

It Was At The Criterion Bar
(Can be sung to the tune of “Down By the Sally Gardens”)
The Transfixed Correspondence of Phoenix
Sherlock’s Birthday Luncheon
January 5, 2020
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It was at the Criterion Bar
That Stamford and Watson met.
There Watson said to Stamford,
“I must find good, cheap rooms to let.”
Then Stamford said to Watson,
“You’re the second man to tell me that today!
I think I shall introduce you!”
So Stamford led the way.

As they entered the lab at Barts
They found Sherlock hard at work.
He had found a new test for bloodstains -
Watson thought him quite berserk.
But he needed to find a flat mate
As he sorely felt the pinch of his half-pay,
So he bravely faced this strange man –
Let the chips fall where they may.

When Holmes first saw John Watson
He promptly sized up his man,
And startled the good doctor:
“You have been in Afghanistan.”
For Watson’s martial bearing
And the tan on the back of his hands
Along with his stiffly held arm
Were the signs that Holmes had scanned.

‘Twas a meeting of two immortals
To whom none can compare.
That day the seeds were planted
Of a friendship brave and rare.
Then here’s a toast to Stamford
For such a deed well done!
Though none of them did surmise there
The adventures yet to come.