

O Captain! My Captain!

Music: W. Schmiddler

Lyrics: Walt Whitman

1.

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the price 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.

2.

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 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, you've fallen cold and dead.

SOLO:

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