

# Casey at the Bat

Ernest Thayer wrote the poem in May, 1888.  
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under the byline "Phin".

Matthew: The outlook wasn't brilliant for the **Mudville nine** that day;  
Marcus: The score stood **four to two**  
Matthew: with but **one inning** more to play.  
Johannes: And then when **Cooney** died at first,  
Astrid: and **Barrows** did the same,  
Hannah: A **sickly silence** fell upon the patrons of the game.  
Krista: A **straggling** few got up to go in deep despair.  
Joseph: The rest **clung** to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;  
Jeremy: They thought if only **Casey** could but get a whack at that--  
Jennifer: We'd put up even money now with  
All: **Casey at the bat.**

Susan: But **Flynn** preceded Casey, as did also **Jimmy Blake**,  
Matthew: And the former was a **lulu**  
Natalia: and the latter was a **cake**;  
Marcus: So upon that stricken multitude **grim melancholy** sat,  
Johannes: For there seemed but **little chance** of Casey's getting to the bat.

Joseph: But **Flynn** let drive a single,  
Matthew: to the wonderment of all,  
Jeremy: And **Blake**, the much despised,  
Joshua: tore the cover off the ball;  
Jennifer: And when the dust had lifted,  
Susan: and the men saw what had occurred,  
Joseph: There was **Johnnie** safe at second  
Jeremy: and **Flynn** a-hugging third.

Joshua: Then from 5,000 throats and more  
All: there rose a **lustly yell**;  
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;  
Natalia: It **knocked** upon the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,  
Joseph: For **Casey**,  
All: **mighty Casey**,  
Jennifer: was advancing to the bat.

Hannah: There was ease in Casey's manner as he **stepped** into his place;  
Astrid: There was **pride** in Casey's bearing  
Krista: and a **smile** on Casey's face.

Natalia: And when, responding to the cheers,  
Susan: he lightly doffed his hat,  
Jennifer: No stranger in the crowd could doubt  
All: 'twas **Casey at the bat!**

All: **Ten thousand** eyes were on him  
Johannes: as he rubbed his hands with dirt;  
All: **Five thousand** tongues applauded  
Joshua: when he wiped them on his shirt.  
Matthew: Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,  
Marcus: *Defiance* gleamed in Casey's eye,  
Jeremy: a sneer curled Casey's lip.

Krista: And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,  
Hannah: And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.  
Astrid: Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped--  
Marcus: "**That ain't my style,**"  
Natalia: said Casey.  
Johannes: "**Strike one,**"  
Jennifer: the umpire said.

Krista: From the benches black with people,  
All: there went up a muffled roar,  
Hannah: Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.  
Marcus: "**Kill him! Kill the umpire!**"  
Natalia: shouted some one on the stand;  
Astrid: And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

Matthew: With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
Johannes: He stilled the rising tumult;  
Marcus: he bade the game go on;  
Joshua: He signaled to the pitcher,  
Jeremy: and **once more** the spheroid flew;  
Joseph: **But Casey still ignored it,** and the umpire said,  
Johannes: "**Strike two.**"

Natalia: **Fraud!"**  
Krista: cried the maddened thousands,  
Hannah: and echo answered  
All: **fraud;**  
Astrid: **But one** scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.  
Jennifer: They saw his face grow stern and cold,  
Susan: they saw his muscles strain,  
All: And they knew that **Casey** wouldn't let that ball go by again.

Marcus: The sneer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate;  
Joseph: He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.  
Jeremy: And now the pitcher holds the ball,  
Joshua: and now he lets it go,  
Matthew: And now the air is  
All: **shattered**

Johannes: by the **force** of Casey's blow.

(Last stanza especially loud and clear)

Krista: Oh, somewhere in this favored land  
Hannah: the sun is shining bright;  
Astrid: The band is playing somewhere,  
Johannes: and somewhere-- hearts are light,  
Marcus: And somewhere men are laughing,  
Jennifer: and somewhere children shout;  
Jeremy: But there is **NO** joy in Mudville--

All: **for mighty Casey**

Joseph: **has struck out.**