

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2017-4-24)

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 April 21, 2017

To the tune of Dulcinea

All these people are wrong
These girls are too portly, too blond, or too tall for the part.
But now you've come along,
For two hundred pounds its clear
You'll make a fabulous start.
Violet Hunter... Violet Hunter...
You're naive and you believe me, Violet Hunter.
You've no problem when it comes to cast off clothing... Violet Hunter...
Is disrobing.

If I reach out to thee,
Do not tremble or shrink
From the touch of my hand on thy hair.
Let my fingers but see
The approximate length
Of the trimming that must be done there.
Violet Hunter... Violet Hunter...
You've the backbone of a noodle, Violet Hunter!
Now we've found you, and the Sons will toast thy glory,
What a girl and... what a story!