

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

# Casey at the Bat

By Ernest Lawrence Thayer

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,  
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore.

"Till last Kill the umpire!" shouted someone on the stand,  
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

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

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;  
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on,  
He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the dust upheaved him;  
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two!"

"Foul!" cried the multitudinous thousands, and echo answered  
"Foul!"

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was dumb;  
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.

The answer is gone from Casey's lip, his teeth are clenched in 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.

Oh, somewhere in the favoured land the sun is shining bright,  
The land 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.

Respond to the following questions in complete sentences.

1. Summarize the poem. \_\_\_\_\_

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