

Songs of Sunrise

Choral Group by

ETHEL SMYTH, Mus. Doc.

No. 3.

The March of the : : Women : :

For mixed Chorus and Band (in G)

Issued also in Popular Edition (in F).

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THE MARCH OF THE WOMEN.

Dedicated to the Women's Social and Political Union.

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ETHEL SMYTH, Mus. Doc.

March time.

Soprano.
Alto.

Tenor.

Bass.

PIANO.

1. Shout, shout, up with your song!
2. Long, long, we in the past
3. Com-rades, ye who have dared
4. Life, strife, these two are one,

Cry with the wind, for the dawn is break - ing; March, march, swing you a - long,
 Cow - ered in dread from the light of heav - en, Strong, strong, stand we at last,
 First in the bat - tle to strive and sor - row, Scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared,
 Naught can ye win but by faith and dar - ing; On, on, that ye have done

Cry with the wind, for the dawn is break - ing; March, march, swing you a - long,
 Cow - ered in dread from the light of heav - en, Strong, strong, stand we at last,
 First in the bat - tle to strive and sor - row, Scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared,
 Naught can ye win but by faith and dar - ing; On, on, that ye have done

mf

Wide blows our ban-ner, and hope is wa-king. Song with its sto-ry, dreams with their glo-ry,
 Fear-less in faith and with sight new-giv-en. Strength with its beau-ty, Life with its du-ty,
 Rais-ing your eyes to a wi-der mor-row. Ways that are wea-ry, days that are drea-ry
 But for the work of to-day pre-par-ing. Firm in re-li-ance, laugh a de-fi-ance,

Wide blows our ban-ner, and hope is wa-king. Song with its sto-ry, dreams with their glo-ry,
 Fear-less in faith and with sight new-giv-en. Strength with its beau-ty, Life with its du-ty,
 Rais-ing your eyes to a wi-der mor-row. Ways that are wea-ry, days that are drea-ry
 But for the work of to-day pre-par-ing. Firm in re-li-ance, laugh a de-fi-ance,

mf

cresc.

Lol they call, and glad is their word! For-ward! hark how it swells,
 (Hear the voice, oh hear and o-bey!) These, these, beck-on us on,
 Toil and pain by faith ye have borne; Hail, hail, vic-tors ye stand,
 (Laugh in hope, for sure is the end.) March, march, ma-ny as one,

cresc.

Lol they call, and glad is their word! For-ward! hark how it swells,
 (Hear the voice, oh hear and o-bey!) These, these, beck-on us on,
 Toil and pain by faith ye have borne; Hail, hail, vic-tors ye stand,
 (Laugh in hope, for sure is the end.) March, march, ma-ny as one,

cresc.

ff

Thun-der of free-dom, the voice of the Lord!
 O - pen your eyes to the blaze of day.
 Wear-ing the wreath that the brave have worn!
 Shoul-der to shoul-der and friend to friend.

Thun-der of free-dom, the voice of the Lord!
 O - pen your eyes to the blaze of day.
 Wear-ing the wreath that the brave have worn!
 Shoul-der to shoul-der and friend to friend.

ff