I Hear America Singing
BY WALT WHITMAN

(reformatted for this doc)

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, Too
BY LANGSTON HUGHES

I, too, sing America.
I am the darker brother.
They send me to eat in the kitchen
When company comes,
But I laugh,
And eat well,
And grow strong.

Tomorrow,
I’ll be at the table
When company comes.
Nobody’ll dare
Say to me,
“Eat in the kitchen,”
Then.

Besides,
They’ll see how beautiful I am
And be ashamed—

Excerpt from “I”
BY KENDRICK LAMAR

They wanna say it’s a war outside and
a bomb in the street
And a gun in the hood, and a mob of
police
And a rock on the corner, and a line for
the fiend
And a bottle full of lean, and a model
on the scene, yup
These days of frustration keep y'all on
tuck and rotation
I duck these cold faces, post up fi-fie-
fo-fum basis
Dreams of reality’s peace
Blow steam in the face of the beast
The sky could fall down, the wind could
cry now
The strong in me, I still smile