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 despis-ed,
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 lusty 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.