



“Bread and Roses”

James Oppenheim, 1911

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 children
And we mother them again

Our lives shall not be sweetened
From birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies
Give us bread, but give us roses

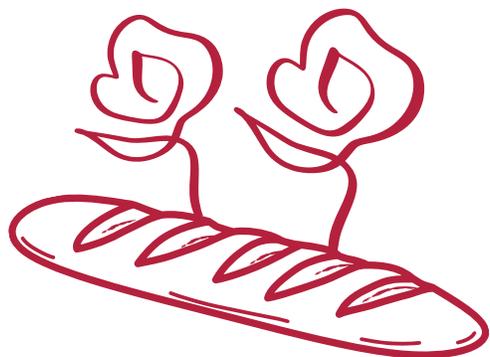
As we go marching, marching
Unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing
Their ancient call for bread

Small art and love and beauty
Their drudging spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for
But we fight for roses too

As we go marching, marching
We bring the greater days
For the rising of the women
Means the rising of the race

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)

Our lives shall not be sweated
From birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies
Bread and roses, bread and roses



Lawrence Strike, 1.11.1912