**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