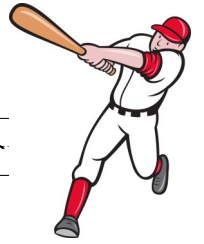


"Casey at the Bat"

By Ernest Lawrence Thayer

A Ballad of the Republic,
Sung in the Year 1888



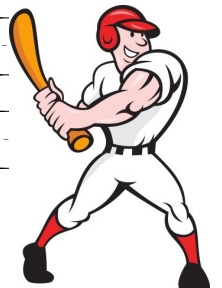
The outlook wasn't brilliant for
the Mudville nine that day;
The score stood four to two with
but one inning more to play.
And then when Cooney died at
first, and Barrows did the same,
A sickly silence fell upon the
patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go
in deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which
springs eternal in the human
breast;
They thought if only Casey

could but get a whack at that—
We'd put up even money now
with Casey at the bat.

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

But Flynn let drive a single, to
the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despised,
tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted,
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There was Jimmy safe at second
and Flynn a-hugging third.

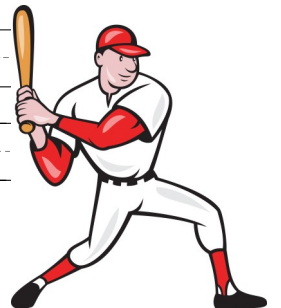
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It knocked upon the mountain
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For Casey, mighty Casey, was
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There was ease in Casey's
manner as he stepped into his
place;

There was pride in Casey's
bearing and a smile on Casey's
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And when, responding to the
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No stranger in the crowd could
doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

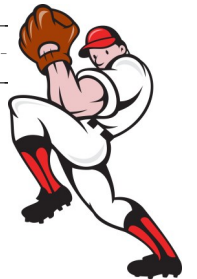
Ten thousand eyes were on him
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Five thousand tongues
applauded when he wiped them
on his shirt.

Then while the writhing pitcher
ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance gleamed in Casey's
eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And 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 unheeded sped—



“That ain’t my style,” said
Casey. “Strike one,” the umpire
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From the benches, black with
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And it’s likely they’d have killed
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With a smile of Christian charity
great Casey’s visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he
bade the game go on;



He signaled to the pitcher, and
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But Casey still ignored it, and
the umpire said, "Strike two."

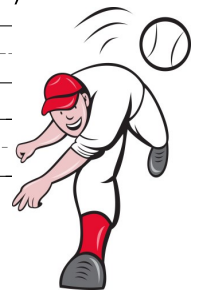
"Fraud!" cried the maddened
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They saw his face grow stern
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strain,

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

The sneer is gone from Casey's
lip, his teeth are clinched 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 this favored
land the sun is shining bright;

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

And somewhere men are
laughing, and somewhere

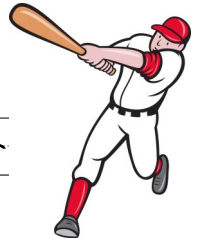
children shout;

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"Casey at the Bat"

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A Ballad of the Republic,
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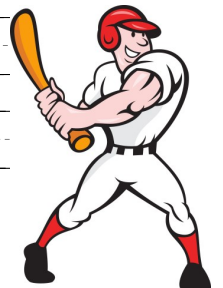
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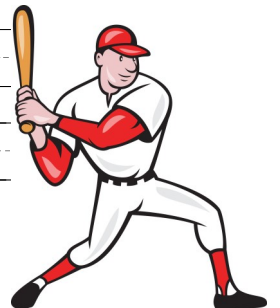
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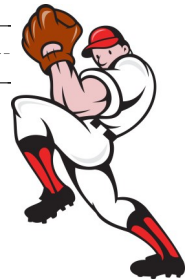
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And now the leather-covered
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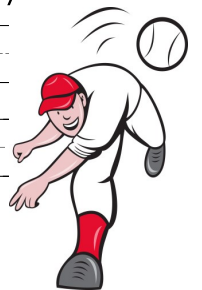
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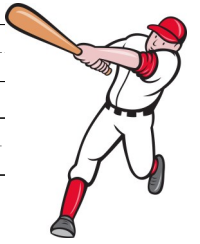
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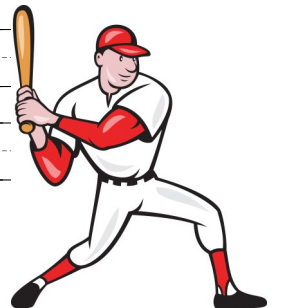


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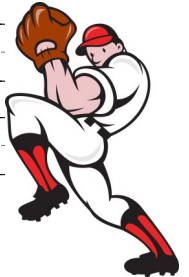
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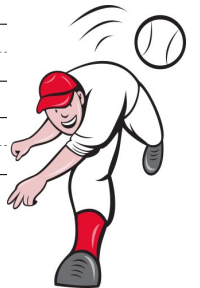


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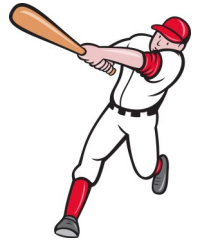


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A Ballad of the Republic,
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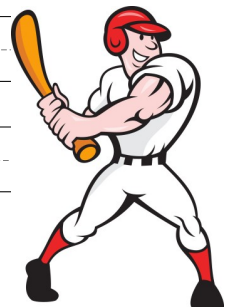
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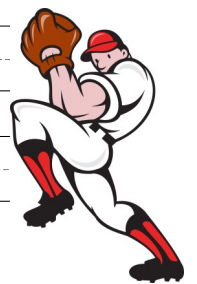
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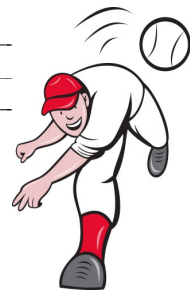
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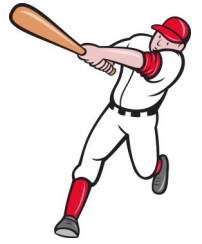
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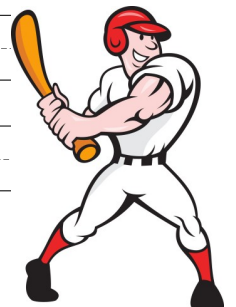
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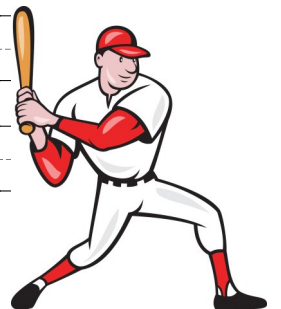
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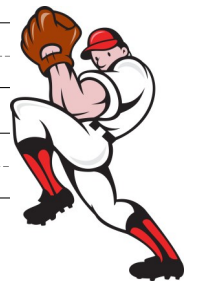
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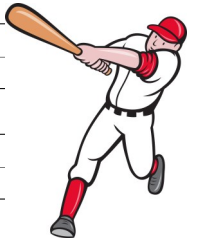
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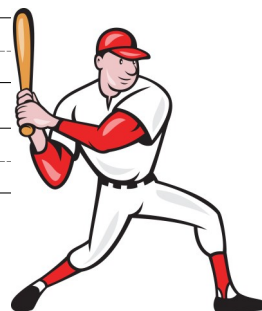


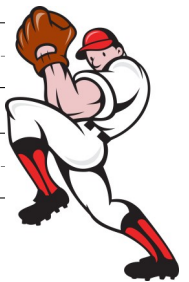
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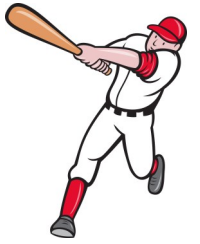


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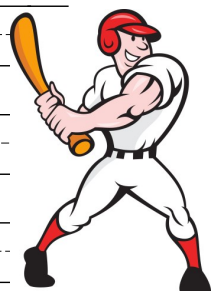
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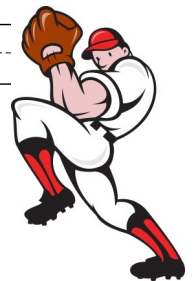
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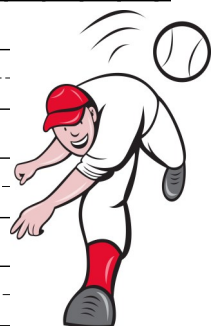


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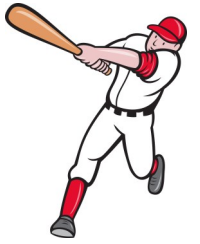
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A straggling few got up to go in
deep despair. The rest

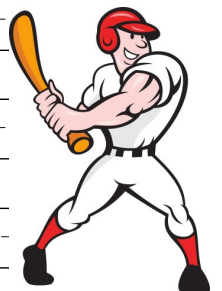
Clung to that hope which
springs eternal in the human

breast;

They thought if only Casey
could but get a whack at that—
We'd put up even money now
with Casey at the bat.

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

But Flynn let drive a single,
to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despised,

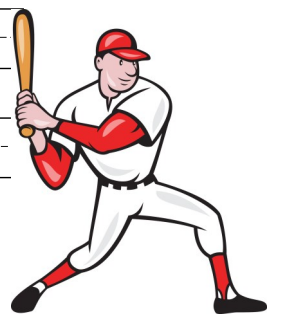


tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted,
and men saw what had occurred,
There was Jimmy safe at second
and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from 5,000 throats and
more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it
rattled in the dell;

It knocked upon the mountain
and recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was
advancing to the bat.

There 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.

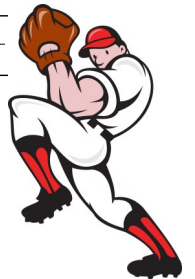
And when, responding to the
cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could
doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him
as he rubbed his hands with
dirt;

Five thousand tongues applauded
when he wiped them on his shirt.

Then while the writhing pitcher
ground the ball into his hip,

Defiance gleamed in Casey's
eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.



And 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 unheeded sped—

"That ain't my style," said Casey.

"Strike one," the umpire said.

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.

"Kill him! Kill the umpire!"
shouted someone on the stand;



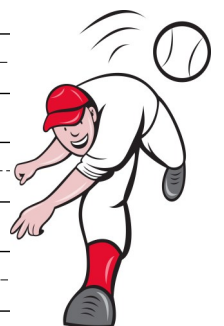
And it's likely they'd have killed
him had not Casey raised his
hand.

With a smile of Christian
charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he
bade the game go on;

He signaled to the pitcher, and
once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and
the umpire said, "Strike two."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened
thousands, and 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.

The sneer is gone from Casey's
lip, his teeth are clinched in
hate;

He pounds with cruel violence his
bat upon the plate.

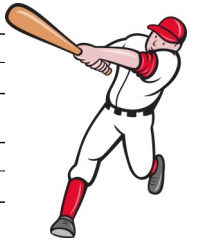
And now the pitcher holds the
ball, and now he lets it go,

And now the air is shattered by
the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored
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.



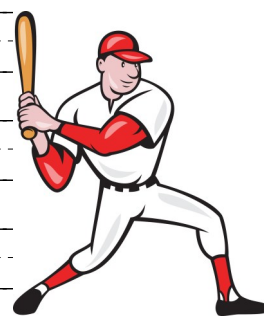


Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

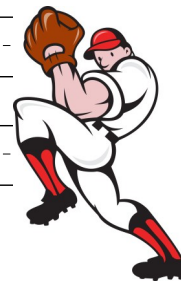
Handwriting practice lines consisting of 18 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.



Handwriting practice lines consisting of multiple sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.



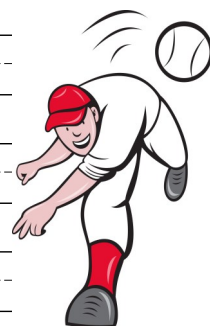
Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid) for writing practice.

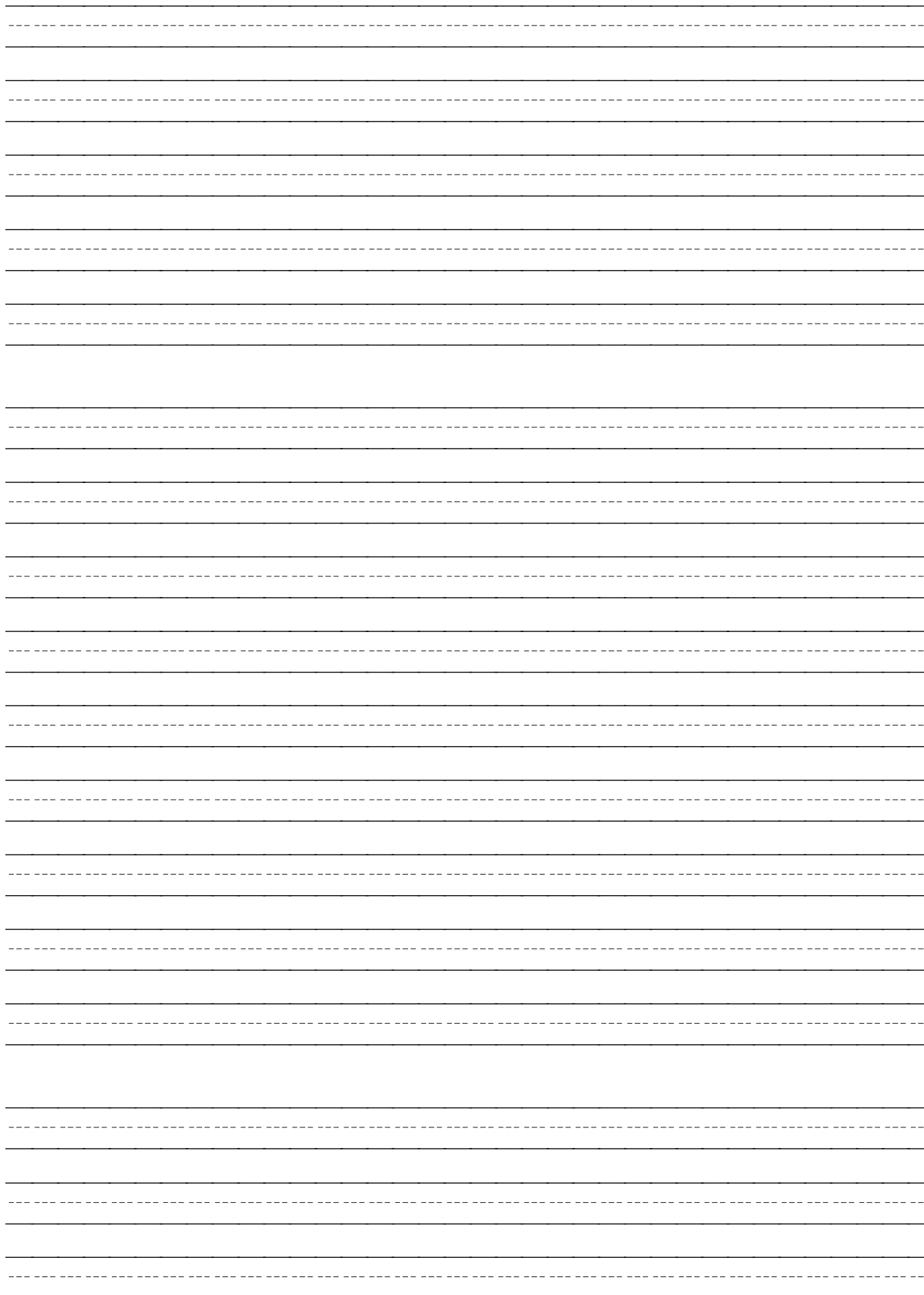


Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).



Handwriting practice lines consisting of 20 sets of three horizontal lines (top solid, middle dashed, bottom solid).





Handwriting practice lines consisting of ten sets of three horizontal lines (top, middle dashed, bottom) for writing practice.

