

Planting rice is never fun
Bent from morn till the set of sun
Cannot stand and cannot sit
Cannot rest for a little bit

Chorus:

***Planting rice, planting rice
Planting rice is never fun
Cannot stand and cannot sit
Cannot rest for a little bit***

Oh my back is about to break
Oh my bones with the damp still ache
And my legs are numb and set
For they're long soaking on the wet

Chorus

It is hard to be so poor
And such sorrow and pain endure
You must move your arms about
Or you'll find you must go without

Chorus X 2