

Anonymous

The Individualist Hymn

Before dying in the mud on the streets
we would imitate Bresci and Ravachol;
anyone who extends a hand to you, bourgeoisie,
is a person unworthy of looking at the sun.

Grinding machines tear the beggars to pieces
and their wives are forever pale and weeping,
The fields remain fallow, the miners buried
and the workers crushed forever by murder.

And to those who don't give in, open the tombs,
prepare the bombs, sharpen the knife,
action is the ideal!

France, on the watch with the guillotine,
chops off the head of anyone who wants to punish her.
Cowardly Spain strangles with a garrote and murderous
Italy guns down those who aren't accustomed to trembling.

Hanged in America, throats cut in Africa,
forever tortured at Montjuich in Spain,
but the individualist still knows how to strike
the sorry breed of gentleman thugs.¹

And to those who don't give in, open the tombs,
prepare the bombs, sharpen the knife,
action is the ideal!

As long as we are a herd it's appropriate that there's
a social gang passing laws;
as long as the sun of anarchy doesn't shine,
we will always see the slaughtering of the populace.

Be very afraid, coppers, when you hear
the dynamite exploding against the oppressors.
We are enemies of all cops and scoundrels,
And one against all, we will scatter them.

¹ These lines might also translate as "But the sad race of the gentleman thug,/the individualist still knows how to strike," but among Italian anarchist the word "signor" (or "signore") is most often used sarcastically in reference to the ruling class. Taking that into account I chose this translation as what was most likely intended.

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May 15, 2013



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1901

Song translated from italian.
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