

Casey at the Bat

an American Narrative Tale

1 (♩ = 72) in 1



7

13

19

25 *Molto Allarg....* *Slower, in 3 (♩ = 112)*

31 *Slight Rit....*

37 *Waltz Tempo (♩ = 60)* It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville Nine that day;

43 The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play.

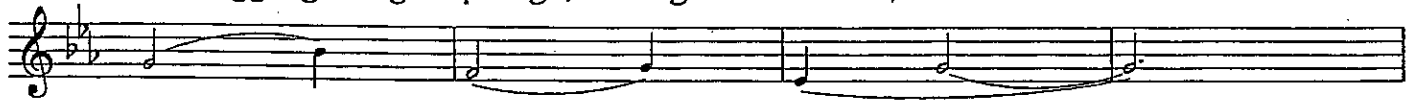
49 So, when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same,



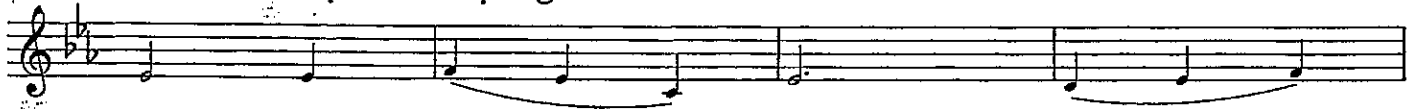
53 A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.



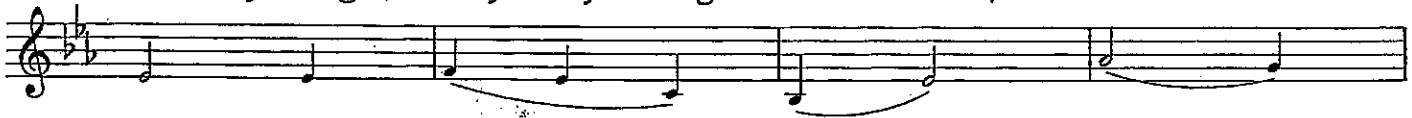
57 A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,



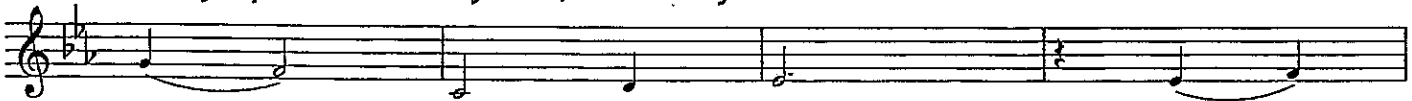
61 With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast.



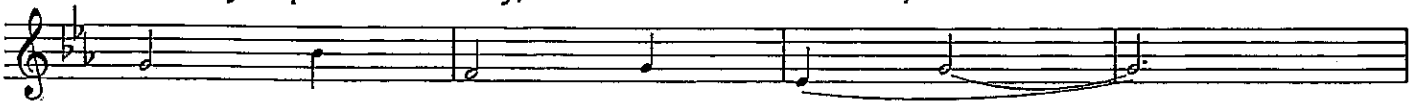
65 For they thought, "If only Casey could get a whack at that",



69 They'd put even money now, with Casey at the bat.



73 But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,



77 And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake.



81 So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat;



Narrator

3

"Casey"

For ther seemed little chance of Casey's ...

85



Slower, in 3

87

getting ...

to .. the

Rit. ...

bat.



Agitato (♩ = 160)

91

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,



93

And the much despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball".



95

And when the dust had lifted,
and they saw what had occurred,

There was Blakey safe at
second, and Flynn a-huggin' third.



Fast (♩ = 160)

100

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell,



104

It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled in the dell;



108

It struck upon the hillside and rebounded on the flat;



112

For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.



116 Bluesy (J. = 126)

122 (Clar. Solo)

There was ease in casey's manner as he stepped into his place;

126

There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face.

129

And when responding to the cheers he lightly doffed his hat,

132

Nostranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

135

Colla Voce
139 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 when the writhing pitcher
ground the ball into his hip,

Defiance glanced
in Casey's eye,

a sneer curled
Casey's lip

141

Molto Agitato (♩ = 160)

And now the leather sphere came hurtling through the air,

143

And Casey stood a-watchin' it in haughty grandeur there.

145

Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped,

147

"That ain't my style", said Casey;

150

on Cue

(♩ = 126)

"Strike one",
the umpire said.

Agitato (♩ = 132)

153

From the benches, black with people, there went up like a roar;

156

Like the beating of the storm waves on the stern and distant shore.

158

"Kill him, kill the umpire!", shouted someone on the stand;

161

And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

163

Chorale (♩ = 92) With a smile of Christian charity He stilled the rising tumult,
 great Casey's visage shone; he made the game go on.

167

171 He signaled to the pitcher and once more the spheroid flew; **Faster** (♩ = 138)

But Casey still ignored it, And the umpire said, "strike two."

174

Agitato (♩ = 132) "Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"

176

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;

180

(♩ = 80) They saw his face they saw his And finally they knew that Casey
 grow stern and cold, muscles strain, wouldn't let the ball go by again.

182

186 The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate, He pounds with cruel vengeance . . . his bat upon the plate.

190 *Colla Voce* 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.

193 ($\text{♩} = 152$) *Agitato*

196 *lunga* *Tranquillo* ($\text{♩} = 60$)

200 Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright;

204 The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

208 And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout,

211 But there is no joy in Mudville: ... (♩ = 84)

213 *Molto Rit...*

217 *Slower, in 3* Mighty Casey has struck out. *Slight Rit...*

221 (♩ = 60) in 1

227

233 *Poco a Poco Accel...* *Accel...*

240 (♩ = 88) *Tempo Furioso*

247