

They tried in vain the pie to cut;  
But only made a jagged rut,  
It leaked like any water-butt,

A damper to the Party.

McGuffin cried, "Bring on a saw,  
I ne'er was serv'd like this before,  
Pray wait a moment I implore,

Dear Comrades of the Party."

The saw was brought, the trusty blade  
In McGuffin's hands some progress made;  
The feats of skill by him display'd,  
Were cheered by all the Party.

"The gravy's coming, *that's* the test,"—  
It ran in torrents down his breast;  
It spoilt his splendid black cloth vest—

Mac... expressly for the Party!

The breach once made, then in a trice  
Each one was help'd to a thick slice,  
And all pronounced it "very nice,"

And a credit to the Party.

The noise they made with knives and forks;  
With jokes and puns and champagne corks,  
For they had appetites like hawks—

Had the Canadian National Party.

They laughed and sung and joked and roared,  
And gathered closer round the board;  
Like a miser gathers round his hoard,

Did the members of the Party.

"I never ate a pie like this,  
To me it seems a dream of bliss;"  
Said one, "It's quite a Kingly Dish,"

"Of course," cried all the Party.

But a change soon came upon the scene,  
The Chairman's color turned to green,  
He felt and looked most precious mean,

Did the Hero of the Party.