

O the bleeding drops of red!

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

BY WALT WHITMAN.

I.

O CAPTAIN! my captain! our fearful trip is done  
The ship has weathered every track, the prize we sought is won  
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exalting,  
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring.

But O heart! heart! heart!

~~Leave you 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-crowd-  
ing:

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning.

O captain! dear father!

This arm I push beneath 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.

~~But the ship.~~ The ship is anchored safe, 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 silent tread,

Walk the spot my captain lies

Fallen cold and dead.

beneath your head;

and  
sound.