**O Captain! My Captain! (1865)**

**Walt Whitman**

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;  
The ship has weathered 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 ribboned 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