

A toast to Dr. Watson
by Nea Dodson
before a meeting of Watson's Tin Box
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A doctor, a soldier, and a trusted right-hand man
He thought it was all over when shot in Afghanistan
How little did he know that his life would just now start
When Stamford introduced him to that weird guy at St. Bart

Sherlock liked to think he was the greatest problem solver
But Watson could cure anything with brandy or revolver
From vampires to napoleons, missing bride to glowing hound
He followed Sherlock faithfully — and then he wrote it down

But — 60 stories only! How paltry! What a loss!
Except . . . there are more waiting in a bank at Charing Cross
Just as Watson never lived and thus can never die
He has left behind adventures that never can run dry

Like the pledge before school classes, anthem before a game
Almost every pastiche has disclaimer just the same:
“I didn't make this up, I found these notes” they claim
“In a battered old dispatch box painted with his name!”

So let us lift our glasses, let us shout “Hear, hear!”
To noble Doctor Watson, Sherlock's and our dear
But also to the dusty vault beneath the bank of Cox
Protecting for eternity our Watson's Tin Box