

The March of the Women

Ethel Smyth



1. Shout, shout, up with your song! Cry with the wind, for the dawn is breaking;
2. Long, long, we in the past, Co-werded in dread from the light of heaven,
3. Com - rades, ye who have dared First in the bat - tle to strive and sor - row!
4. Life, strife these two are one, Naught can ye win but by faith and da - ring.



March, march, swing you a - long, Wind blows our ban - ner and hope is wa - king.
Strong, strong, stand we at last, Fear - less in faith and with sight new gi - ven.
Scorned, spurned nought have ye cared, Rai - sing your eyes to a wi - der mar - row.
On, on that ye have done But for the work of to - day pre - pa - ring.



Song with its sto - ry dreams with their glo - ry Lo! they call, and glad is their words!
Strength with its beauty, Life with its beauty, Hear the voice, oh hear and o - bey!
Ways that are wea - ry, days that are drea - ry Toil and pain by faith ye have borne;
Firm in re - li - ance, laugh in de - fi - ance, Laugh in hope, for sure is the end



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