

# O Captain! My Captain!

Enrico Miaroma

$\bullet = 88 - 96$

Soprano  
Contralto

Bass

Guitar

*f*

O Cap-tain! My Cap - tain! our fear-ful trip is done,

*mf con espressione*

S.

B.

The ship has wea - ther'd eve-ry rack the prize we sought is

*mf*

Gtr.

S.

B.

won, the port is near, the bells I hear the peo-ple all e - xul - ting, while

Gtr.

1

16

S. fol-low eyes the stea-dy keel, the ves-sel grim and da - ring

B.

Gtr. but O heart! heart!

21

S. but O heart! heart! heart! — O the

B. heart! — O the blee-ding drops of red,

Gtr. heart! — O the blee-ding drops of red,

26

S. blee-ding drops of red —

B. where on the deck my - Cap-tain lies, fal-len cold and

Gtr. where on the deck my - Cap-tain lies, fal-len cold and

31 *f* O Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! rise up and hear the bells;

31 *mf* rise up for you the flag is flung for you the bu - gle

41 trills the bu - gle trills, for you bou - quets and rib - bon'd wreaths for you the shores a

31 *mf*

36 *mf*

41

S.

B.

Gtr.

Gtr.

Gtr.

Gtr.

dead

45

S. crow - ding, for you the call, the swa - ying mass, their ea - ger fa - ces tur - ning, -

B.

Gtr. Here

50 *mp* Here Cap - tain! dear

S. *f*

B. Oh *mp* Oh

Gtr. Cap - tain! dear *f* fa - ther! this arm be - neath your head! *f* Oh

S. fa - ther! this arm be - neath your head! *mp*

B. Oh Oh

Gtr. 55 It is some dream that on the deck, you've

60

S. Oh My Cap - tain does not ans - wer, his lips are pale and

B. fal - len cold and dead

Gtr. 60

*poco più calmo*

65

S. still, my fa - ther does not feel my arm, he

B. 65

AL PONT.

65

Gtr. *f (come tamburo)*

Dong dong ding ding

70

S. has no pulse nor will, no pulse nor will, the ship is an - chor'd safe and sound, its

B. 70

70

Gtr. dong dong ding dong dong ding dong ding dong ding

74

S. vo - yage closed and done, from fear - ful trip the vic - tor ship comes

B. dong ding dong ding dong ding dong ding

Gtr. 74

*Tempo I*

*mf*

78

S. in with ob - ject won Dong dong ding dong dong ding dong dong ding

B. E - xult O shores and ring O bells! but I with mourn - ful

Gtr. 78

83

S. E - xult O shores and ring O bells! but I with mourn - ful tread

B. tread, dong dong ding dong ding dong dong ding dong walk

Gtr. 83

88 *mf*

S. Dong dong ding dong ding dong dong ding dong walk the deck

B. the deck my Cap - tain lies, fal - len cold and dead

Gtr. 88

93

S. Cap - tain lies, fal - len cold and dead

B. Cap - tain lies, fal - len cold and dead

Gtr. 93 *mf* *mp*

*Solo  
fischiando  
mp*

98

S.

B.

Gtr. 98

104

S.

B.

*più calmo*

*rall*

Gtr.

104

*p.*

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 the 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.

(W. Withman)

Luglio 2002