

The march of the women

Ethel Smyth (1858–1944) 1910
Klavierauszug zum Arr. für Chor SATB und Instrumente
von der Komponistin

Text: Cicely Mary Hamilton (1872–1952)

March time

Soprano Alto

Tenore

Basso I, II

Pianoforte

f

1. Shout, shout, up with your song!
2. Long, long, we in the past,

f

1. Shout, shout, up with your song!
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f

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2. Long, long, we in the past,

ff *sf* *f*

6

Cry with the wind, for the dawn is break - ing; March, march, swing you a - long,
cower - ed in dread from the light of heav - en. Strong, strong, and we at last,

8

Cry with the wind, for the dawn is break - ing; March, march, swing you a - long,
cower - ed in dread from the light of heav - en. Strong, strong, stand we at last,

10

Cry with the wind, for the dawn is break - ing; March, march, swing you a - long,
cower - ed in dread from the light of heav - en. Strong, strong, stand we at last,

10

wide blows our ban - ner, and hope is wak - ing. 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,

12

wide blows our ban - ner, and hope is wak - ing. 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,

14

wide blows our ban - ner, and hope is wak - ing. 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,

mf *mf* *mf*

14 *cresc.* *ff*

lo! 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,

8 *cresc.* *ff*

lo! 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,

cresc. *ff*

lo! 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.

18

thun - der of free - dom, the of the Lord!
 o - pen your eyes to the of day.

8 thun - der of the of the Lord!
 o - pen your to the of day.

der of free dom, the of the Lord!
 pen your eyes the of day.

3. Comrades, ye who have dared
 first in the battle to strive and sorrow,
 scorned, spurned, nought have ye cared,
 raising your eyes to a wider morrow.
 Ways that are weary, days that are dreary,
 toil and pain by faith ye have borne;
 Hail, hail, victors ye stand,
 wearing the wreath that the brave have worn!

4. Life, strife, these two are one,
 nought can ye win but by faith and daring;
 on, on that ye have done
 but for the work of today 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.