

## **BREAD & ROSES**

As we go marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,  
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts gray,  
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses,  
For the people hear us singing: Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!

As we go marching, marching, we battle too for men,  
For they are women's children, and we mother them again.  
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes;  
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread, but give us roses.

As we go marching, marching, unnumbered women dead  
Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread.  
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew.  
Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too.

In me smo tukaj z vami, up nosimo v dlaneh,  
se dvigamo kot ženske in kot ogenj v očeh!  
zdaj pojemo v slogi, smo kot jasni glas žanjic,  
milina, dih, lepota: kruha in vrtnic, kruha in vrtnic!