**O Captain! My Captain!** 1865

Walt Whitman (1819–1892); Leaves of Grass 1900

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| 1  O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done; |  |
| The ship has weather’d every rack, the prize we sought is won; |  |
| The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting, |  |
| While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring: |  |
| But O heart! heart! heart! | *5* |
| O the bleeding drops of red, |  |
| Where on the deck my Captain lies, |  |
| Fallen cold and dead. |  |
|  |  |
| 2  O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; |  |
| Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills; | *10* |
| For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding; |  |
| For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning; |  |
| Here Captain! dear father! |  |
| This arm beneath your head; |  |
| It is some dream that on the deck, | *15* |
| You’ve fallen cold and dead. |  |
|  |  |
| 3  My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still; |  |
| My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will; |  |
| The ship is anchor’d safe and sound, its voyage closed and done; |  |
| From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won; | *20* |
| Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! |  |
| But I, with mournful tread, |  |
| Walk the deck my Captain lies, |  |
| Fallen cold and dead. |  |