

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

*For low voice
with piano accompaniment*



by
Vanessa McClintock

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O Captain! My Captain!

Four Lincoln

Text: Walt Whitman

Part II

Music: Vanessa McClintock

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;

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;
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.

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.

♩. = 48

Low Voice

Piano

mp

O

5

Cap - tain! — my Cap - tain! — our fear - ful trip — is

9

done,

mf

13

mf

17

The ship has wea-ther'd ever - y rack, the prize we sought is won,

21

The port is near, the bells I hear, the

25

peo - ple all ex - ult - ing,

29

While fol - low eyes the stead - y keel, the ves - sel grim and dar - ing;

33

But O heart! heart! heart! O the

37

bleed - ing drops of red, Where on the deck my Cap - tain lies,

41

rit. Fal - len cold and dead. *a tempo*

♩. = 72

45

mp O

49

Cap - tain! _____ my Cap - tain! _____ rise up and hear _____ the

53

mf

bells;

poco

57

Rise up— for you the _____ flag _____ is flung— _____ for

61

you _____ the bu - gle trills, _____

poco rall.

65

 $\text{♩} = 60$

69

For you bou quets and

73

rib bon's wreaths— for you the shores a - crowd -

77

ing, For you they call, the sway - ing mass,

81

their ea - ger fac - es turn - ing; Here Cap - tain! dear

85

fa - ther! This arm be - neath your head!

89

It is some dream that on the deck, You've fal - len cold and

93

dead.

poco *mp*

mp

98 My Cap - tain _____ does not ans - wer, his lips are pale and

103 still, My fa - ther _____ does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor

108 will, The ship is an - chor'd safe and sound, its voy - age closed and

113 done, From fear - ful trip the vic - tor ship comes in with ob - ject

118

won;

$\text{♩} = 48$

Ex - ult O shores, and ring O bells!

122

$\text{♩} = 60$

But I with mourn-ful tread, Walk the deck my

126

Cap - tain lies, Fal - len cold and dead.

131