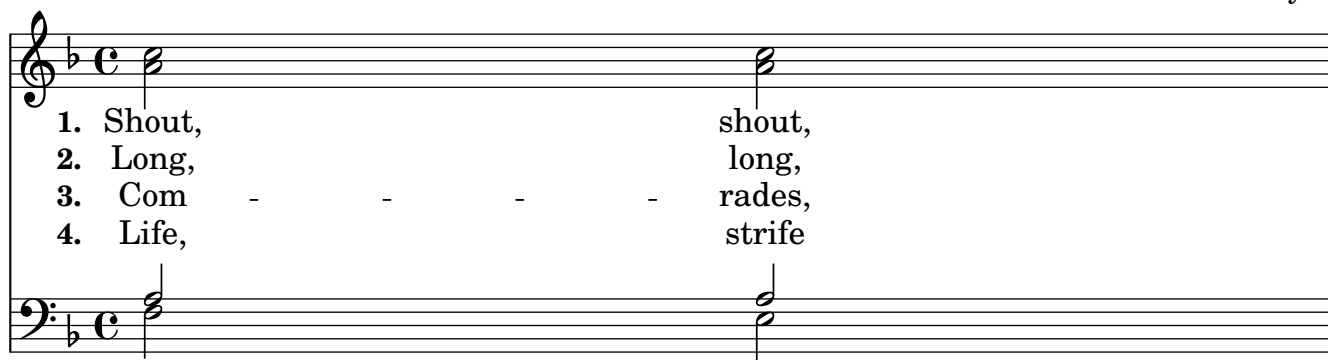
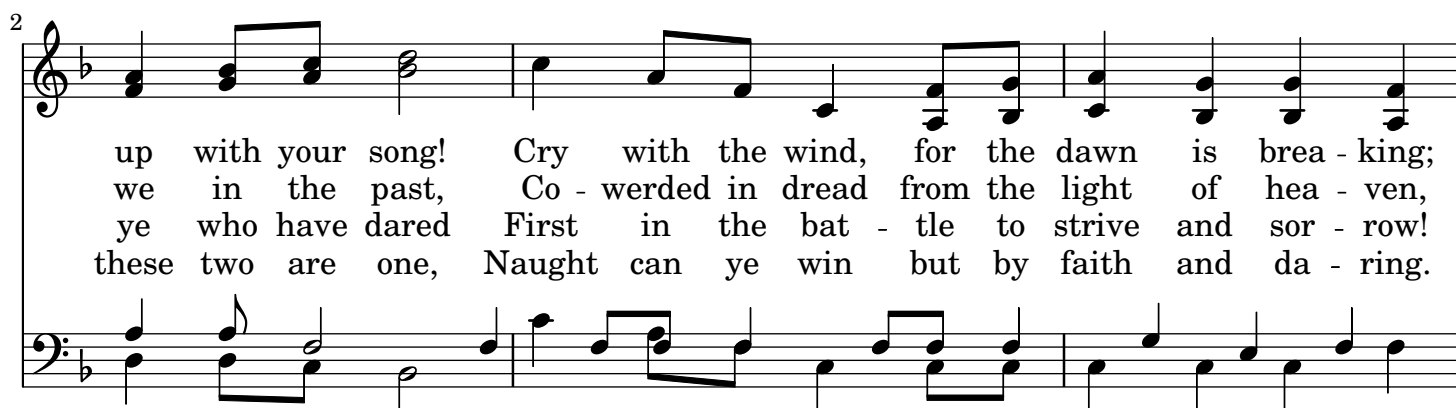


The March of the Women

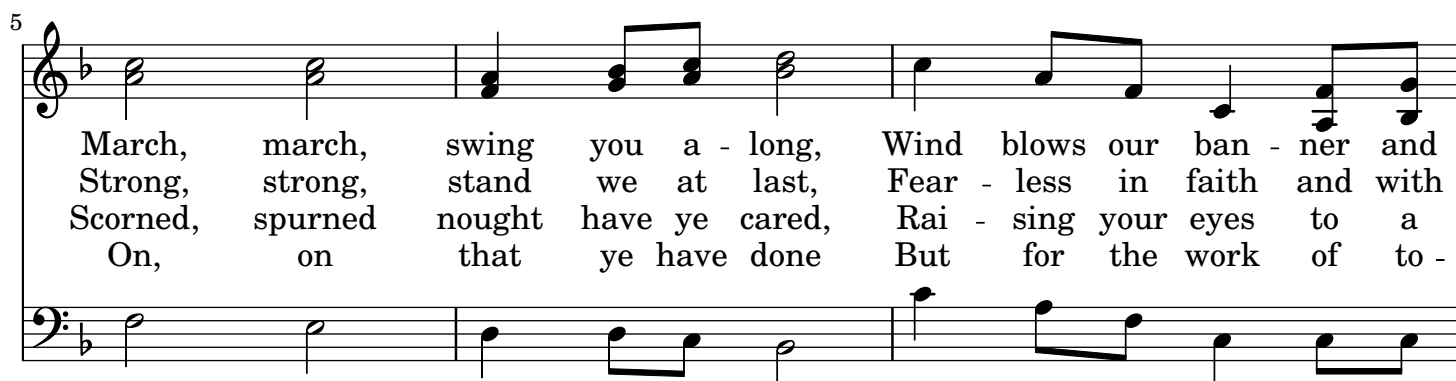
Ethel Smyth



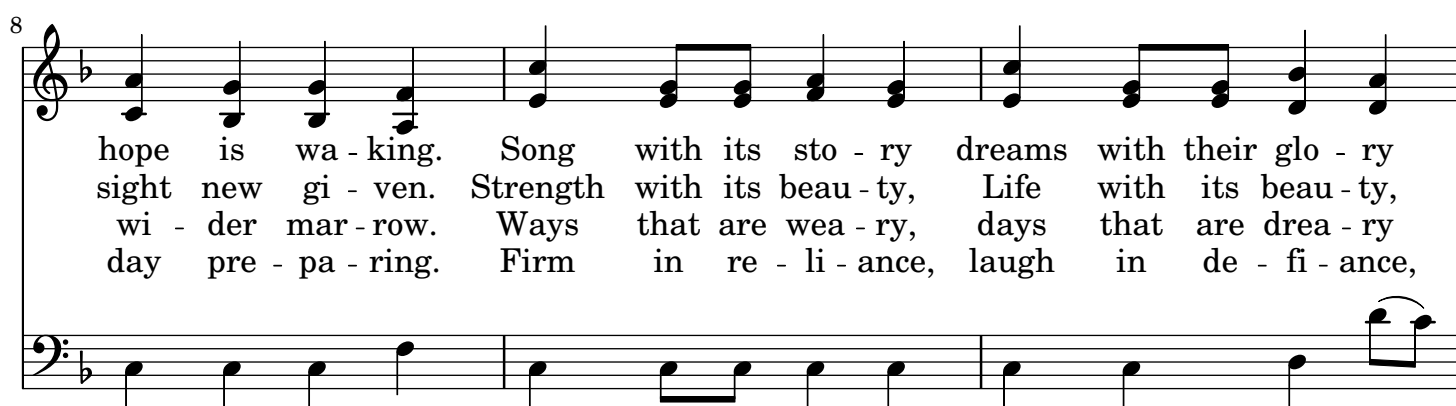
1. Shout, shout,
2. Long, long,
3. Com - - - - - rades,
4. Life, strife



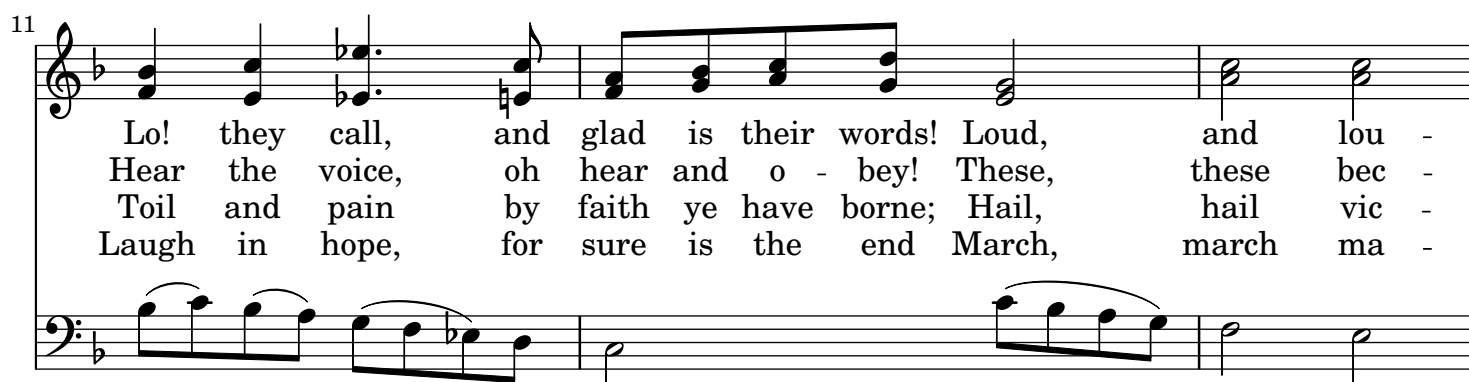
up with your song! Cry with the wind, for the dawn is brea - king;
we in the past, Co - werded in dread from the light of hea - ven,
ye who have dared First in the bat - tle to strive and sor - row!
these two are one, Naught can ye win but by faith and da - ring.



March, march, swing you a - long, Wind blows our ban - ner and
Strong, strong, stand we at last, Fear - less in faith and with
Scorned, spurned nought have ye cared, Rai - sing your eyes to a
On, on that ye have done But for the work of to -

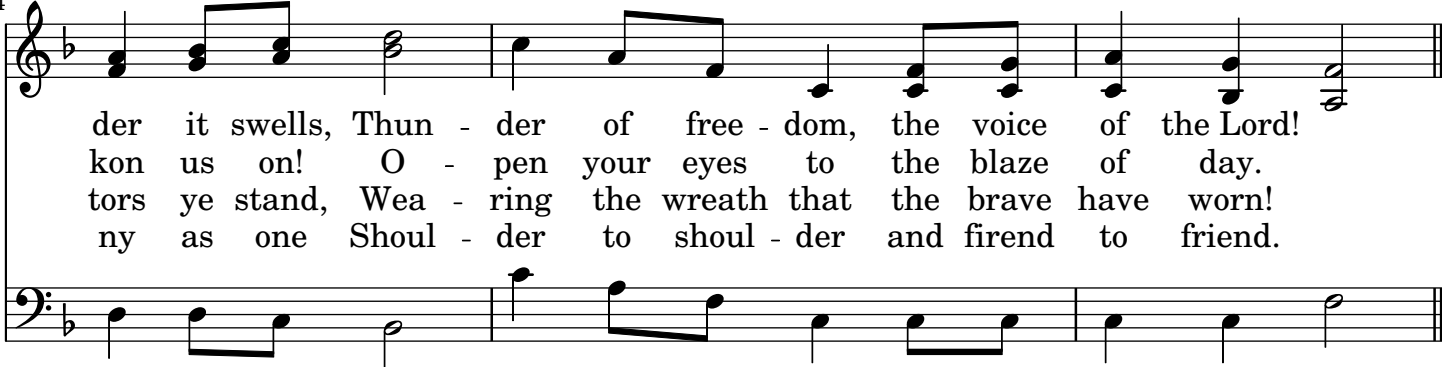


hope is wa - king. Song with its sto - ry dreams with their glo - ry
sight new gi - ven. Strength with its beau - ty, Life with its beau - ty,
wi - der mar - row. Ways that are wea - ry, days that are drea - ry
day pre - pa - ring. Firm in re - li - ance, laugh in de - fi - ance,



Lo! they call, and glad is their words! Loud, and lou -
Hear the voice, oh hear and o - bey! These, these bec -
Toil and pain by faith ye have borne; Hail, hail vic -
Laugh in hope, for sure is the end March, march ma -

2
14



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