



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.