

W. Scott Monty
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The Cornish Horrors

“In-Laws in the Night”

A Toast to Barrymore
(to the tune of “*Strangers in the Night*”)

In-laws in the night, exchanging signals
In-laws in the night, they never figured
We’d be sharing scraps
Before the night was through...

You escaped from jail and knocked on our door
We could not abet, so showed you the moor
Then Eliza told me
That I must help you...

In-laws in the night, two desp’rate people
We were in-laws in the night
Up to the moment when Watson looked at you
A stone at him you threw
Escape was just a chance away,
But Henry threw his pants away...

Ever since that night, you’ve been considered
An outlaw in the night, our hopes have withered
Turning to plain fright
For our in-law in the night...