**O Captain! My Captain!** 1865

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

|  |  |
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| 1O 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. |   |
|  |  |
| 2O 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. |   |
|    |  |
| 3My 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. |   |