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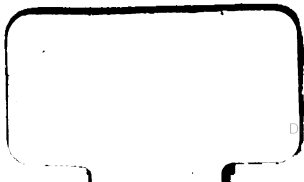
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CASEY AT THE BAT

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# CASEY AT THE BAT

By  
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Illustrations by  
DAN SAYRE  
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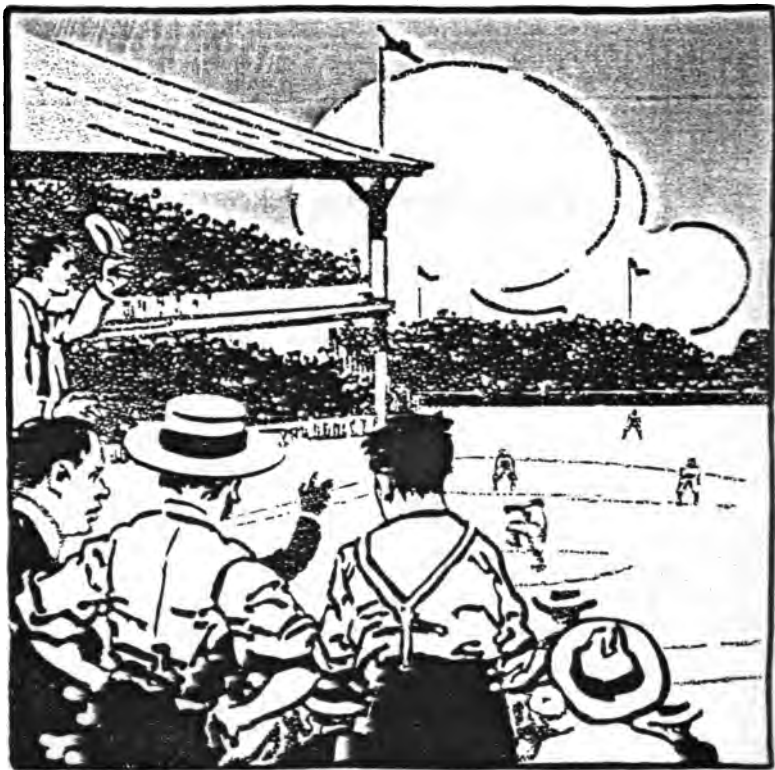
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Chicago

# CASEY AT THE BAT



# The Patrons of the Game



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## I

IT looked extremely rocky for the  
Mudville nine that day:

The score stood two to four with just  
an inning left to play;

So, when Cooney died at second, and  
Burrows did the same,

A pallor wreathed the features of the  
patrons of the game.

*Pause*



# That Hope which Springs Eternal



# C A S E Y A T T H E B A T

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## II

**A**STRAGGLING few got up to go,  
leaving there the rest  
With that hope which springs  
eternal within the human breast;  
For they thought if only Casey could get  
a whack, at that  
They'd put up even money now, with  
Casey at the bat.



But Flynn Preceded Casey •



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## III

**B**UT Flynn preceded Casey, and  
likewise so did Blake,  
And the former was a puddin',  
and the latter was a fake;  
So on that stricken multitude a death-  
like silence sat,  
For there seemed but little chance of  
Casey's getting to the bat.



# There was Blakey safe on Second



IV

**B**UT Flynn let drive a single to the wonderment of all,  
And the much-despised Blakey  
tore the cover off the ball;  
And when the dust had lifted, and they  
saw what had occurred,  
There was Blakey safe on second and Flynn  
a-huggin' third!





# Mighty Casey was Advancing to the Bat



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## V

**T**HEN from the gladdened multitude  
went up a joyous yell,

It rumbled in the mountain-tops,  
it rattled in the dell,

It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded  
on the flat;

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to  
the bat.



He Lightly Doffed his Hat ..



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## VI

**T**HERE was ease in Casey's manner  
as he stepped into his place,  
There was pride in Casey's bearing,  
and a smile on Casey's face;  
And when, responding to the cheers, he  
lightly doffed his hat,  
No stranger in the crowd could doubt  
't was Casey at the bat.



# A Sneer Curled Casey's Lip



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## VII

**T**EN thousand eyes were on him as  
he rubbed his hands with dirt,  
Five thousand tongues applauded  
when he wiped them on his shirt;  
Then, when the writhing pitcher ground  
the ball into his hip,  
Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer  
curled Casey's lip.



"Strike one" the Umpire Said



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## VIII

**A**ND now the leather-covered sphere  
came hurtling through the air,  
And Casey stood a-watching it in  
haughty grandeur there;

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball un-  
heeded sped:

“That ain’t my style,” said Casey. “Strike  
one,” the umpire said.





# "Kill him! Kill the Umpire"



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## IX

**F**ROM the benches, black with people,  
there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves  
on a stern and distant shore;

“Kill him! Kill the umpire!” shouted  
someone in the stand.

And it's likely they'd have killed him had  
not Casey raised his hand.



# A Smile of Christian Charity



# CASEY AT THE BAT

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## X

**W**ITH a smile of Christian charity  
great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult;  
he bade the game go on;  
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more  
the spheroid flew,  
But Casey still ignored it; and the umpire  
said, "Strike two."



# Casey Wouldn't let that Ballgoby again



XI

**F**RAUD!" cried the maddened thousands,  
and the echo answered, "Fraud!"

But one scornful look from Casey, and  
the audience was awed;

They saw his face grow stern and cold, they  
saw his muscles strain,

And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that  
ball go by again.



# By the Force of Casey's Blow



XII

**T**HE sneer is gone from Casey's lip,  
his teeth are clenched with hate;  
He pounds with cruel violence his  
bat upon the plate;  
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and  
now he lets it go,  
And now the air is shattered by the force  
of Casey's blow.





# Mighty Casey has Struck Out



XIII



H, somewhere in this favoured  
land the sun is shining bright,

The band is playing somewhere,  
and somewhere hearts are light,

And somewhere men are laughing, and  
somewhere children shout;

But there is no joy in Mudville — mighty  
Casey has struck out.











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