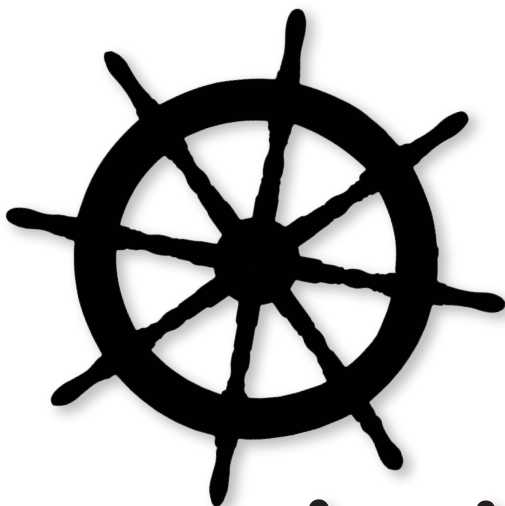


O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN! Rippon
SBMP 1799

TTBB
a cappella



O Captain! My Captain!

text by
Walt Whitman

music by
Jonathan Rippon



Santa Barbara Music Publishing, Inc.

sbmp.com



About the composer

Jonathan Rippon was born into a musical family with his mother a concert pianist from Australia, and his father a British opera singer. He was awarded a music scholarship to Eton College School, England, where he played the violin, piano and clarinet, as well as singing. At University, he was a Choral Scholar in the world-famous King's College Choir, Cambridge. As a bass at King's, he sang in concerts internationally, performing at prestigious locations such as Sydney Opera House, St. Thomas Church, Fifth Avenue in New York and The Royal Albert Hall, all under the direction of Stephen Cleobury. He also sang in The Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols, broadcast worldwide annually on Christmas Eve. As part of the a

cappella group, Collegium Regale, he performed internationally, including in the Middlebury College Concert Series in Vermont.

O Captain! My Captain!

This poem was Walt Whitman's homage to Abraham Lincoln after the president's assassination and is symbolic of the loss of a leader figure in someone's life. The haunting melody combines elements of a eulogy with nautical themes; reflecting the poem's representation of America as a ship that has lost its great captain. Also famously featured in the movie, Dead Poets Society starring Robin Williams.

Text

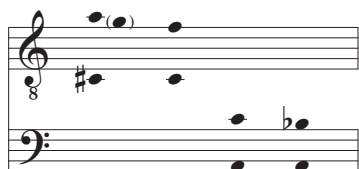
O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on 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;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!

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.

It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.

Ranges



T T B B

Performance notes

The doo's throughout should be performed with a soft d, except for the accentuated ones which are intended to sound like a ship's bell.

Performance time

c. 3:00



recording and rehearsal tracks available at sbmp.com

O Captain! My Captain!

Walt Whitman

Jonathan Rippon

Lilting ♩ = 88 *p*

T
8
Doo, doo, ah.

T
8
p Doo, doo, doo, ah.

B
p O Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! our fear - ful trip is done, The

B
p Doo, doo, doo, ah.

Lilting ♩ = 88

for rehearsal only

5
8
Doo, doo, doo, ah.

8
Doo, doo, doo, ah.

ship has weath - er'd ev' - ry rack, the prize we sought is won, The

Doo, doo, doo, ah.

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1799-3

9

Doo, doo, doo, doo, ah doo, doo,
 Doo, doo, doo, doo,
 port is near, the bells I hear, the peo-ple all ex - ult - ing, While
 Doo, doo, ah doo doo,

13

Ah, ah.
 Ah, ah. ah.
 fol-low eyes the stead-y keel, the ves-sel grim and dar - ing; O
 Ah, ah. O

A

17 *mp*

But O heart! heart! heart! O the bleed - ing

Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! our fear - ful trip is done, The

PREVIEW

21

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25 *mf*

8 drops of red, Ah.

mf drops of red, Ah. *p* Where

mf port is near, the bells I hear, the peo-ple all ex - ult - ing, *p* Where

mf port is near, the bells I hear, the peo-ple all ex - ult - ing,

29 *p*

8 Doo, doo, ooh. Doo, doo,

on the deck my Cap-tain lies, Doo, doo,

on the deck my Cap-tain lies, Fall-en cold and dead.

p Doo, doo, ooh. Doo, doo,

34 B *mf* >

doo, ah. Doo, doo,

doo, ah. *f* O Cap - tain! my Cap - tain! rise

doo, doo,

doo, ah. *mf* > Doo, doo,

38

doo, doo. Doo, doo,

up and hear the bells; Rise up for you the flag is flung for

doo, doo. Doo, doo,

doo, ah. Doo, doo,

42

doo, doo. Ah.

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

doo, doo. Ah.

doo, ah. Ah

46

Ah.

you the shores a - crowd - ing, For you they call, the sway-ing mass, their

Ah.

Ah.

50

mp

Here Cap - tain! dear fa - ther! This

mp

ea - ger fa - ces turn - ing; Here Cap - tain! dear fa - ther! This

mp

Here Cap - tain! dear fa - ther! This

mp

Here Cap - tain! dear fa - ther! This

54

arm be - neath your head! It is some dream that on the deck, You've

arm be - neath your head! It is some dream that on the deck, You've

arm be - neath your head! It is some dream that on the deck, You've

arm be - neath your head! It is some dream that on the deck, You've

C Slower ♩ = 76

58 **poco rit.**

Opt. solo or small group

fall-en cold and dead. My Cap-tain does not an-swer, his lips are pale and

fall-en cold and dead. Mmm

fall-en cold and dead. Mmm

fall-en cold and dead. Mmm

p stagger breathe

T1 and 2

p stagger breathe

p stagger breathe

poco rit. **Slower** ♩ = 76

63 (Opt. solo or small group)

end solo

still, My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,

mp

The

D **Lilting** ♩ = 88

T1 tutti
mp

68

T Ah.

T ship is an - chor'd safe and sound, its voy-age closed and done, From

B Ah.

B Ah.

Lilting ♩ = 88

72

T Ah. Ex -

T fear-ful trip the vic-tor ship comes in with ob - ject won; Ex -

B Ah. Ex -

B Ah. Ex -

DO NOT
PHOTOCOPY



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76 *molto rit.* *a tempo* E

8 ult O shores, and ring O bells!

8 ult O shores, and ring O bells! *pp* Mmm, _____

8 ult O shores, and ring O bells! *p* But I with mourn - ful tread,

8 ult O shores, and ring O bells! *pp* Mmm, _____

molto rit. *a tempo*

80 *p* Walk the deck my Cap - ain lies, *rit.*

8 mmm. _____

Opt. solo or small group *p*

8 Fall - en cold and dead. *rit.*

8 mmm. _____

rit.