

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 exulting,
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} 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.

Camden New Jersey Feb: 9 '88

Dear Sirs

Thank you for the little book,
No. 32 "Seaside Literature Series" —

Somehow you have got a couple of
bad specimens in "O Captain, O Captain,
send you a corrected sheet —

Walter Whitman