



O Captain! My Captain!

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!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where 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,
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,
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 in with object won;
Exult O shores, and ring O bells!
But I with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.



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