Hush'd be the camps to-day.

Fallen cold and dead.
Will the deck my captain lie,
But I with mourning read,
Exalt O shores, and raise O bells!
From earthly lip the victor ship comes in with_object won.
and done.
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed.
My safer does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will.
My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still.

You are fallen cold and dead.
Is some dream that on the deck,
This arm benedict your head.
Here captain dear rested

In stitching.
For you they call; the waving mass, their eager faces
Memories of president Lincoln.

---

O Captain! My Captain!

Where on the deck my captain lies,
O the bleeding drops of red,
But hear the bells, O hear them ring.
While e'er our voices echo they belong,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exclaiming.

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done.

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Leaves of Grass.