

**"I Hear America Singing"** by Walt Whitman (1819-1892)

I hear America singing, the varied carols I hear,  
Those of mechanics, each one singing his as it should be blithe  
and strong,  
The carpenter singing his as he measures his plank or beam,  
The mason singing his as he makes ready for work, or leaves off  
work,  
The boatman singing what belongs to him in his boat, the  
deckhand singing on the steamboat deck,  
The shoemaker singing as he sits on his bench, the hatter singing  
as he stands,  
The wood-cutter's song, the ploughboy's on his way in the  
morning, or at noon intermission or at sundown,  
The delicious singing of the mother, or of the young wife at  
work, or of the girl sewing or washing,  
Each singing what belongs to him or her and to none else,  
The day what belongs to the day—at night the party of young  
fellows, robust, friendly,  
Singing with open mouths their strong melodious songs.

## **"Forty Hour Week for a Livin'" by Alabama**

There are people in this country who work hard every day  
Not for fame or fortune do they strive  
But the fruits of their labor are worth more than their pay  
And it's time a few of them were recognized

Hello Detroit auto workers let me thank you for your time  
You work a forty hour week for a livin' just to send it on down the line  
Hello Pittsburgh steel mill workers let me thank you for your time  
You work a forty hour week for a livin', just to send it on down the line

This is for the one who swings the hammer, driving home the nail  
Or the one behind the counter, ringing up the sale  
Or the one who fights the fires, the one who brings the mail  
For everyone who works behind the scenes

You can see them every morning in the factories and the fields  
In the city streets and the quiet country towns  
Working together like spokes inside a wheel  
They keep this country turning around

Hello Kansas wheat field farmer, let me thank you for your time  
You work a forty hour week for a livin', just to send it on down the line  
Hello West Virginia coal miner, let me thank you for your time  
You work a forty hour week for a livin', just to send it on down the line

This is for the one who drives the big rig, up and down the road  
Or the one out in the warehouse, bringing in the load  
Or the waitress, the mechanic, the policeman on patrol  
For everyone who works behind the scenes  
With a spirit you can't replace with no machine

Hello America let me thank you for your time

**“America the Beautiful” by Katherine Lee Bates (1859-1929)**

O beautiful for spacious skies,  
For amber waves of grain,  
For purple mountain majesties  
Above the fruited plain!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

O beautiful for pilgrim feet,  
Whose stern impassion'd stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!  
America! America! God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law!

O beautiful for heroes proved In liberating strife,  
Who more than self their country loved,  
And mercy more than life!  
America! America! May God thy gold refine  
Till all success be nobleness,  
And ev'ry gain divine!

O Beautiful for patriot dream  
That sees beyond the years  
Thine alabaster cities gleam,  
Undimmed by human tears!  
America! America! God shed His grace on thee,  
And crown thy good with brotherhood  
From sea to shining sea!

**“This Land is Your Land” by Woody Guthrie (1912-1967)**

This land is your land, This land is my land,  
From California to the New York island;  
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;  
This land was made for you and me.

As I went a-walking that ribbon of highway  
I saw above me that endless skyway  
I saw below me that golden valley  
This land was made for you and me.

I roamed and rambled and I followed my footsteps  
To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts;  
All around me a voice was a-sounding;  
This land was made for you and me.

When the sun came shining, and I was strolling;  
the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling.  
A voice was chanting, the fog was lifting  
This land was made for you and me.

This land is your land, This land is my land,  
From California to the New York island;  
From the red wood forest to the Gulf Stream waters;  
This land was made for you and me.