**The March of the Women**

Shout, shout, up with your song!

Cry with the wind for the dawn is breaking.

March, march, swing you along,

Wide blows our banner and hope is waking.

Song with its story, dreams with their glory,

Lo! They call and glad is their word!

Forward! Hark how it swells

Thunder of freedom, the voice of the Lord!

Long, long, we in the past,

Cower’d in dread from the light of Heaven;

Strong, strong, stand we at last;

Fearless in faith and with sight new given.

Strength with its beauty, Life with its duty

(Hear the voice, oh, hear and obey)!

These, these beckon us on,

Open your eyes to the blaze of day!

Comrades, ye who have dared,

First in the battle to strive and sorrow;

Scorned, spurned, naught ye have 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!

Life, strife, these two are one!

Naught 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!

Music by Ethel Smyth: Words by Cicely Hamilton

**Cautionary Tales in Verse** [in *Votes for Women,* 6 October 1911]

How Wilful Annabel, refusing to listen to her Superiors, involved her country in a Catastrophe of Considerable Dimensions.

When Annabel, a Suffragist,

Was put upon the Voters’ List

(By whose mistake I need not quote)

She signified her wish to vote,

Because she had (and has them still)

Opinions on the Children Bill.

Her Truest Friends implored of her

To leave the Voting Register.

They told her what was Woman’s Sphere

And what the country has to Fear,

And how It all depends on Might,

And since a woman cannot fight,

Affairs of children under Ten

Should only be controlled by Men.

But Annabel, abandoned soul,

Was bent on going to the Poll,

And when these Dreadful Things occurred

Which justified their Every Word,

She had not left her home a minute

Before ‘twas Lost with all things in it,

While, left to their deserted Sire,

Her children Fell into the Fire,

And as she touched the Ballot Box

The British Realm Succumbed to Shocks,

We lost our old prestige abroad,

We almost lost the House of Lords,

While Dusky Races far away

With one accord Renounced our Sway.

“Since women now have learnt to vote

“We’re governed by a petticoat.

“Such Dreadful Things were never seen

“When good Victoria was Queen.

“We will not do as we are bid,

“Let’s all Revolt,” and so they did,

And thus the British realm was wrecked,

And England Lost her Self-Respect,

And British Men were forced to be

In Bondage under Germany, While Annabel (Whom none can praise)

Was Quite Unsexed for Several Days.

Moral: The Moral is, that Men should Vote

 And Women wear a Petticoat.

L’Envoi

Stepping onwards, oh my comrades!

Marching fearless through the darkness,

Marching fearless through the prisons,

With the torch of freedom guiding!

See the face of each is glowing,

Gleaming with the love of freedom;

Gleaming with a selfless triumph,

In the cause of human progress!

Like the pilgrim in the valley,

Enemies may oft assail us,

Enemies may close around us,

Tyrants, hunger, horror, brute-force.

But the glorious dawn is breaking,

Freedom’s beauty sheds her radiance;

Freedom’s clarion call is sounding,

Rousing all the world to wisdom.

--Emily Wilding Davison

April 28th, 1912

[From *Holloway Jingles*, poems written in prison by suffragette prisoners in 1912.

 Davison died June 8, 1913.]