

“AT THE LAST TRUMP?”

Inspired by Ernest Lawrence Thayer's

CASEY AT THE BAT

Glen C. Robertson

The outlook was so brilliant for the Godville folk of then:
The Donald's first term finished, and promised same again;
And since Falwell had died at first, then Graham did the same;
A savior man was needed so that their faith wouldn't wane.

A large group began to fall away in deep despair. The rest;
Clung to the hope which springs eternal in the Christian breast;
They thought, "If only Donald could get one more whack at that—
We'd put up even money now, with Donald at the bat."

For Barack preceded Donald, McCain's ballot didn't take;
And Obama was a Dem, he won TWICE for heaven's sake!
So upon that stricken multitude grim determination sat;
For there seemed necessity of Donald's getting to the bat!

And Donald had beat Clinton, to the wonderment of all;
And though he was despised, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and men saw what had occurred;
The economy was booming, and the Faith was being heard.

So from ten thousand rallies there arose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It pounded on the mountain and recoiled off the wall;
For our Savior, Mighty Donald, was returning to the poll.

There was spite in Donald's manner as he returned to the race;
There was scorn in Donald's bearing and a sneer lit Donald's face;
And when, responding to the cheers, he proudly wore his hat;
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Donald doing that.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he made opponents hurt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he dragged them through the dirt;
For while the writhing Christians heard his insults from the hip;
Nastiness flashed in Donald's eye, a sneer curled Donald's lip.

And still the media bias came hurtling o’r the air,
And Donald stood a-hearing it in haughty grandeur there.
Close to his heart the fake news hurt, his tweets we always read—
"This is my style," said Donald then. Insults were always said.

From the churches, full with people, there went up a muffled roar,
From the pulpits and prayer breakfasts came prophesies, and more;
"Bless him! Bless our Savior!" shouted people from the pew;
And that’s how they all saw him, like good worshippers do.

The sneer’s again on Donald's lip, his teeth are clenched in hate,
Insults with cruel violence once back outside the gate;
And though the preachers see it all, they always let it go,
Because they called him, "Man of God," and hoped it wouldn’t show.

With a smile of Christian charity Divine Donald's visage shone;
He raised his brand new Bible; he egged the Christians on;
He ran a second time, and once more the ballots flew;
But Donald seemed to lose it and the left said, "No to two!"

"Fraud!" cried our disrobed Savior, and echo answered "Fraud!"
‘Cause the prophets were embarrassed, and the Christians questioned God;
Will their Savior still hug Christians, will the Christians still want him?
But the Donald loves their worship, will the Christians still need him?

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 somewhere children shout,
But there is no joy in Godville—Savior Donald has struck out?