

A Toast to Violet Hunter

by Burt Wolder

Before a meeting of the Sons of the Copper Beeches
at The Racquet Club of Philadelphia on October 26, 2012

In 1930 Billy Bennett, a music hall star, had a great success with a record of an old song called *She Was Poor But She Was Honest* (lyrics by Bert Lee and R. P. Weston, music by Bert Lee.) It has this refrain:

It's the same the whole world over
It's the poor that get the blame
It's the rich what get the pleasure
Ain't it all a bloomin shame

I have adapted that tune into a song for Violet Hunter, to share with you now.

Freckled face, and a brisk manner
These were all she had to show
As she sought a new position
Once she left Colonel Munro

Hundred pounds play the nursemaid
To the boy with "smack smack smack"
Could be just a little fishy
She needs Sherlock at her back

See her sitting in the window
In that dress, electric blue
See her laugh at Jephro's stories
Of the Irishman and Jew

It's the same the canon over
Troubled woman, all alone
At the mercy of a blackguard
Till she sends for Sherlock Holmes

So let's raise a glass to Violet
Was she good or was she bad
A little French, a little German
Were the only skills she had

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