

Walt Whitman (1819–1892). *Leaves of Grass*. 1900.

193. **O Captain! My Captain!**

1

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! 5  
O the bleeding drops of red,  
Where on the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.

2

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, 15  
You've fallen cold and dead.

3

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; 20  
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!  
But I, with mournful tread,  
Walk the deck my Captain lies,  
Fallen cold and dead.