

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.

Oh, somewhere in this favoured land  
the sun is shining bright,

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

And somewhere men are laughing, and some-  
where children shout,

But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has struck  
out.

