

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

(ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.)

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rock, 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,
When on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

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, 15f

You've fallen cold and dead.

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 it 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.

—Walt Whitman.