

The Voice House

On the Turning Away

(Gilmour, Moore)

1. On the turning away
From the pale and downtrodden
And the words that they say
Which we won't understand
"Don't accept that what's happening
Is just a case of others' suffering
Or you'll find that you're joining in
The turning away"
2. It's a sin that somehow
Light is changing to shadow
And is casting its shroud
Over all we have known
Unaware how the ranks have grown
Driven on by a heart of stone
We may find that we're all alone
In the dreams of the proud
3. On the wings of the night
As the daytime is stirring
Where the speechless unite
In a silent accord
Using words you will find are strange
And mesmerized as they light the flame
Feel the new wind of change
On the wings of the night
4. No more turning away
From the weak and the weary
No more turning away
From the coldness inside
Just one world that we all must share
It's not enough just to stand and stare
Is it only a dream that there'll be
No more turning away?

Bread and Roses James Oppenheim, 1912

As we go marching, marching in the beauty of the day
A million darkened kitchens, a thousand mill lofts grey
Are touched with all the radiance that a sudden sun discloses
For the people hear us singing "Bread and Roses! Bread and Roses!"

As we go marching, marching we battle too for men
For they in the struggle and together we shall win
Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies; give us bread but give us roses!

As we go marching, marching unnumbered women dead
Go crying through our singing their ancient call for bread
Small art and love and beauty their drudging spirits knew
Yes, it is bread we fight for, but we fight for roses too!

As we go marching, marching the future hears our call
The rising of the women means the rising of us all
No more the drudge and idler, ten that toil where one reposes
But a sharing of life's glories, Bread and roses! Bread and roses!

Our lives shall not be sweated from birth until life closes
Hearts starve as well as bodies, Bread and roses! Bread and roses!