

## "Sweet Violet"

*(A toast to Violet Hunter by Karen Wilson, written for & delivered at the 27 October 2017 meeting of The Sons of the Copper Beeches. To be sung to the tune of the old comic song "Sweet Violets.")*

Sweet Violet,  
In the Copper Beeches,  
Dressed in bright blue from her head to toe  
And covered in freckles was Sweet Violet.

A her'oine named Violet? Hey, wait, call me crazy;  
That name's used a lot! Conan Doyle sure was --  
Fond of it, clearly, for seldom is seen  
A client so charming; she rivals --  
The other three Violets. She's sweet, brave, and smart;  
That's why, when he met her, she captured Holmes' --  
Closest attention, though there was no chance  
Of love, because he was immune to --

(our) Sweet Violet,  
Governess in peril,  
Classic Victorian trope incarnate,  
Plucky blue-stockings was Sweet Violet.

She'd lost her position, and with nought to eat  
It looked like she might have to work on --  
Her resume. Took it to Westaways, which  
Was run by Miss Stoper, a re-al tough --  
Lady, and I guess she did her job well.  
Found Violet a post with the family from --  
Hampshire. Vi wanted to give it a whirl;  
Asked Holmes whether it was safe for a nice --

Sweet Violet,  
Girl with auburn tresses,  
Used in a ruse by an evil dad;  
She subbed for his daughter, did Sweet Violet.

'Twas Alice who suffered, but Violet we laud  
And for her survival we give thanks to --  
Holmes, who, we're told, then Miss Hunter forgot,  
But I've read fan-fiction which says he did --  
File all her info in his great index,  
And later met with her to have lots of --  
Long conversations 'bout th' meaning of life,  
And wondered if he should have made her his --

Sweet Violet,  
Best of Holmesian lasses,  
Second most famous of all blue dress- wearers.  
Let's raise our glasses to Sweet Violet.