

(editor's note: This paper was transcribed from a handwritten cursive copy with various difficulties. For a perfect rendition, the reader might wish to consult the original, itself a copy, in the volume entitled *Literary Club Papers* 2, 1886 – 1887 June 5, '86 to May 21, '87)

Something Pious

1 I called upon a Lady
upon Thanksgiving Day,
She invited me to dinner
But I had to say her – Nay

2 She promised me however,
As she saw me give a sigh,
To send for Friday's luncheon,
A juicy, rich, mince pie.

3 Away I went a flying
To tell the boys from town
And set them all a crying
To put their names all down.

4. And then I went and purchased
For I'm a good provider,
Over at Julius Hengtenberg's
Two gallons of crab cider.

5. The Friday came – a bright one;
And with it came the crowd
And I, as host of such a feast,
Was feeling very proud.

6. We circled round a barrel head
And got our places ready
Then took a swig from the cider jug
To hold our nerves more steady.

7. We were eager then for action
But the promised pie came not,
Never mind said I, my jolly lads,
She'll be here piping hot.

8. Then circulate again the jug
And let your fears be quiet
That man will never die, be sure,
Who lives on mince-pie diet.

9. Now, oft around the jug did waltz,

Until one hand could spin it,
And soon the melancholy thing
Had not a drop left in it!

10. Under the empty barrel, boys,
The jug found hiding-place
When – the consummation of our joys –
The pie came on apace.

11. The steaming pie – the juicy pie!
So full, and brown, and crispy,
And with such fine redolence
Of good old Bourbon whiskey!

12. Without delay we stretched our jaws,
And flung ourselves outside her
And then began without a pause
Contention with the cider.

13. As in all such uncivil wars
Both parties acted ugly;
And early in the feace campaign
We all were floored quite snugly.

14. Worst luck of all! Our Parson came,
And sadly he surveyed us;
He saw the pan and thought from that
A mince-pie had betrayed us

15. Who made this pie, quoth he in wrath,
It's out of church I'll turn her,
And, if I had the power of old
It's at the stake I'll burn her.

16. Oh, stay, good man! The lady's good
You must not so deride her
The trouble with the pie was this –
That it contained no cider.

17. We are not tight, but only choked
And can't much further sink, in
Haste thee to Julius Hengstenberg's
Bring us a cooling drink Sir!

18. Away he flew, the godly man
Like a race-horse with his rider

And soon brought back a foaming can
Full of the same Crab Cider.

19. You've saved our lives, most worthy friend
By lucky intervention
The pie had brought us to our end
But for your wise prevention

20. A sip around sufficed for us
To cure asphyxiation
The rest the Parson gravely took
To calm his respiration.

21. It mounted to his subtle brain
Like a sky-lark with his carol
and in his queer gyrations then,
He overturned the barrel.

22. A jug, cried he: my good young friends
I tell you, I'm astonished.
Tis nothing, Parson – but you're drunk
Don't fuss – now be admonished.

23. We straightened up and blinked one eye,–
The Parson strode the barrel
In walked the maker of the pie
In her genteel apparel.

24. With phrase polite and many a bow
We praised the treat she sent us
His reverence rolled behind the jug
Which did the most content us.

25. Then all hands round – there's nothing here
To scandalize the nation, –
For naught was injured by the Pie
But a Parson's reputation.

[Anonymous]

Budget,
Kemper, Editor