The March of the Women

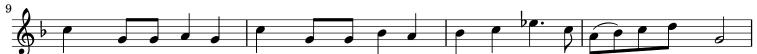
Ethel Smyth



- 1. Shout, shout, up with your song! Cry with the wind, for the dawn is brea-king;
- 2. Long, long, we in the past, Co-werded in dread from the light of hea-ven,
- 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.



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

