

CASEY AT THE BAT

A Humorous Poem

by
Phineas Thayer



Wetmore Declamation Bureau

**Box 2695
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**www.wetmoredeclamation.com
Email: speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means-electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other-without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

CASEY AT THE BAT
A Humorous Poem

Phineas Thayer

An old favorite.

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 so when Cooney died at first and Burroughs did the same,
A sickly fear came o'er the patrons of the game.

A few got up to go, but on the other hand the rest
Stayed with that hope that springs eternal in the human breast.
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 and so did Jimmy Blake;
The former was a hoodoo, the latter was a cake;
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 risen and they saw what had occurred,
There was Blake safe on second and Jimmy hugging third;
Then from the maddened thousands there went up such a yell,
It thundered on the mountain top, it recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---