

# MY BEAUTIFUL TOWN

*by Nino Andreotti*

Fiumefreddo Bruzio

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*The small, beautiful town, where I was born,  
is Fiumefreddo, land of vine and corn.*

*An old church here, the stately castle there,  
cheerful schools and retail shops everywhere.  
Old buildings, ancient squares and narrow streets,  
witnesses have been to our fathers' feats.*

*When summertime in our old town arrives,  
the sun shines bright and the nature revives.*

*Mountains we have with their tops in the sky,  
where wild boars grunt and darting hawks high fly,  
and the sea, whose blue and clean waters reach,  
in gentle waves, the sparkling, sandy beach,  
where sunlight pleasant rays, blandly caress  
people trying to relieve strain and stress,  
where everybody wishes to forget  
trouble, and sea breeze cuddles to get...*

