|  |
| --- |
| **O Captain! My Captain!** |
| **Walt Whitman (1865)** |
|  |
|  | 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 |
| 5 |  But O heart! heart! heart! |
|  |  O the bleeding drops of red, |
|  |  Where on the deck my captain lies, |
|  |  Fallen cold and dead. |
|  |  |
|  | O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells; |
| 10 | 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; |
|  |  O captain! dear father! |
|  |  This arm beneath your head; |
| 15 |  It is some dream that on the deck, |
|  |  You’ve fallen cold and dead. |
|  |  |
|  | 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; |
| 20 | 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 captains lies, |
|  |  Fallen cold and dead.  |

|  |
| --- |
| **A Noiseless Patient Spider** |
| **Walt Whitman (1891)** |
|  |  |
|  | A noisless patient spider, |
|  | I mark’d where on a little promontory1 it stood isolated, |
|  | Marked how to explore the vacant vast surrounding, |
|  | It launched forth filament2, filament, filament, out of itself, |
| 5 | Ever unreeling them, ever tirelessly speeding them.  |
|  |  |
|  | And you O my soul where you stand |
|  | Surrounded, detached, in measureless oceans of space, |
|  | Ceaslessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them |
|  | Till the bridge you will need be formed, till the ductile3 anchor hold, |
| 10 | Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul. |
| 1 | Promontory – *a high point, like a cliff or tree branch* |
| 2 | Filament – *thread*  |
| 3 | Ductile – stretchy and difficult to break  |
| 4 | Gossamer – *thin and filmy, like a spider’s web* |