

## Bread and Roses

John Denver

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 sweetened  
From birth until life closes  
Hearts starve as well as bodies  
Give us bread, but give us roses

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 life's glories  
Bread and roses, bread and roses