POETRY PROJECT PREPARATION:

**You may work on this with your elbow partner, but each student must record answers on a separate sheet of paper.**

**THOUGHTFULLY answer the following on a separate sheet of paper for “Casey at the Bat.” USE YOUR NOTES, bell work, and vocabulary. This will help prepare you for the poetry project analysis which begins on Monday.**

1. **READ THE POEM OUT LOUD *TWICE* THROUGH, THE SECOND TIME *WITH FEELING.***
2. **Find two metaphors. Write AND *explain* them.**
3. **Find one simile. Write and explain its significance.**
4. **Write the rhyme scheme - lower case!**
5. **What VERSE TYPE is the poem? How do you know?**
6. **How many stanzas are there? What is the stanza form? How do you know?**
7. **Explain how true rhyme helps with the rhythm of a poem. Find and write two examples of true rhyme.**
8. **Find two examples of alliteration. Write the alliteration AND the line number it’s in.**
9. **Find and write one example of hyperbole AND explain the exaggeration.**
10. **Explain what imagery does for readers of poetry. Find and write three examples of different types of imagery and label them.**
11. **Consider the poet’s word choice. Write your favorite line from the poem and explain what is interesting and well done in that line.**

Casey at the Bat by: Ernest Lawrence Thayer

**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 –**

**They'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 fake**

**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 wonderment of all,**

**And Blake, the much despised, 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 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.**

**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.**

**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 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 someone on the stand;**

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

**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 lips, 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 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.**