



“I Hear America Singing” by Walt Whitman

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.



“I Hear Hobart Singing” by Caleb Huffmaster, Brett Goad, Nathan Roscoe

I hear Hobart singing, the numerous chants I hear,
Those of Bricklayers, each one chanting the union pride,
The Carpenters singing as he cuts, measures on plank or beam,
The Mason bellowing as makes ready to work, work, work,
A Fisherman as he casts, reels, catches,
As a Teacher proclaims information so we can be “college ready”
A Conductor as he chugs along blowing his horn.
The singing of our teams, as we show our team and school pride
Each singing what belongs to the Brickies and no more.
I hear Hobart singing, the numerous chants I hear.