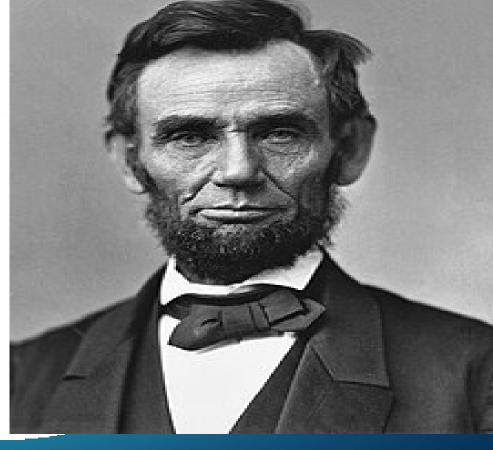
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! WALT WHITMAN

PRESENTED
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WALT WHITMAN

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

ABOUT THE POET

Walter Whitman (May 31, 1819 – March 26, 1892) was an American poet, essayist, and journalist. He is considered one of the most influential poets in American history. In Leaves of Grass (1855, 1891-2), he celebrated democracy, nature, love, and friendship. This monumental work chanted praises to the body as well as to the soul, and found beauty and reassurance even in death.

ABOUT THE POEM

- Publication November, 1865
- Genre- Elegy
- Published in- Leaves of Grass
- 3 stanzas
- Symbolic poem
- Captain- Abraham Lincoln
- Ship- USA

O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! POEM IS A TRIBUTE BY POET WALT WHITMAN TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN, FOLLOWING HIS ASSASSINATION IN 1865. ABRAHAM LINCOLN SERVED AS THE 16TH PRESIDENT OF UNITED STATES FROM 1861-1865. HE WAS ASSASSINATED ON APRIL 14, 1865, WHILE ATTENDING THE PLAY OUR AMERICAN COUSIN AT FORD'S THEATRE IN WASHINGTON D.C. SHOT IN THE HEAD AS HE WACHED THE PLAY.

THIS POEM DESCRIBES THE VICTORY OF THE UNION AFTER THE END OF THE CIVIL WAR AND ALSO THE ASSASSINATION OF THE PRESIDENT LINCOLN. LINCOLN LED THE NATION THROUGH ITS GREATEST MORAL, CONSTITUTIONAL AND POLITICAL CRISIS IN THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR. HE SUCCEEDED IN PRESERVING THE UNION, ABOLISHING THE SLAVERY, BOLSTERING THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT AND MODERNIZING THE US ECONOMY.

DETAILED SUMMARY

O Captain done,
The ship ha we sought is
The port is ne all exulting,
While follow eye grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! hea
O the bleeding drops of re.
Where on the deck my Captain and Fallen cold and dead.

on the Captain arful trip' end. The which they union. Poet tells ery near and now e bells and the cries o are eagerly waiting creases as the ship has been thrown off the p stable. In the next lines, thi placed by gloom. The captain is and blood is oozing from his body. This makes the poet exclaim 'O heart! Heart!' The captain, who was supposed to be praised by the people for his peerless bravery is now lifeless and motionless.

O Captain bells;

Rise up-fol bugle trills,

For you bought you the shores

For you they call, i 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.

es to talk to dead. This s called ptain to rise ng, flags are nts are being d etc. The people arrival, but he is oted that the captain ce these ceremonies are poet goes in reminiscence consider this death to be fancy but at last, he has to believe that Captain is dead. Poet calls him father because, for him, Lincoln is not just a military leader but the father of the nation and laments over his loss

3RD STA

Captain does refather does not ship is anchor

n fearful trip the v

lt O shores, and ring

with mournful tread,

the deck my Captain lies,

en cold and dead.

ality of the euphori e laments ov big loss for t the captain is an neither feel art is beating. It i has arrived at its d trip' i.e. horrors of t now and there is relief am eople are rejoicing but the poo moorning over the death of Lincoln. The 'dea here refers to the cemetery of Lincoln. Poet, moving around this place, laments over his

death. Hence the poem ends with both victo

as well as loss.

THANK YOU