

Given to the Amateur Mendicant Society
January 6, 2018
Scotty Monty

A Landlady Like Mrs. Hudson

[Note: This is a call-and-response toast, in which the audience says the final line of each stanza in unison.]

A “stately tread” came from her legs,
Her breakfasts were mostly ham and eggs.
She cooked, she cleaned, she lowered the blinds,
She’s completely linked with Holmes in our minds.
There’s nowhere else that you can find
A landlady like Mrs. Hudson

One certain thing that will always annoy her?
Baker Street Irregulars in her foyer.
And if you want to make her merrier,
Just get a pill and kill her terrier.
But to each of us, there never a barrier...to
A landlady like Mrs. Hudson

Who can blame her for charging a princely rent?
She had to replace the poker Holmes bent.
There were bullet holes in the wall,
And strange visitors who would call,
Who on earth could stand for it all?
A landlady like Mrs. Hudson

So, the next time the bell in the hallway rings,
Remember this, and those previous things:
Who’s a woman you can trust,
Who’ll rotate your bust?
“Not your housekeeper, dear,” just
A landlady like Mrs. Hudson