**

©1915 words James Oppenheim, updated by Sandy Opatow,  
music Mimi Farina

**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,  
let the mothers speak 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 go marching, marching, unnumbered women dead,  
Go crying though 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.**

**As we go marching, marching, oh people hear our call  
For 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.**