

Captain, Captain

Crooked Still

Captain, Captain, tell me true does my sweet Willie sail with you?

No my dear, he isn't here for he is drowned in this ocean, dear

Answer me, oh give me joy for I love my soldier boy

Oh no, lady, he's not here. Dropped down dead in the gulf, my dear

Get me a chair to sit upon, and pen and ink, come write it down

On every line I will shed a tear: on every verse cry oh, my dear

Captain, Captain, build me a boat, out on these waters I must float

Searching for my Willy dear, for he has drowned in this ocean dear