

Hear my Voice

For Rena - I hear her voice in these words.

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♩=100

The musical score is written in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 100. The lyrics are written below the notes, with line numbers 5, 9, 13, 17, 24, 31, 38, 45, 52, and 59 indicating the start of each line of music.

I give you food, I bathe your wounds. Let me speak. Hear my
5 voice. I bear your chil - dren in my bod - y. Hear my voice.
9 I take you in my arms. and you en - joy a wom an's
13 charms. Now it's time to let me speak, so hear my voice.
17 I smile and curt sey to your friends. Let me speak. Hear my voice. I dress in silk. I dress in pain. Hear my
24 voice. I have ap-peased the will of man since time it-self be- gan. Now it's time to let me
31 speak, so hear my voice. I pull a wa gon full of coal. Let me speak. Hear my voice. I gut your
38 fish. I card your wool. Hear my voice I dress your tin. I hotch your lead. I'm still the lo ver in your
45 bed. Now it's time to let me speak, so hear my voice I test your guns. I fill your shells. Let me
52 speak. Hear my voice. I plough your fields. I cut your trees. Hear my voice I fill your shells, I crack your
59 codes. I mend your limbs and drive your roads. Now it's time to let me speak, so hear my voice. I will be

66

bea ten and force fed. Let me speak. Hear my voice. I will beraped and I'll be jailed. Hear my voice.

73

We'll de-bate and test-i - fy and some will have to die Now it's time to let me speak, So hear my

80

voice. Did these wo men die in vain to let me speak, to hear my voice? Can I ply my wo man's

87

brain and use my voice? Em me - line and Li tly I give you food, I bathe your

92

E mi-ly as well. With - out you, no one would e ver hear my voice. I bear your children in my bo
I take you in my arms. And y
Now it's time to let me spea

I smile and curtsey to your f
I dress in silk. I dress in pain.
I have appeased the will of r
Now it's time to let me spea

I pull a wagon full of coal. Le
I gut your fish. I card your w
I dress your tin. I hotch your
Now it's time to let me spea

I test your guns. I fill your sh
I plough your fields. I cut you
I fill your bullets. I crack you
Now it's time to let me spea

I will be beaten and force fe
I will be raped and I'll be jail
We'll debate and testify. An
Now it's time to let me spea

Did these women die in vain
Can I ply my woman's brain
Emmeline and Lily Bell ... and
Without you, no-one would e

(*) Emm
Emily Davidson died wh
.Lily Bell was the pseudonym of Keir Har