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O captain my captain poem worksheet

In order to continue to enjoy our site, we ask you to confirm your identity as a human being. Thank you so much for your cooperation. For art writers and poetry lovers, here's a literary analysis page with a famous poem by Walt Whitman. Students will read the poem, then write a response on its subject. Add to the group Add to the group Digitally establishing the basic class of the basic state Standards Texas Basic (TEKS) Virginia Standards Of Learning Standards (SOL) BC Australian Standards Of Performance Program (ACARA) Victorian Curriculum (F-10) no criteria associated with this content. Print test (only the test content will be printed) Captain! By Walt Whitman, Captain! Captain! Our scary journey is done, the ship has traversed every shelf, the prize we seek is to win, the port is near, the bells I hear, and people all rejoice, while following the eyes of a steady keel, the ship dim and bold; Heart! Heart! Oh bleeding drops of red, where on my captain's deck lies, cold fallen and dead. Captain! Captain! Rise and hear bells, but rise - for you the flag is flung - for you trumpet trills, for you bouquets and ribbon wreaths - for you a-hurry beaches, for you they call it, a swaying block, their eager faces turning. Here, Commander! Dear Father! This arm is under your head! It is some dream that on the deck I have fallen cold and dead. My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, my father does not feel my arms, he has no pulse and no will. The ship is anchored safe and sound, its journey is closed and done, of a scary journey the victory ship comes in with the object won; Blow up or beaches, and ring o bells! But I, with a sad tread, walk on deck, captain lying, cold and dead. Walt Whitman worked as a nurse in Union Army hospitals during the Civil War. After the zenith of the President Abraham Lincoln in 1865, Whitman on a note wrote. The poem is an extended metaphor. Students will read the poem and answer questions about Whitman's use of pictorial language. John Wilkes Booth shot President Abraham Lincoln and died on April 15, 1865, in Washington, D.C. The Civil War ended only six days ago when Confederate General Lee surrendered to The General Union Grant. Walt Whitman wrote this poem, or poem of tribute, after Lincoln's death. ----- and captain of my captain! Our scary journey is done, the ship has weather'd every shelf, the prize that we seek and won; Heart! Heart! O bleeding drops of red, where on the deck the captain lies, cold fallen and dead. Captain! Captain! go up and hear bells, but rise -- for you The flag is flung - for you trumpet trills; For you they call it, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning, here commander! Dear Father! This arm under your head, it's a dream that's on deck, you've fallen cold and dead. My captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still, but my father does not feel my arm, he neither pulse nor will; But, with a sad tread, I walk on the deck of my lies, cold and dead. Click here to register for free and download and print all sections and understanding activities. Activities.