BEFORE –
“Casey at the Bat” is a narrative poem. **Narrative poems** tell a story, they have characters, a setting, and a plot, just like a “story”.

DURING –
1. As you read, **respond to the Close Read questions** beside the stanzas of the poem. *Answer on paper OR type your answers in the boxes!*

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Stanza 1</th>
<th>What is the setting (<strong>place</strong>) for this poem?</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Highlight</strong> words that show this.</td>
<td>What happened to Cooney and Barrows?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stanza 2</td>
<td>What words show how the crowd feels?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Why do you think they want Casey to bat?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stanza 3</td>
<td>Why is there little chance of Casey getting to bat?</td>
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<tr>
<td>What is the tone at this point in the poem?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Stanza 4</td>
<td>How has the tone changed?</td>
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<tr>
<td>Why?</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Stanza 5</td>
<td>What do you <strong>predict or think</strong> will happen?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stanza 6-10</td>
<td>How does the poet build <strong>suspense or action</strong>?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What do you <strong>predict or think</strong> will happen with the next pitch?</td>
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**Casey at the Bat** **by Ernest Lawrence Thayer**

(stanza 1)
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 pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

(stanza 2)
A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest 
Clung to the 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."

(stanza 3)
But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake, 
And the former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake; 
So upon that strucken multitude grim melancholy sat, 
For there seemed but little chance of Casey getting to the bat.

(stanza 4)
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.

(stanza 5)
Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell; 
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell; 
It pounded on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat, 
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

(stanza 6)
There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place; 
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile lit 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.

(stanza 7)
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 flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

(stanza 8)
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.

(stanza 9)
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.

(stanza 10)
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 dun sphere flew;
But Casey still ignored it and the umpire said, "Strike two!"

(stanza 11)
"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.

(stanza 12)
The sneer 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.

(stanza 13)
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.

AFTER —

2. Complete a summary of the plot below with details from the poem. On your own paper OR type here!

Somebody...
Wants...
But...
So...
Then...

3. Write a short sentence or two to summarize the poem so that someone who has NOT read the poem would understand it. On your own paper OR type here!
4. **Complete the box below with ideas after reading and thinking about the poem.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The <strong>message or lesson</strong> the author wants YOU to take away from the poem.</th>
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