

**Worthington Historical Society
Presents:**

A talk honoring the sons of Worthington
In celebration of the 140th Anniversary
Of the Battle of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

Program of Events

Welcome

Helen Pollard,
Worthington Historical Society

Reading of Gettysburg Address
And Remarks

Stephen Kulik,
State Representative

Address of Personal History of
James Clay Rice

David Pollard,
Amateur Civil War Historian

Reading of a Poem

Honoring James Clay Rice
Robert Epperly,
Worthington Historical Society

Genealogy of
James Clay Rice

Robert Randall,
Worthington Historical Society

Reading of a Poem

O Captain! My Captain!

By Walt Whitman

Cornelius Sharron,
Worthington Historical Society

Adjourn Outside

Demonstration

Civil War Era Military Arms

Ron McBride,
Amateur Historian

Refreshments

O Captain! My Captain!
By Walt Whitman

*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;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.
My Captain does not answer,
his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm,
he has no pulse or 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*