

The Baskerville Hound

There's dogs in the Canon that stay on our minds
Pooches and canines of various kinds.
Some have good natures and some of them bite.
Some of them don't do a thing in the night.
There's terriers, bulldogs they all can be found,
But none can compare to the Baskerville hound

There's Toby, a mongrel with nostrils aquiver,
Who tracked Jonathan Small to the edge of the river.
And Pompey, the foxhound, hot on the scent,
Found the missing three-quarter, wherever he went
But both these fine trackers, when their quarry is found
Don't rip out its throat like the Baskerville hound

There's some dogs whose bite is much worse than their bark
(Old Rucastle's mastiff is one I'd remark.)
Presbury's wolfhound went after his master.
Trevor's terrier'll get you, unless you are faster.
We've encountered the snappiest canines around,
But they don't get a grip like the Baskerville hound.

Some Canonical dogs got the worst of the deal,
Maltreated by villains, unfairly I feel.
Even Holmes used a poison pill, deadly we feared,
And who knows where Watson's bull pup disappeared.
Whether shot at or eaten or poisoned or drowned,
None met their ends like the Baskerville hound.

There were people, like Milverton, referred to as hounds,
But that isn't always the insult it sounds.
To Watson and Holmes, "old hounds" never rest.
Inspector Lestrade said "an old hound is best".
But Watson and Sherlock, however renowned,
Should never be likened to the Baskerville hound

So please be upstanding, I needn't embellish
And raise up your glasses to the monster most hellish,
The curse of the Baskervilles, haunting the night,
Lurking on Dartmoor to give us a fright.
With mutts and with mongrels the Canon abounds
But this ain't no lap dog! The Baskerville hound!

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