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A Toast To Irene Norton née Adler

Albert Armstrong

A toast to Irene a most controversial diva
Because she was very special to the King of Bohemia
She sang in opera houses on two continents
From La Scala to prima donna opulence
She sang so well that she could retire in her twenties
Be a Princes' consort and sing him little ditties
As Prince he was a patron of the arts
That's what it's called in these parts
When you keep meeting backstage nightly
You can't say you're an understudy, rightly
Their meetings and letters were many and steamy
It must be the waters in Bohemy
To remember their trysts when apart
There was the camera obscura art
This worked well for the enamora
Not so well when pictured together, ah
As a Prince his actions were unencumbered
But alas, his freedom days were numbered

The break-up was very emotional
Irene had the delicate testimonial
With the separation for propriety's sake
She probably said, "Go jump in the lake"
An independent lady won't be harried
And now the King can't get married
When all else failed miserably
The King engaged Sherlock naturally
Holmes' staged tableau was too elaborate
Irene acted to save the cabinet
And in marriage to a much better man
She proved hers' the much better plan
Sherlock had lost a lucrative fee
But, actually he
Felt it was an omen
He had to exclaim, "O what a woman!"