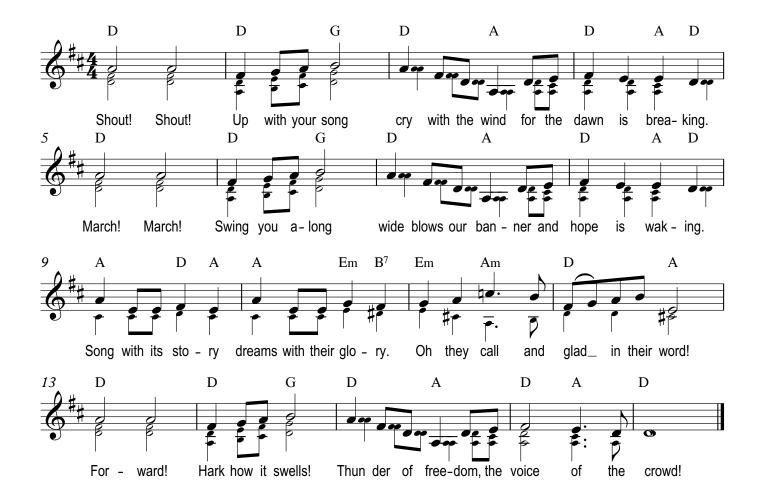
## The march of the woman



- 2. Long, long, we in the past cowered in dread from the light of freedom. Strong, strong, stand we at last fearless in faith and with right now given. Strength with its beauty, life with its duty, Oh they call and glad in their word. These, these beckon us on open your eyes to the blaze of the day.
- 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 naught can ye win but by faith and daring On! On! That you 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.