**BREAD AND ROSES (FOR SYNOD)**

As we go marching, marching, in the beauty of the day,

a million empty churches, vocations cast away,

could be brighter with the radiance that a woman’s call discloses,

if the church would hear us singing, bread and roses, bread and roses.

As we come marching, marching, we march for all genders too,

for we are all Christ’s body and together are made new.

Our baptismal calls aren’t lesser, as the Vatican supposes,

hearts starve as well as spirits, give us bread, but give us roses.

As we come marching, marching, we march for the wounded too:

the hurt and the rejected, we must build our church anew.

For all the pain that’s gone before, and all the truth exposes,

we cry for justice and for peace, as we cry for bread and roses.

As we go marching, marching, we’re standing proud and tall.

The rising of God’s people means the rising of us all.

No more the true heart turned away, no more the church door closes,

but a sharing of God’s glories, bread and roses, bread and roses.