The March of the Women Ethel Smyth 1. Shout, shout, with your song! Cry with the wind, for up 2. Long. long, the past, Co - werded in dread from the we in 3. Com rades, who have dared First in the bat - tle to ye Life, strife one, Naught can win these two are ye but by brea - king; dawn is March, march, swing a - long, you light of hea - ven, Strong, strong, stand we at last, have ye cared, strive and sor - row! Scorned, nought spurned faith and da - ring. On, that ye have done on wa - king. Wind blows our ban - ner and hope is 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, the work of to - day pre - pa - ring. Firm in re - li - ance, 10 with their glo - ry Lo! they call, and glad is their words! Loud, dreams Life with its beau-ty, Hear the voice, oh hear and o - bey! These, Toil faith ye have borne; Hail, days that are drea - ry and pain by laugh de - fi - ance, Laugh in hope, for sure is the end March, free - dom, the voice and lou - der it swells, Thun - der of of the Lord! O - pen your eyes the blaze day. these bec - kon us on! to of vic - tors ye stand, Wea - ring the wreath that the brave have worn!

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