Title: "Sea-Captains, Young or Old," poem, holograph, corrected
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Sea Captains, young and old,
A Chant of Sea-Heroes.

To-day a rude brief recitative
Of the ships of all nations sailing
The sea, each with its special flag or ship,鲜明,
Of the unnamed heroes in the ships - of waves tossed and
Sloping far as the eye can reach;
Of dashing spray, and the wind's
Piping and blaring - and out of these a Chant
Fitful, like a surge.

Of the launch sea-captains, young and old, and the mates,
Of steam on the Northfleet - of the
Intrepid sailors of all nations:
Of the few, the very few, the chosen,
Tactum whose fate can never
Surprise, nor death dismay,
Picked apparently without noise by
The old Ocean - chosen by the
(From Sea - them that)
Enligt the waves, in time and
Through the Natures
Sundered by the old rusty years - embalming thee,
Indomitable, untamed as thee.
Ever the heroes (by ones or twos appearing) ever the stock preserved, and never lost. Though rare, (enough for seed preserved) *#

Wail out, O Sea, the separate flags of nations! Wail out, visible as ever, the various ship signals; But do them reserve for thyself O Sea, and for the soul, one invisible flag above all the rest. Communion to the nations of all nations, among all nations.

The token of all the brave sailors and all the brave captains, and mates, and all that went down doing their duty: I raise the signal A Spiritual Signal, which for all nations emblem of man's state, of commerce, of all enterprise, of all commerce. A permanent universal signal for all time, for all the true sailors of all seas, all ships. Walt Whitman
Washington, March 19.