

## **Toast to Brenda Tregennis**

On the occasion of the Cornish Horrors' 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary  
(sung to the tune of "The Lady Is a Tramp")

W. Scott Monty  
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She gets hungry for dinner at eight,  
A game of whist, before it gets too late;  
Then a quick visit from something like Fate;  
That's why the lady is a tramp.

Let me just tell you, 'bout poor Brenda's life:  
Her family quarreled, left things in strife;  
Her beau was her cousin who still had a wife;  
That's why the lady is a tramp.

She loves the free....cool....fresh Cornish air  
Life without care  
She's rich ~ with Morty, that's a bitch.  
She hates those March nights when the parlor's cold and damp,  
That's why the lady is a tramp.

She was the closest to the fire-grate,  
The fumes affected her because she was lightweight;  
Now Dr. Sterndale will no more procreate,  
That's why the lady is a tramp.

She was a beauty, handsome in death;  
Convulsed with horror, she drew her last breath  
Caused by a toxin known just in Buda-Pesth.  
That's why the lady is a tramp.

She loves the cool, Cornish, knock-down, cuckoo Helston wind in her hair,  
Slumped over a chair  
To this beauty...say benvenuti.  
Now Holmes finds his killer with the aid of a lamp  
That's why the lady, that's why the lady, that is why the lady is a tramp.