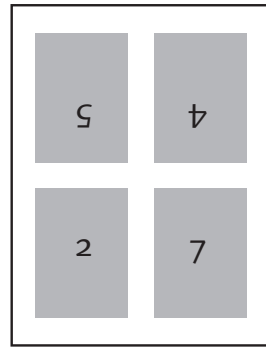
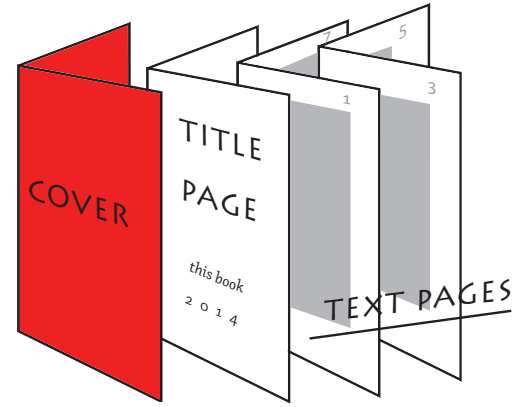


front of first *text page*
before cutting and folding



back of first *text page*
before cutting and folding



DIRECTIONS: Print the pages double sided. The first *text page* should match the diagram above. When all the pages are printed, cut along the dotted line, then fold on the solid line. Nest the folded sheets in the proper order – it should match the diagram on the right.

The *cover page* can be printed on the same paper as the other pages, cut out and pasted onto

whatever cover you choose, or printed directly onto special paper.

The pages can be bound with a booklet stapler, or sewn together in a style called *saddle stitch*. *Saddle stitching* is an easy, handsome, and sturdy way to bind your book. See the reverse of this page for a simple diagram on *saddle stitching*. There are also several great video tutorials online.

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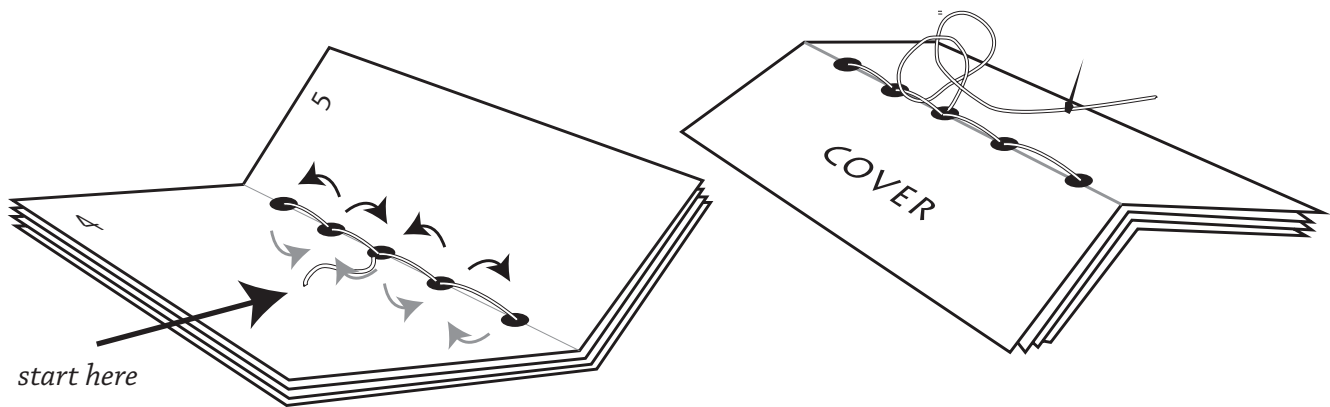
CASEY AT THE BAT

a ballad of the Republic

by Ernest Lawrence Thayer

1 8 8 8

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SADDLE STITCH: Begin by punching five small holes along the center crease of the booklet using a thumb tack. Thread a length of sturdy thread through a needle, but do not knot it. Starting with the center hole – leaving about two inches of thread on the inside crease – sew through the holes up to the top, down to the bottom, then ending in the middle. The thread should be on the back side

of the booklet now. Make a knot in the place shown on the diagram to the right. Push the needle and thread back through the center hole, and pull the knot to the inside of the crease. To finish it, knot the two remaining ends of the thread and cut off most of the remainder. You should end up with a tightly bound, saddle stitched booklet!



❏ **CASEY AT THE BAT** became popular immediately after it was published in *The San Francisco Examiner*, as a fun and moving fable about heroes, and was often performed to large crowds. It has continued in popularity as an important part of American folk culture.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he
rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he
wiped them on his shirt.

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.

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.

3

8

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 some-
where hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and
somewhere children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville – mighty
Casey has struck out.

9

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 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 get but a
whack at that –

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 clenched in hate;
 He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon
 the plate.

5

2

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 wonder-
 ment of all,
 And Blake, the much despis-ed, tore the
 cover off the ball;
 And when the dust had lifted, and the men
 saw what had occurred,
 There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn
 a-hugging third.

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 some-
 one on the stand;
 And it's likely they'd a-killed him had not
 Casey raised his hand.

4

7

