

Fiamma Fumana "The Rice Weeder"

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I am the rice weeder, I am the exploited, I am the
proletarian who never feared
I got killed and chained, nor jail nor violence could stop
me

With our bodies on the railroad we stopped those who
exploited
There is a lot of mud in the rice fields, but no stain on
the symbol of labour

This glorious and beautiful banner, we picked it up and
we raise it higher
From the Vercellese to Molinella, at the head of our
youth.

And we shall fight for labour, for peace, for bread and
freedom
And we shall make a brand new world of justice and
true freedom

And to the landlords we shall wage war, all united we
shall win
Never more exploited on the earth, we shall be
stronger than their guns

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