

Oh Captain! My Captain!

by Walt Whitman

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;

Hear 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 anchored 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.

Bed in Summer

by Robert Louis Stevenson

In winter I get up at night

And dress by yellow candle-light.

In summer, quite the other way,

I have to go to bed by day.

I have to go to bed and see

The birds still hopping on the tree,

Or hear the grown-up people's feet

Still going past me in the street.

And does it not seem hard to you,

When all the sky is clear and blue,

And I should like so much to play,

To have to go to bed by day?