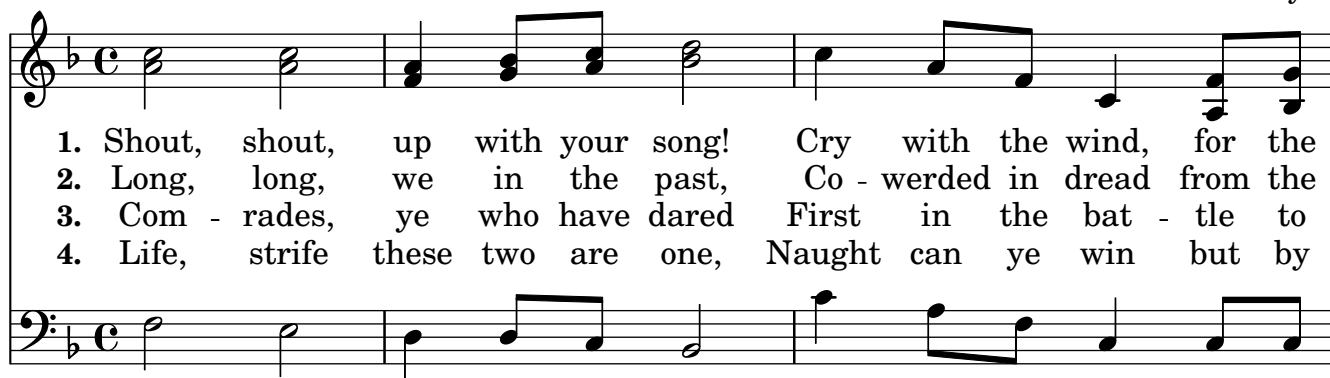
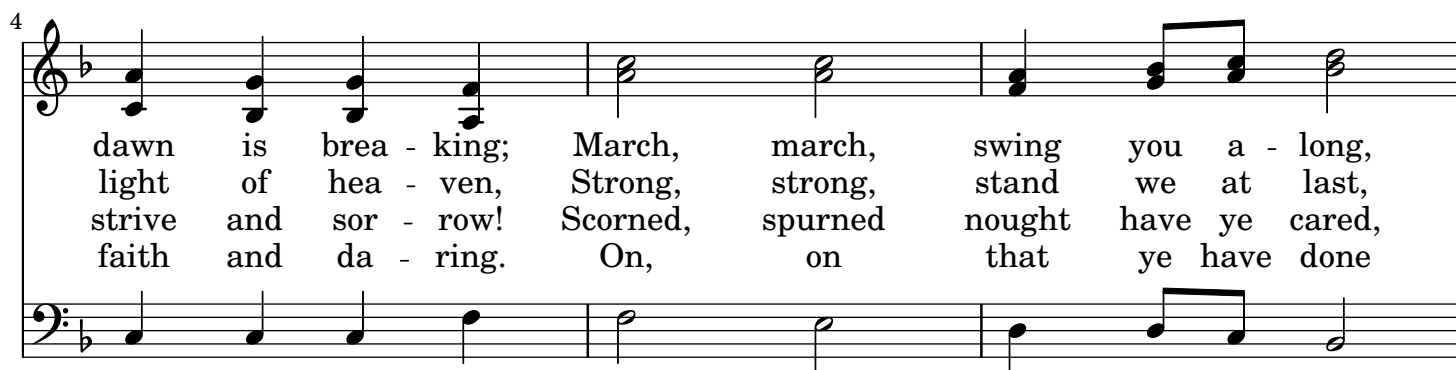


The March of the Women

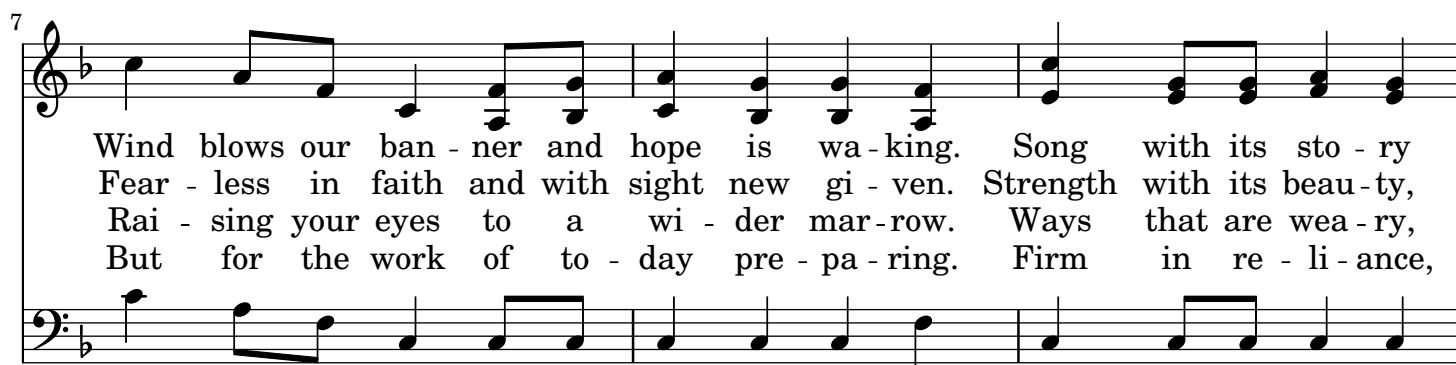
Ethel Smyth



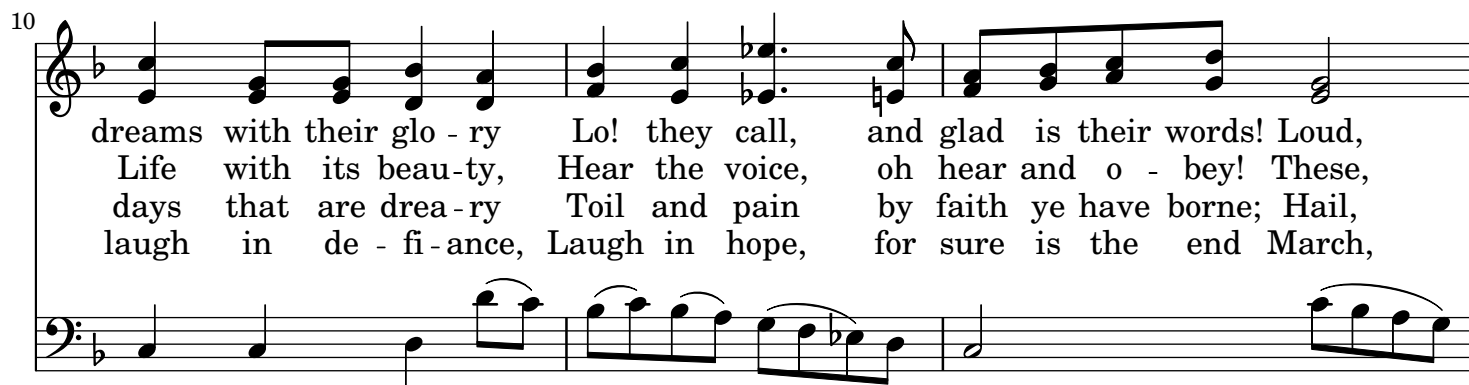
1. Shout, shout, up with your song! Cry with the wind, for the
2. Long, long, we in the past, Co - werded in dread from the
3. Com - rades, ye who have dared First in the bat - tle to
4. Life, strife these two are one, Naught can ye win but by



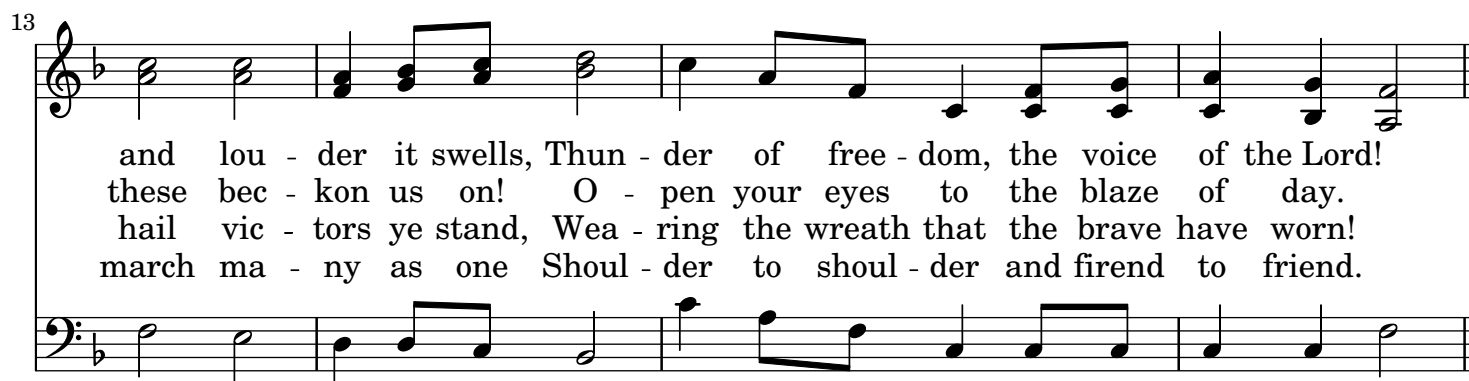
dawn is brea - king; March, march, swing you a - long,
light of hea - ven, Strong, strong, stand we at last,
strive and sor - row! Scorned, spurned nought have ye cared,
faith and da - ring. On, on that ye have done



Wind blows our ban - ner and hope is wa - king. Song with its sto - ry
Fear - less in faith and with sight new gi - ven. Strength with its beau - ty,
Rai - sing your eyes to a wi - der mar - row. Ways that are wea - ry,
But for the work of to - day pre - pa - ring. Firm in re - li - ance,



dreams with their glo - ry Lo! they call, and glad is their words! Loud,
Life with its beau - ty, Hear the voice, oh hear and o - bey! These,
days that are drea - ry Toil and pain by faith ye have borne; Hail,
laugh in de - fi - ance, Laugh in hope, for sure is the end March,



and lou - der it swells, Thun - der of free - dom, the voice of the Lord!
these bec - kon us on! O - pen your eyes to the blaze of day.
hail vic - tors ye stand, Wea - ring the wreath that the brave have worn!
march ma - ny as one Shoul - der to shoul - der and firend to friend.