<table>
<thead>
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<th><strong>Title:</strong></th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Creators:</strong></td>
<td>Jordan, R. DeWitt</td>
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I am an engineer—
A humble worker in material things,
An inspired builder,
A high priest before the altar of progress.

My slide rule is my baton,
And I count my musicians among the creeping waters
Of mighty streams, the forces of the air and earth.
I compose my symphonies in concrete and steel—
My lyrics in the hum of cable spans.

My beacon is a torch of hope
Kindled with a faith in myself and my fellow men.
Through time eternal it has come to me, never flickering.
May I strive to hand it on undimmed.

Under the swirling heat of the desert,
Up where the snow lies deep on mountain crests,
Down where the trickle of water drums against the caisson floor
I dream, yet unlike dreamers, build my dreams.

I labor that other souls, yet unborn,
May tread the earth,
Or sail the wastes of air and sea unafraid.
Mine is the hand which sets countless wheels in motion,
Spans mighty chasms,
Throws down the gauntlet before the elements.
I am an engineer.

Courtesy Penn State Engineer.