O Captain! My Captain!

By Walt Whitman.

I.

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!
Leave not the little spot
Where on the deck my captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

II.

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.

O captain! dear father!
This arm I raise to you;
It is some dream that on the deck
You’ve fallen cold and dead.

III.

My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still:
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won!
Exult, O shores! and ring, O bells!
But I, with silent tread,
Walk the spot my captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.
Camden New Jersey Feb: 9 '88

Dear Sir,

Thank you for the little book, No. 32 "Riverside Literature Series." Somehow you have got a couple of bad perversions in "O Captain! My O" and you a corrected sheet.

Walt Whitman