

A Sherlockian Toast (posted 2025-7-8)

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Subject: The Tea Brokers of Mincing Lane
Fourth Anniversary Toast
Offered May 18, 2025 (on Zoom)

To the drinking of our tea - English tea!
What a rhapsody of flavors dear old China's sent to me.
It has tannins and then smoke, some with pine and some with oak,
And Mother adds a lump and splash
So Papa can be woke.
And we drink, drink, drink; we read the papers, stop to think, for what if lapsang's tiny leaves had
never, ever crossed the brink?
But we're free, free, free with our drink from 'cross the sea
Every morning when we have our breakfast tea.

To the drinking of our tea- Russian tea!
Lapsang mixed with other tea leaves
From the caravan to me.
The Tsar drinks it with some jam, while we add citrus and a dram -
And we drink, drink, drink, have a scone or two and sink, for three more cucumber sandwiches
may fill us to the brink.
But it's dear old Russian tea, a cup for you and one for me,
Every afternoon past lunchtime when it's tea.

Hear the whisking of the tea - Japan tea!
The matcha foam so green and thick
Looks good enough for me.
Its flavor strong and sweet makes the drinking it a treat
And the Japanese they serve it in such tiny cups so neat.
And we drink, drink, drink, and the other guests we meet, for it's brought out in a ceremony fancy
and complete.
Delightful Japan tea, brought in powder form to me,
When we're served it at the tea ceremony.

To the Tea Brokers of Mincing Lane!