

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2016-9-22)

## The Ballad of Big John Watson

A Toast by Paul and Eileen Hartnett

(sung to the tune of Jimmy Dean's Grammy winning song, *Big Bad John*)

He drifted into London back in '81,

Thin as lath, burned brown by the sun,

Wounded in action in the Afgan war,

Was a Jezial bullet that left a scar on Big John...

Big John...Big John...John Watson.

Nobody seemed to know where Watson called home,

Scraping by on a pension, all alone...

Till one day he met up with an odd kinda chap,

They hit it off and he agreed to share a flat with Big John...

Big John...Big John...John Watson.

From that day forward the legend began,

Their partnership exceeded a 30 year span,

Holmes was the brain, Watson the quill,

And it's said many ladies did share a thrill with Big John...

Big John...Big John...John Watson

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Married once , twice or more, only Mary we'd meet,

More often than not he'd be at Baker Street,

Soldier, doctor, Victorian gent,

But writing up the adventures would pay the rent of Big John...

Big John...Big John...John Watson

A powerfully built man, square jaw and moustache,

With a strong sense of justice, discrete and not rash,

Companion, biographer, physician first rate,

For the master detective, no better roommate than Big John...

Big John...Big John... John Watson!

Performed at the ASH luncheon April 3, 2016