

Casey's Revenge

By James Wilson

1 There were saddened hearts in Mudville for a week or even more;
There were muttered oaths and curses- every fan in town was sore.
"Just think," said one, "how soft it looked with Casey at the bat,
And then to think he'd go and spring a bush league trick like that!"

2 All his past fame was forgotten- he was now a hopeless "shine."
They called him "Strike-Out Casey," from the mayor down the line;
And as he came to bat each day his bosom heaved a sigh,
While a look of hopeless fury shone in mighty Casey's eye.

3 The lane is long, someone has said, that never turns again,
And Fate, though **fickle**, often gives another chance to men;
And Casey smiled; his rugged face no longer wore a frown-
The pitcher who had started all the trouble came to town.

4 All Mudville has assembled - ten thousand fans had come
To see the twirler who had put big Casey on the bum;
And when he stepped into the box, the multitude went wild;
He doffed his cap in proud disdain, but Casey only smiled.

5 "Play ball!" the umpire's voice rang out, and then the game began.
But in that **throng** of thousands there was not a single fan
Who thought that Mudville had a chance, and with the setting sun
Their hopes sank low- the rival team was leading "four to one."

6 The last half of the ninth came round, with no change in the score;
But when the first man up hit safe, the crowd began to roar;
The **din** increased, the echo of ten thousand shouts was heard
When the pitcher hit the second and gave "four balls" to the third.

7 Three men on base - nobody out - three runs to tie the game!
A triple meant the highest **niche** in Mudville's hall of fame;
But here the rally ended and the gloom was deep as night,
When the fourth one "fouled to catcher" and the fifth "flew out to right."

8 A dismal groan in chorus came; a scowl was on each face
When Casey walked up, bat in hand, and slowly took his place;
His bloodshot eyes in fury gleamed, his teeth were clenched in hate;
He gave his cap a vicious hook and pounded on the plate.

9	<p>But fame is fleeting as the wind and glory fades away; There were no wild and woolly cheers, no glad acclaim this day; They hissed and groaned and hooted as they clamored: "Strike him out!" But Casey gave no outward sign that he had heard this shout.</p>
10	<p>The pitcher smiled and cut one loose - across the plate it sped; Another hiss, another groan. "Strike one!" the umpire said. Zip! Like a shot the second curve broke just below the knee. "Strike two!" the umpire roared aloud; but Casey made no plea.</p>
11	<p>No roasting for the umpire now - his was an easy lot; But here the pitcher whirled again- was that a rifle shot? A whack, a crack, and out through the space the leather pellet flew, A blot against the distant sky, a speck against the blue.</p>
12	<p>Above the fence in center field in rapid whirling flight The sphere sailed on - the blot grew dim and then was lost to sight. Ten thousand hats were thrown in air, ten thousand threw a fit, But no one ever found the ball that mighty Casey hit.</p>
13	<p>O, somewhere in this favored land dark clouds may hide the sun, And somewhere bands no longer play and children have no fun! And somewhere over blighted lives there hangs a heavy pall, But Mudville hearts are happy now, <i>for Casey hit the ball.</i></p>