

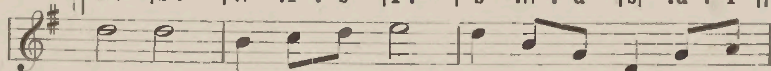
Music Division  
Reserve

# The March of the Women.

ETHEL SMYTH

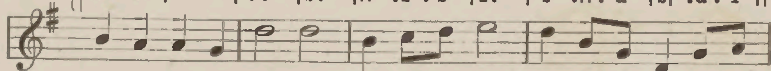
Key G.

|| s :—|s :—| m : f . s | l :—| s : m . d | s<sub>1</sub> : d . r ||



Sing, sing up with your song, Cry with the wind, for the

|| m : r | r : d | s :—|s :—| m : f . s | l :—| s : m . d | s<sub>1</sub> : d . r ||



dawn is break-ing. March, march, swing you a - long. Wide blows our ban- ner and

|| m : r | r : d | s : r . r | m : r | s : r . r | f : m ||



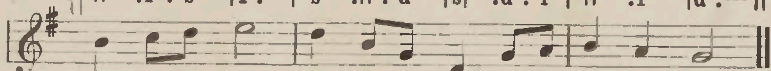
hope is wak - ing. Song with its sto - ry, Dreams with their glo - ry.

f.C. || f<sup>d</sup> : r<sup>1</sup> | f<sup>1</sup> : .r<sup>1</sup> | t . d<sup>1</sup> : r<sup>1</sup> . m<sup>1</sup> | l :—| r<sup>1</sup>s :—| s :— || G.t.



Lo! they call and glad— is their word. Hark, hark,

|| m : f . s | l :—| s : m . d | s<sub>1</sub> : d . r | m : r | d :—||



hear how it swells, Thunder of free - dom, the voice of the Lord.

Love, love, we in the past  
Covered in dread from the light of heaven,  
Strong, strong, stand we at last,  
Fearless in faith, and with sight new-given.  
Strength with its beauty, life with its duty.  
(Hear the call, oh, hear and obey!)  
These, these beckon us on,  
Open your eyes to the blaze of day.  
Life, strife—these two are one,  
Nought can ye win, but by faith and daring.  
On, on, that ye have done,  
But for the worth of the day preparing.  
Firm in reliance, laugh a defiance!  
(Laugh in hope, for sure is the end)  
March, march—many as one,  
Shoulder to shoulder and friend to friend.

Price One Penny.

LONDON :

BREITKOPF &amp; HÄRTEL,

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