

BREAD AND ROSES words: James Oppenheim; music: Mimi Fariña

2004

S A C G A

1. As we go march-ing, march-ing in the beau-ty of the day, A

T B

00s →

00 — 00 — (etc.) (quietly)

no 00s
Lower
than I
think
(Right
after intro)

S A C G D7 G

mil-lion dark-ened kitch-ens; a thou-sand mill-lofts gray Are

T B

S A C F G

touched with all the ra-diance that a sud-den sun dis-clos-es. For the

T B

S A C F G C

peo-ple here are sing-ing: Bread and ros-es, bread and ros-es. 2. As

T B

(soft) Bread and ros-es, bread and ros-es

S A G C

we go march-ing, march-ing, we bat-tle too, for men. For they are in the

T B

S A G D7 G C

strug-gle, and to-gether we shall win. Our days shall not be

T B

Schwa roses throughout

S A

F V G C

sweat - ed from birth un - til life clos - es. Hearts starve as well as

T B

S A

F G7 C

bod - ies: give us bread, but give us ros es. 3. As

T B

give us bread, but give us ros es. NO →

WATCH! Ritard

Breathe

S1 S2 A1 A2

S1 S2

we go march - ing, march - ing, un - num - bered wom - en dead Go

P1 P2

S1 S2

cry - ing through our sing - ing their an - cient call for bread; Small

A1 A2

S1 S2

art and love and beau - ty their trudg - ing spir - its knew. Yes,

A1 A2

S1 S2

it is bread we fight for, but we fight for ros - es too. 4. As

A1 A2

N
O
T
E
N
O
R

S1
S2
A1
A2
T and B

we go march-ing, march-ing, we're stand-ing proud and tall: The ris-ing of the

The ris-ing of the

(low)

S1
S2
A1
A2
T and B

wom-en means the ris-ing of us all. No more the drudge and

wom-en means the ris-ing of us all. No more the drudge and

he breath

S2
A1
A2
T and B

i-dler. ten who toil while one re-pos-es But a shar-ing of life's

i-dler. ten who toil while one re-pos-es But a shar-ing of life's

S1
S2
A1
A2
T and B

glo-ries; Bread and ros-es
bread and ros-es!

glo-ries; Bread and ros-es, bread and ros-es, bread and ros-es!

(quiet)

(on ro)