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Cats

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber

Lyrics: T. S. Eliot + Trevor Nunn + Richard Stilgoe

Premiere: Monday, May 11, 1981

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Act One: "When Cats are Maddened by the Midnight Dance"

## OVERTURE

### PROLOGUE SONG: Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats

#### SOLOS:

Are you blind when you're born? Can you see in the dark?  
Can you look at a king? Would you sit on his throne?  
Can you say of your bite that it's worse than your bark?  
Are you cock of the walk when you're walking alone?

#### CHORUS:

Because Jellicles are and Jellicles do  
Jellicles would and Jellicles could  
Jellicles would and Jellicles can  
Jellicles can and Jellicles do

#### SOLOS:

When you fall on your head, do you land on your feet?  
Are you tense when you sense there's a storm in the air?  
Can you find your way blind when you're lost in the street?  
Do you know how to go to the heaviside layer?

#### CHORUS:

Because Jellicles can and Jellicles do  
Jellicles do and Jellicles can  
Jellicles can and Jellicles do  
Jellicles do and Jellicles can  
Jellicles can and Jellicles do

#### SOLOS:

Can you ride on a broomstick to places far distant?  
Familiar with candle, with book, and with bell?  
Were you Whittington's friend? The Pied Piper's assistant?  
Have you been an alumnus of heaven or hell?

Are you mean like a minx? Are you lean like a lynx?  
Are you keen to be seen when you're smelling a rat?  
Were you there when the pharaohs commissioned the Sphinx?  
If you were and you are, you're a Jellicle cat!

#### CHORUS:

Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats

We can dive through the air like a flying trapeze  
We can turn double somersaults, bounce on a tire  
We can run up a wall, we can swing through the trees

We can balance on bars, we can walk on a wire

Jellicles can and Jellicles do  
Jellicles can and Jellicles do  
Jellicles can and Jellicles do  
Jellicles can and Jellicles do

Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats

Can you sing at the same time in more than one key?  
Duets by Rossini and waltzes by Strauss?  
And can you (as cats do) begin with a 'C'?  
That always triumphantly brings down the house?

Jellicle cats are queen of the nights  
Singing at astronomical heights  
Handling pieces from the 'Messiah'  
Hallelujah, angelical Choir

The mystical divinity of unashamed felicity  
Round the cathedral rang 'Vivat'  
Life to the everlasting cat!  
Feline, fearless, faithful and true  
To others who do what

Jellicles do and Jellicles can  
Jellicles can and Jellicles do  
Jellicle cats sing Jellicle chants  
Jellicles old and Jellicles new  
Jellicle song and Jellicle dance

Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats

Practical cats, dramatical cats  
Pragmatical cats, fanatical cats  
Oratorical cats, Delphic-Oracle cats  
Skeptical cats, Dyspeptical cats  
Romantical cats, Pedantical cats  
Critical cats, parasitical cats  
Allegorical cats, metaphorical cats  
Statistical cats and mystical cats  
Political cats, hypocritical cats  
Clerical cats, hysterical cats  
Cynical cats, rabbincical cats

Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle bells that Jellicles ring  
Jellicle sharps and Jellicle flats  
Jellicle songs that Jellicles sing

Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats

Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats  
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats

There's a man over there with a look of surprise  
As much as to say well now how about that?  
Do I actually see with my own very eyes  
A man who's not heard of a Jellicle cat?  
What's a Jellicle cat? What's a Jellicle cat?

**SONG: The Naming of Cats**

**CHORUS (spoken):**

The naming of cats is a difficult matter  
It isn't just one of your holiday games  
You may think at first I'm mad as a hatter  
When I tell you a cat must have three different names

First of all, there's the name that the family use daily  
Such as Peter, Augustus, Alonzo or James  
Such as Victor or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey  
All of them are sensible, everyday names

But I tell you a cat needs a name that's particular  
A name that's peculiar and more dignified  
Else how can he keep up his tail perpendicular?  
Or spread out his whiskers or cherish his pride?

Of names of this kind, I can give you a quorum  
Such as Munkustrap, Quaxo or Coricopat  
Such as Bombalurina, or else Jellylorum  
Names that never belong to more than one cat

But above and beyond there's still one name left over  
And that is the name that you will never guess  
The name that no human research can discover  
But the cat himself knows and will never confess

When you notice a cat in profound meditation  
The reason, I tell you, is always the same  
His mind is engaged in rapt contemplation  
Of the thought, of the thought, of the thought of his name  
His ineffable, effable, effanineffable  
Deep and inscrutable singular name  
Name, name, name, name, name

**SONG: The Invitation to the Jellicle Ball  
(SOLO DANCE -- VICTORIA)**

**MISTOFFELEES:**

Jellicle cats come out tonight  
Jellicle cats come one, come all  
The Jellicle moon is shining bright  
Jellicles come to the Jellicle ball

Jellicle cats come out tonight  
Jellicles come to the Jellicle ball

**CHORUS:**

Jellicle cats are white and black  
Jellicle cats are of moderate size  
Jellicles jump like a jumping jack  
Jellicle cats have moonlit eyes

We're quiet enough in the morning hours  
We're quiet enough in the afternoon  
Reserving our terpsichorean powers  
To dance by the light of the Jellicle moon

**MUNKUSTRAP:**

Jellicle cats meet once a year  
At the Jellicle ball where we all rejoice  
And the Jellicle leader will soon appear  
And make what is known as the Jellicle choice  
When Old Deuteronomy just before dawn  
Through a silence you feel you could cut with a knife  
Announces the cat who can now be reborn  
And come back to different Jellicle life  
Because waiting up there is the heaviside layer  
With wonders one Jellicle only will see  
Jellicles ask because Jellicles dare  
Who will it be? Who will it be?

**SONG: The Old Gumbie Cat**

**MISTOFFELEES:**

I have a gumbie cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots  
Her coat is of the tabby kind with tiger stripes and leopard spots  
All day she sits beneath the stairs or on the steps or on the mat  
She sits and sits and sits--and that's what makes a gumbie cat  
That's what makes a gumbie cat

**FEMALE CHORUS:**

But...  
When the day's hustle and bustle is done  
Then the gumbie cat's work is but hardly begun  
And when all the family's in bed and asleep  
She tucks up her skirts to the basement to creep  
She is deeply concerned with the ways of the mice

**JENNYANYDOTS:**

Their behavior's not good and their manners not nice

**FEMALE CHORUS:**

So when she has got them lined up on the matting  
She teaches them

**JENNYANYDOTS:**

Music, crocheting and tatting

**MISTOFFELEES:**

I have a gumbie cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots  
Her equal would be hard to find, she likes the warm and sunny spots  
All day she sits beside the hearth or on the bed or on my hat  
She sits and sits and sits and sits--and that's what makes a gumbie cat  
That's what makes a gumbie cat

FEMALE CHORUS:

But...

When the day's hustle and bustle is done  
Then the gumbie cat's work is but hardly begun  
She thinks that the mice will not ever keep quiet; she is sure it is due to

JENNYANYDOTS:

Irregular diet

FEMALE CHORUS:

And believing that

JENNYANYDOTS:

Nothing is done without trying

FEMALE CHORUS:

She sets right to work with her baking and frying  
She makes them a mouse-cake of bread and dried peas

JENNYANYDOTS:

And a beautiful fry of lean bacon and cheese!

(DANCE)

MISTOFFELEES:

I have a gumbie cat in mind, her name is Jennyanydots  
The curtain cord she likes to wind and tie it into sailor knots  
She sits upon the window sill or anything that's smooth and flat  
She sits and sits and sits and sits and that's what makes a gumbie cat  
That's what makes a gumbie cat

FEMALE CHORUS:

But...

When the day's hustle and bustle is done  
Then the gumbie cat's work is but hardly begun  
She thinks that the cockroaches need employment  
To prevent them from idle and wanton destruction

So she's formed from that lot of disorderly louts  
A troop of well disciplined helpful boy scouts

JENNYANYDOTS:

With a purpose in life and a good deed to do

FEMALE CHORUS:

And she's even created a beetles tattoo!

(DANCE)

FULL CHORUS:

So for old gumbie cats let us now give three cheers  
On whom well-ordered households depend it appears  
Three cheers, Three cheers, Three cheers!

For she's a jolly good fellow!

JENNYANYDOTS:

Thank you my dears!

**SONG:** The Rum Tum Tugger

**CHORUS:**

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat

**TUGGER:**

If you offer me pheasant, I'd rather have grouse  
If you put me in a house, I would much prefer a flat  
If you put me in a flat, I would rather have a house  
If you set me on a mouse, then I only want a rat  
If you set me on a rat, then I'd rather chase a mouse

**CHORUS:**

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat

**TUGGER:**

And there isn't any need for me to shout it

**CHORUS:**

For he will do as he do do

**TUGGER:**

And there's nothing doing about it

**SOLO:**

The Rum Tum Tugger is a terrible bore

**TUGGER:**

When you let me in, then I want to go out  
I'm always on the wrong side of every door  
And as soon as I'm at home, then I'd like to get about  
I like to lie in the bureau drawer  
And I make such a fuss if I can't get out

**CHORUS:**

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat

**TUGGER:**

And there isn't any need for you to doubt it

**CHORUS:**

For he will do as he do do

**TUGGER:**

And there's no doing anything about it

**SOLO:**

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious beast

**TUGGER:**

My disobliging ways are a matter of habit  
If you offer me fish, then I always want a feast  
When there isn't any fish, then I won't eat rabbit  
If you offer me cream, then I sniff and sneer  
For I only like what I find for myself  
So you'll catch me in it right up to my ears

If you put it away on the larder shelf

**CHORUS:**

The Rum Tum Tugger is artful and knowing  
The Rum Tum Tugger

**TUGGER:**

Doesn't care for a cuddle  
But I'll leap upon your lap in the middle of your sewing  
For there's nothing I enjoy like a horrible muddle!

**CHORUS:**

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat  
The Rum Tum Tugger doesn't care for a cuddle

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat

**TUGGER:**

And there isn't any need for me to spout it

**CHORUS:**

For he will do as he do do

**TUGGER:**

And there's no doing anything about it!

**SONG:** Grizabella

**GRIZABELLA:**

Remark the cat who hesitates toward you  
In the light of the door which opens on her like a grin  
You see the border of her coat is torn and stained with sand  
And you see the corner of her eye twist like a crooked pin

**DEMETER:**

Grizabella, the Glamour Cat

**BOMBALURINA:**

Grizabella, the Glamour Cat

**CHORUS:**

Who'd have ever supposed that THAT  
Was Grizabella, the Glamour Cat?

**SONG:** Bustopher Jones: The Cat About Town

**JENNYANYDOTS:**

Bustopher Jones is not skin and bones

**JELLYLORUM:**

In fact, he's remarkably fat  
He doesn't haunt pubs

**JENNYANYDOTS:**

He has eight or nine clubs

**BOTH:**

For he's the St. James Street cat!

JENNYANYDOTS:

He's the cat we all greet as he walks down the street  
In his coat of fastidious black

JELLYLORUM:

No common-place mousers have such well-cut trousers  
Or such an impeccable back

JENNYANYDOTS:

In the whole of St. James's the smartest of names is  
The name of this Brummell of cats

BOTH:

And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to  
By Bustopher Jones in white spats

MALE CHORUS:

In the whole of St. James's the smartest of names is  
The name of this Brummell of cats  
And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to  
By Bustopher Jones in white spats

BUSTOPHER:

My visits are occasional to the senior educational  
And it is against the rules  
For any one cat to belong both to that  
And the Joint Superior Schools

For a similar reason, when game is in season  
I'm found, not at Fox's, but Blimp's  
I am frequently seen at the gay Stage and Screen  
Which is famous for winkles and shrimps

In the season of venison I give my Benison  
To the Pothunter's succulent bones  
And just before noon's not a moment too soon  
To drop in for a drink at the Drones

When I'm seen in a hurry there's probably curry  
At the Siamese or at the Glutton  
If I look full of gloom then  
I've lunched at the Tomb  
On cabbage, rice pudding and mutton

FULL CHORUS:

In the whole of St. James's the smartest of names is  
The name of this Brummell of cats  
And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to  
By Bustopher Jones in white,  
Bustopher Jones in white,  
Bustopher Jones in white spats

JENNYANYDOTS:

So much in this way passes Bustopher's day  
At one club or another he's found  
It can be no surprise that under our eyes  
He has grown unmistakably round

He's a twenty-five pounder

BUSTOPHER:  
Or I am a bounder

JENNYANYDOTS:  
And he's putting on weight every day

BUSTOPHER:  
But I'm so well preserved because I've observed  
All my life a routine and I'd say  
I am still in my prime, I shall last out my time

JENNYANYDOTS:  
That's the word from this stoutest of cats

CHORUS:  
It must and it shall be spring in Pall Mall  
While Bustopher Jones wears white,  
Bustopher Jones wears white,  
Bustopher Jones wears white spats

SONG: Mungojerrie and Rumpleteazer

Solo (spoken):  
Macavity!

MUNGOJERRIE:  
Mungojerrie

RUMPLETEAZER:  
And Rumpleteazer

BOTH:  
We're a notorious couple of cats  
As knockabout clowns, quick change comedians  
Tight-rope walkers and acrobats

RUMPLETEAZER:  
We have an extensive reputation

MUNGOJERRIE:  
We make our home in Victoria Grove

BOTH:  
That is merely our center of operation  
For we are incurably given to rove

RUMPLETEAZER:  
We are very well known in Cornwall Gardens

MUNGOJERRIE:  
In Launceston Place

RUMPLETEAZER:  
And in Kensington Square

BOTH:

We have really a little more reputation  
Than a couple of cats can very well bear

RUMPLETEAZER:  
If the area window is found ajar

MUNGOJERRIE:  
Or the basement looks like a field of war  
If a tile or two comes loose on the roof

RUMPLETEAZER:  
Which presently fails to be waterproof

BOTH:  
If the drawers are pulled out from bedroom chests  
And you can't find one of your winter vests

RUMPLETEAZER:  
If after supper one of the girls  
Suddenly misses her Woolworth pearls

BOTH:  
Then the family will say, "It's that horrible cat!"

MUNGOJERRIE:  
"It was Mungojerrie

RUMPLETEAZER:  
"Or Rumpleteazer!"

BOTH:  
And most of the time they leave it at that

BOTH:  
Mungojerrie and Rumpleteazer have a very unusual gift of the gab

MUNGOJERRIE:  
We are highly efficient cat burglars as well

RUMPLETEAZER:  
And remarkably smart at the smash and grab  
We make our home in Victoria Grove

MUNGOJERRIE:  
We have no regular occupation

BOTH:  
We are plausible fellows who like to engage  
A friendly policeman in conversation

When the family assembles for Sunday dinner  
Their minds made up that they won't get thinner

MUNGOJERRIE:  
On Argentine joint,

RUMPLETEAZER:  
Potatoes and greens

BOTH:

Then the cook will appear from behind the scenes

MUNGOJERRIE:

And say in a voice that is broken with sorrow

RUMPLETEAZER:

"I'm afraid you must wait and have dinner tomorrow  
For the joint has gone from the oven like that!"

BOTH:

Then the family will say, "It's that horrible cat!"

MUNGOJERRIE:

"It was Mungojerrie

RUMPLETEAZER:

"Or Rumpleteazer!"

BOTH:

And most of the time they leave it at that

BOTH:

Mungojerrie and Rumpleteazer have a wonderful way  
Of working together

RUMPLETEAZER:

And some of the time you would say it was luck

MUNGOJERRIE:

And some of the time you would say it was weather

BOTH:

We go through the house like a hurricane  
And no sober person could take his oath

MUNGOJERRIE:

Was it Mungojerrie?

RUMPLETEAZER:

Or Rumpleteazer?

BOTH:

Or could you have sworn that it mightn't be both?

MUNGOJERRIE:

And when you hear a dining room smash

RUMPLETEAZER:

Or up from the pantry there comes a loud crash

MUNGOJERRIE:

Or down from the library there comes a loud ping

RUMPLETEAZER:

From a vase that was commonly said to be Ming

BOTH:

Then the family will say: "Now which was which cat?"

It was Mungojerrie \*AND\* Rumpleteazer!"

And there's nothing at all to be done about that!

**SONG: Old Deuteronomy**

**MISTOFFELEES:**

Old Deuteronomy's lived a long time  
He's a cat who has lived many lives in succession  
He was famous in proverb and famous in rhyme  
A long while before Queen Victoria's accession

**TUGGER:**

Old Deuteronomy's buried nine wives  
And more I am tempted to say ninety-nine  
And his numerous progeny prospers and thrives  
And the village is proud of him in his decline

**MISTOFFELEES:**

At the sight of that placid and bland physiognomy  
When he sits in the sun on the vicarage wall

The oldest inhabitant croaks,

"Well of all things! Can it be, really!  
Yes...No...Ho...Hi! Oh my eye!  
My mind may be wandering but I confess  
I believe it is Old Deuteronomy"

**TUGGER:**

Old Deuteronomy sits in the street  
He sits in the High Street on market day  
The Bullocks may bellow, the sheep they may bleat  
But the dogs and the herdsmen will turn them away

**MISTOFFELEES:**

The cars and the lorries run over the curb  
And the villagers put up a notice: "ROAD CLOSED"  
So that nothing untoward may chance to disturb  
Deuteronomy's rest when he feels so disposed

**TUGGER:**

The digestive repose of that feline's gastronomy  
Must never be broken, whatever befall

**MISTOFFELEES:**

And the oldest inhabitant croaks,

"Well of all things! Can it be, really!  
Yes...No...Ho...Hi! Oh my eye!  
My mind may be wandering but I confess  
I believe it is Old Deuteronomy"

**CHORUS**

Well of all things! Can it be, really!  
Yes...No...Ho...Hi! Oh my eye!  
My mind may be wandering but I confess  
I believe it is Old Deuteronomy

Well of all things! Can it be, really!  
Yes...No...Ho...Hi! Oh my eye!  
My mind may be wandering but I confess  
I believe it is Old Deuteronomy

Well of all things! Can it be, really!  
Yes...No...Ho...Hi! Oh my eye!

**DEUTERONOMY:**

My legs may be tottery, I must go slow  
And be careful of Old Deuteronomy

Pollicle dogs and cats all must  
Jellicle cats and dogs all must  
Like undertakers, come to dust

**MUNKUSTRAP:**

And now that Old Deuteronomy has appeared, Jellicle Cats can now all  
**REJOICE!**

SONG: "The Awful Battle of the Pekes and the Pollicles" including "The Marching Song of the Pollicle Dogs"

**MUNKUSTRAP:**

The Pekes and the Pollicles, as everyone knows.  
Are proud and implacable passionate foes  
It is always the same, wherever one goes  
And the Pugs and the Poms, although most people say  
That they do not like fighting, yet once in a way,  
They will now and again join in to the fray

And they

**CHORUS:**

Bark bark bark bark  
Bark bark BARK BARK!

**MUNKUSTRAP:**

Until you can hear them all over the park

Now on the occasion of which I shall speak  
Almost nothing had happened for nearly a week  
(And that's a long time for a Pol or a Peke)  
The big Police Dog was away from his beat--  
I don't know the reason, but most people think  
He'd slipped into the Wellington Arms for a drink--  
And no one at all was about on the street  
When a Peke and a Pollicle happened to meet  
They did not advance, or exactly retreat,  
But they glared at each other, and scraped their hind feet,

And started to

**CHORUS:**

Bark bark bark bark  
Bark bark BARK BARK!

MUNKUSTRAP:

Until you could hear them all over the park

Now the Peke, although people may say what they please  
Is no British Dog, but a heathen Chinese  
And so all the Pekes, when they heard the uproar  
Some came to the window, some came to the door  
There were surely a dozen, more likely a score  
And together they started to grumble and wheeze  
In their huffery-snuffery heathen Chinese  
But a terrible din is what Pollicles like  
For your Pollicle Dog is a dour Yorkshire tyke,  
And is braw Scottish cousins are snappers and biters,  
And every dog-jack of them notable fighters;  
And so they stepped out, with their pipers in order,  
Playing When the Blue Bonnets Came Over the Border  
Then the Pugs and the Poms held no longer aloof,  
But some from the balcony, some from the roof,  
Joined in to the din  
With a

CHORUS:

Bark bark bark bark  
Bark bark BARK BARK!

MUNKUSTRAP:

Until you could hear them all over the park

CHORUS:

There are dogs out of every nation,  
The Irish, the Welsh and the Dane;  
The Russian, the Dutch the Dalmatian,  
And even from China and Spain;  
The Poodle, the Pom, the Alsatian  
And the mastiff who walks on a chain  
And to those that are frisky and frolickal  
Let my meaning be perfectly plain;  
That my name it is Little Tom Pollicle--  
And you'd better not do it again

MUNKUSTRAP:

Now when these bold heroes together assembled,  
The traffic all stopped, and the Underground trembled,  
And some of the neighbors were so much afraid  
That they started to ring up the Fire Brigade

When suddenly, up from a small basement flat,  
Why who should stalk out but THE GREAT RUMPUSCAT!  
His eyes were like fireballs fearfully blazing,  
He gave a great yawn, and his jaws were amazing;  
And when he looked through the bars of the area  
You never saw anything fiercer or hairier  
And what with the glare of his eyes and his yawning  
The Pekes and the Pollicles quickly took warning  
He looked at the sky and he gave a great leap--  
And they every last one of them scattered like sheep

And when the Police Dog returned to his beat,  
There wasn't a single one left in the street

SONG: The Jellicle Ball

SOLOS (spoken):

Jellicle cats come out tonight  
Jellicle cats come one, come all  
The Jellicle moon is shining bright  
Jellicles come to the Jellicle ball

Jellicle cats are black and white  
Jellicle cats are rather small  
Jellicle cats are merry and bright  
And pleasant to hear when we caterwaul

Jellicle cats have cheerful faces  
Jellicle cats have bright black eyes  
We like to practice our airs and graces  
And wait for the Jellicle moon to rise

Jellicle cats develop slowly  
Jellicle cats are not too big  
Jellicle cats are roly-poly  
We know how to dance a gavotte and a jig  
Until the Jellicle moon appears  
We make our toilette and take our repose  
Jellicles wash behind their ears  
Jellicles dry between their toes

Jellicle cats are white and black  
Jellicle cats are of moderate size  
Jellicles jump like a jumping jack  
Jellicle cats have moonlit eyes

We're quiet enough in the morning hours  
We're quiet enough in the afternoon  
Reserving our terpsichorean powers  
To dance by the light of the Jellicle moon

Jellicle cats are black and white  
Jellicle cats (as we said) are small  
If it happens to be a stormy night  
We will practice a caper or two in the hall

If it happens the sun is shining bright  
You would say we had nothing to do at all  
We are resting and saving ourselves to be right  
For the Jellicle moon and the Jellicle ball

CHORUS:

Jellicle cats come out tonight  
Jellicle cats come one, come all  
The Jellicle moon is shining bright  
Jellicles come to the Jellicle ball

(DANCE)

SONG: Grizabella, The Glamour Cat

**DEMETER:**

She haunted many a low resort  
Near the grimy road of Tottenham Court  
She flitted about the No Man's Land  
From "The Rising Sun" to "The Friend at Hand"  
And the postman sighed as he scratched his head  
"You really ha' thought she'd ought to be dead  
And who would ever suppose that THAT  
Was Grizabella, the Glamour Cat?"

**CHORUS:**

Grizabella, the Glamour Cat  
Grizabella, the Glamour Cat  
Who would ever suppose that THAT  
Was Grizabella the Glamour Cat?

(SOLO DANCE -- GRIZABELLA)

SONG: Memory

**GRIZABELLA:**

Midnight, not a sound from the pavement  
Has the moon lost her memory?  
She is smiling alone  
In the lamplight the withered leaves collect at my feet  
And the wind begins to moan

Every street lamp seems to beat a fatalistic warning  
Someone mutters and the street lamp gutters  
And soon it will be morning

Memory--All alone in the moonlight  
I can smile at the old days  
I was beautiful then  
I remember the time I knew what happiness was  
Let the memory live again

END ACT ONE

Act Two: "Why Will the Summer Day Delay -- When Will Time Flow Away"

SONG: The Moments of Happiness

**DEUTERONOMY:**

The moments of happiness  
We had the experience but missed the meaning  
And approach to the meaning restores the experience  
In a different form beyond any meaning  
We can assign to happiness  
The past experience revived in the meaning  
Is not the experience of one life only  
But of many generations  
Not forgetting something that is probably quite ineffable

SONG: Memory

**SILLABUB:**

Moonlight  
Turn your face to the moonlight  
Let your memory lead you  
Open up, enter in  
If you find there the meaning of what happiness is  
Then a new life will begin

**CHORUS:**

Moonlight  
Turn your face to the moonlight  
Let your memory lead you  
Open up, enter in  
If you find there the meaning of what happiness is  
Then a new life will begin

**SONG: Gus, the Theatre Cat**

**JELLYLORUM:**

Gus is the cat at the theatre door  
His name, as I ought to have told you before  
Is really Asparagus, but that's a fuss to pronounce  
That we usually call him just Gus  
His coat's very shabby, he's thin as a rake  
And he suffers from palsy that makes his paw shake  
Yet he was in his youth quite the smartest of cats  
But no longer a terror to mice or to rats

For he isn't the cat that he was in his prime  
Though his name was quite famous, he says, in his time  
And whenever he joins his friends at their club  
(Which takes place at the back of the neighboring pub)  
He loves to regale them, if someone else pays  
With anecdotes drawn from his palmiest days  
For he once was a star of the highest degree  
He has acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree  
And he likes to relate his success on the halls  
Where the gallery once gave him seven cat calls  
But his greatest creation as he loves to tell  
Was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

**GUS:**

I have played in my time every possible part  
And I used to know seventy speeches by heart  
I'd extemporize back-chat, I knew how to gag  
And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag  
I knew how to act with my back and my tail  
With an hour of rehearsal, I never could fail  
I'd a voice that would soften the hardest of hearts  
Whether I took the lead, or in character parts  
I have sat by the bedside of poor little Nell  
When the curfew was rung then I swung on the bell  
In the pantomime season, I never fell flat  
And I once understudied Dick Whittington's cat  
But my grandest creation, as history will tell  
was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

**JELLYLORUM:**

Then, if someone will give him a toothful of gin

He will tell how he once played a part in East Lynne  
At a Shakespeare performance he once walked on pat  
When some actor suggested the need for a cat

GUS:

And I say now these kittens, they do not get trained  
As we did in the days when Victoria reigned  
They never get drilled in a regular troupe  
And they think they are smart just to jump through a hoop

JELLYLORUM:

And he says as he scratches himself with his claws

GUS:

Well the theatre is certainly not what is was  
These modern productions are all very well  
But there's nothing to equal from what I hear tell  
That moment of mystery when I made history  
As Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

I once crossed the stage on the telegraph wire  
To rescue a child when a house was on fire  
And I think that I still can much better than most  
Produce blood curdling noises to bring on the ghost  
And I once played Growltiger  
Could do it again, could do it again  
Could do it again

SONG: "Growltiger's Last Stand" including "The Ballad of Billy McCaw"

CHORUS:

Growltiger was a bravo cat who travelled on a barge  
In fact he was the roughest cat that ever roamed at large  
From Gravesend up to Oxford he pursued his evil aims  
Rejoicing in his title of

GROWLTIGER:

The "Terror of the Thames"! Ha ha ha ha!

GRUMBUSKIN:

His manners and appearance did not calculate to please  
His coat was torn and seedy, it was baggy at the knees  
One ear was somewhat missing, no need to tell you why  
And he scowled upon a hostile world from one forbidding eye

CHORUS:

The cottagers of Rotherhithe knew something of his fame  
At Hammersmith and Putney, people shuddered at his name  
They would fortify the hen house, lock up the silly goose  
When the rumor ran along the shore:

GROWLTIGER:

Growltiger's on the loose! Ha ha ha ha!

SOLOS:

Woe to the weak canary that fluttered from its cage  
Woe to the pampered Pekinese, that faced Growltiger's rage  
Woe the bristly bandicoot that lurks on foreign ships  
And woe to any cat with whom Growltiger came to grips

But most to cats of foreign race his hatred had been vowed  
To cats of foreign name and race, no quarter was allowed  
The Persian and the Siamese regarded him with fear  
Because it was a Siamese had mauled his missing ear

**TUMBLEBRUTUS:**

Now on a peaceful summer night all nature seemed at play  
The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at Molesey lay

**CHORUS:**

All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide  
And Growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side

**GRUMBUSKIN:**

Growltiger's bucko mate, Grumbuskin, long since had disappeared  
For to the bell at Hampton he had gone to wet his beard

**TUMBLEBRUTUS:**

And his bosun, Tumblebrutus, he too had stol'n away  
In the yard behind the lion he was prowling for his prey

**GROWLTIGER:**

In the forepeak of the vessel, Growltiger sat alone

**GRIDDLEBONE:**

Concentrating his attention on the lady Griddlebone

**CREW:**

And his raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and their bunks

**SIAMESE:**

As the Siamese came creeping in their sampans and their junks

**GROWLTIGER:**

Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but Griddlebone

**GRIDDLEBONE:**

And the lady seemed enraptured by his manly baritone

**BOTH:**

Disposed to relaxation and awaiting no surprise

**SIAMESE:**

But the moonlight shone reflected from a thousand bright blue eyes

And closer still and closer the sampans circled 'round  
And yet from all the enemy there was not heard a sound  
The foe was armed with toasting forks and cruel carving knives

**GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:**

And the lovers sang their last duet in danger of their lives

**GROWLTIGER:**

Oh, how well I remember the Old Bull and Bush  
Where we used to go down of a Saturday night  
Where, when anything happened, it come with a rush  
For the boss, Mr. Clark, he was very polite

A very nice house, from basement to garret  
A very nice house. Ah, but it was the parrot--  
The parrot, the parrot named Billy McCaw  
That brought all those folks to the bar  
Ah! He was the life of the bar.

Of a Saturday night, we was all feeling bright  
And Lily La Rose -- the barmaid that was --  
She'd say, "Billy, Billy McCaw!  
Come give us, come give us a dance on the bar!"  
And Billy would dance on the bar  
And Billy would dance on the bar  
And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear  
And emotion would make us all order more beer

Lily, she was a girl what had brains in her head  
She wouldn't have nothing, no not that much said  
If it come to an argument or a dispute  
She'd settle it offhand with the toe of her boot  
Or as likely as not put a fist through your eye  
Or when we was happy and just a bit dry  
Or when we was thirsty and just a bit sad,  
She would rap on the bar with that corkscrew she had  
And say,

GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:  
"Billy, Billy McCaw!"

GROWLTIGER:  
"Come give us a tune on your pastoral flute!"  
And Billy'd strike up on his pastoral flute

GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:  
And Billy'd strike up on his pastoral flute

GROWLTIGER:  
And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear  
And emotion would make us all order more beer

GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:  
"Billy, Billy McCaw!  
Come give us a tune on your moley guitar!"  
And Billy'd strike up on his moley guitar  
And Billy'd strike up on his moley guitar  
And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear  
And emotion would make us all order more beer

CHORUS:  
Billy, Billy McCaw!  
Come give us a tune on your moley guitar

GROWLTIGER:  
Ah! He was the life of the bar.

GENGHIS:  
Then Genghis gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian hordes  
With a frightful burst of fireworks, the chinks they swarmed aboard  
Abandoning their sampans, their pullaways, and junks  
They battened down the hatches on the crew within their bunks

Then Griddlebone she gave a screech for she was badly skeered  
I'm sorry to admit it, but she quickly disappeared

GROWLTIGER:  
She probably escaped with ease I'm sure she was not drowned

CHORUS:  
But a serried ring of flashing steel Growltiger did surround

The ruthless foe pressed forward in stubborn rank on rank  
Growltiger to his vast surprise was forced to walk the plank  
He who a hundred victims had driven to that drop  
At the end of all his crimes was forced to go ker-flip, ker-flop!

GROWLTIGER:  
Ahhhhh!!!

CHORUS:  
Oh there was joy in Wapping when the news flew through the land  
At Maidenhead and Henley there was dancing on the Strand  
Rats were roasted whole in Brentford and Victoria Dock  
And a day of celebration was commanded in Bangkok!

(DANCE -- SIAMESE)

GUS:  
These modern productions are all very well  
But there's nothing to equal from what I hear tell  
That moment of mystery when I made history

SONG: Skimbleshanks, the Railway Cat

RUMPLETEAZER:  
Skimbleshanks the railway cat

CHORUS:  
The cat of the railway train

GEORGE:  
There's a whisper down the line at eleven thirty-nine  
When the night mail's ready to depart

RUMPLETEAZER:  
Saying, "Skimble, where is Skimble has he gone to hunt the thimble  
We must find him or the train can't start!"

GEORGE:  
All the guards and all the porters and the station-master's daughters  
Would be searching high and low  
Saying "Skimble, where is Skimble for unless he's very nimble  
Then the night mail just can't go"  
At eleven forty-two with the signal overdue  
And the passengers all frantic to a man

SKIMBLE:  
That's when I would appear and I'd saunter to the rear  
I'd been busy in the luggage van!

CHORUS:

Then he gave one flash of his glass-green eyes  
And the signal went "All clear!"

SKIMBLE:

They'd be off at last for the northern part of the northern hemisphere!

CHORUS:

Skimbleshanks, the railway cat, the cat of the railway train

SKIMBLE:

You might say that by and large it was me who was in charge  
Of the sleeping car express  
From the driver and the guards to the bagmen playing cards  
I would supervise them all more or less

CHORUS:

Down the corridor he paces and examines all the faces  
Of the travellers in the first and the third

RUMPLETEAZER:

He established control by a regular patrol

CHORUS:

And he'd know at once if anything occurred

GEORGE:

He would watch you without winking and he saw what you were thinking  
And it's certain that he didn't approve  
Of hilarity and riot so that folk were very quiet  
When Skimble was about and on the move

CHORUS:

You could play no pranks with Skimbleshanks  
He's a cat that couldn't be ignored

RUMPLETEAZER:

So nothing went wrong on the northern mail  
When Skimbleshanks was aboard

SKIMBLE:

It was very pleasant when they'd found their little den  
With their name written up on the door  
And the berth was very neat with a newly folded sheet on  
And not a speck of dust on the floor  
There was every sort of light you could make it dark or bright  
And a button you could turn to make a breeze  
And a funny little basin you're supposed to wash your face in  
And a crank to shut the window should you sneeze  
Then the guard looked in politely and would ask you very brightly  
"Do you like your morning tea

CHORUS (spoken):

"Weak or strong?"

SKIMBLE:

But I just behind him and was ready to remind him  
For Skimble won't let anything go wrong

**CHORUS:**

When they crept into their cozy berth and pulled the counterpane  
They ought to reflect that it was very nice  
To know that they wouldn't be bothered by mice  
They can leave all that to the railway cat  
The cat of the railway train

Skimbleshanks, the railway cat, the cat of the railway train!

**SKIMBLE:**

In the watches of the night I was always fresh and bright  
Every now and then I'd have a cup of tea  
With perhaps a drop of scotch while I was busy keeping on the watch  
Only stopping here and there to catch a flea  
They were fast asleep at Crewe  
And so they never knew that I was walking up and down the station  
They were sleeping all the while I was busy at Carlisle  
Where I met the station-master with elation

They might see me at Dumfries if I summoned the police  
If there was anything they ought to know about

**CHORUS:**

When they got to Gallowgate there they did not have to wait  
For Skimbleshanks will help them to get out  
And he gives you a wave of his long brown tail  
Which says, "I'll see you again"  
You'll meet without fail on the midnight mail  
The cat of the railway train

You'll meet without fail on the midnight mail  
The cat of the railway train

Skimbleshanks, the railway cat, the cat of the railway train!

**SONG: Macavity**

**Solo (spoken):**  
Macavity!

**DEMETER:**

Macavity's a mystery cat, he's called the hidden paw  
For he's a master criminal who can defy the law  
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard, the Flying Squad's despair  
For when they reach the scene of crime MACAVITY'S NOT THERE!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity  
He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity  
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare  
And when you reach the scene of crime Macavity's not there!  
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air  
But I tell you once and once again MACAVITY'S NOT THERE!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin  
You would know him if you saw him for his eyes are sunken in  
His brow is deeply lined in thought, his head is highly domed  
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed  
He sways his head from side to side with movements like a snake

And when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity  
He's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity  
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square  
But when a crime's discovered then MACAVITY'S NOT THERE!

BOMBALURINA:

He's outwardly respectable, I know he cheats at cards  
And his footprints are not found in any files of Scotland Yard's

DEMETER:

And when the larder's looted

BOMBALURINA:

Or the jewel case is rifled

DEMETER:

Or when the milk is missing

BOMBALURINA:

Or another peke's been stifled

DEMETER:

Or the greenhouse glass is broken

BOMBALURINA:

And the trellis past repair

BOTH:

There's the wonder of the thing: MACAVITY'S NOT THERE!

And when the crime has been disclosed the Secret Service say  
"It must have been Macavity!"-- but he's a mile away  
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumbs,  
Or engaged in doing complicated long division sums!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity  
There never was a cat of such deceitfulness and suavity  
He always has an alibi and one or two to spare  
What ever time the deed took place MACAVITY WASN'T THERE!

And they say that all the cats whose wicked deeds are widely known  
(I might mention Mungojerrie, I might mention Griddlebone)  
Are nothing more than agents for the cat who all the time  
Just controls their operations: "The Napoleon of Crime"!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity  
He's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity  
You may meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square  
But when a crime's discovered then Macavity  
Macavity, Macavity, Macavity  
When a crime's discovered then MACAVITY'S NOT THERE!

(DANCE -- MACAVITY)

CHORUS (spoken):

Macavity's not there!

**SILLABUB:**  
We have to find Old Deuteronomy

**SONG:** Magical Mister Mistoffelees

**TUGGER** (spoken):  
You ought to ask Mr. Mistoffelees!  
The original conjuring cat--  
(There can be no doubt about that!)  
Please listen to me and don't scoff; All his  
Inventions are off his own bat  
There's no such cat in the metropolis  
He holds all the patent monopolies  
For performing surprising illusions  
And creating eccentric confusions!

(sings)  
The greatest magicians have something to learn  
From Mister Mistoffelees' conjuring turn

**MISTOFFELEES:**  
Presto!

**CHORUS:**  
And we all say,  
Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffelees

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffelees

**TUGGER:**  
He is quiet, he is small, he is black  
From the ears to the tip of his tail  
He can creep through the tiniest crack  
He can walk on the narrowest rail  
He can pick any card from a pack  
He is equally cunning with dice  
He is always deceiving you into believing  
That he's only hunting for mice

He can play any trick with a cork  
Or a spoon and a bit of fish paste  
If you look for a knife or a fork  
And you think it is merely misplaced  
You have seen it one moment and then it's gone  
But you find it next week lying on the lawn!

**CHORUS:**  
And we all say,  
Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffelees

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffelees

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffelees

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

TUGGER:

His manner is vague and aloof  
You would think there was nobody shyer  
But his voice has been heard on the roof  
When he was curled up by the fire  
And he's sometimes been heard by the fire  
When he was about on the roof  
At least we all heard that somebody purred  
Which is uncontestable proof of his singular magical powers  
And I've known the family to call him in from the garden for hours  
When he was asleep in the hall

And not long ago this phenomenal cat  
Produced seven kittens right out of a hat!

And we all say,  
Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

CHORUS:

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

(DANCE -- MISTOFFELEES)

TUGGER:

And not long ago this phenomenal cat  
Produced seven kittens right out of a hat!

And we all say,  
Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

CHORUS:

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever  
A cat so clever as magical Mr. Mistoffeles

TUGGER (spoken):  
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the marvelous, magical Mr. Mistoffeles!  
Presto!

SONG: Memory

**SILLABUB:**

Daylight, see the dew on the sunflower  
And a rose that is fading  
Roses wither away  
Like the sunflower I yearn to turn my face to the dawn  
I am waiting for the day

**MUNKUSTRAP:**

Now Old Deuteronomy, just before dawn  
Through a silence you feel you could cut with a knife  
Announces the cat who can now be reborn  
And come back to a different Jellicle life

**GRIZABELLA:**

Memory, turn your face to the moonlight  
Let your memory lead you  
Open up, enter in  
If you find there the meaning of what happiness is  
Then a new life will begin

Memory, all alone in the moonlight  
I can smile at the old days  
I was beautiful then  
I remember the time I knew what happiness was  
Let the memory live again

Burnt out ends of smokey days  
The stale cold smell of morning  
The street lamp dies, another night is over  
Another day is dawning

Daylight, I must wait for the sunrise  
I must think of a new life  
And I mustn't give in  
When the dawn comes tonight will be a memory too  
And a new day will begin

**SILLABUB:**

Sunlight, through the trees in summer  
Endless masquerading

**GRIZABELLA AND SILLABUB:**  
Like a flower as the dawn is breaking

**GRIZABELLA:**  
The memory is fading

Touch me, it's so easy to leave me  
All alone with the memory  
Of my days in the sun  
If you touch me you'll understand what happiness is  
Look, a new day has begun

**SONG: The Journey to the Heaviside Layer**

**CHORUS:**  
Up up up past the Russell Hotel

Up up up up to the heaviside layer

Up up up past the Russell Hotel  
Up up up up to the heaviside layer

Up up up past the Russell Hotel  
Up up up up to the heaviside layer

Up up up past the Russell Hotel  
Up up up up to the heaviside layer

Up up up past the Jellicle moon  
Up up up up to the heaviside layer

Up up up past the Jellicle moon  
Up up up up to the heaviside layer

The mystical divinity of unashamed felinity  
Round the cathedral rang 'Vivat'  
Life to the everlasting cat!

#### SONG: The Ad-dressing of Cats

##### DEUTERONOMY:

You've heard of several kinds of cat  
And my opinion now is that  
You should need no interpreter to understand our character  
You've learned enough to take the view  
That cats are very much like you  
You've seen us both at work and games  
And learnt about our proper names  
Our habits and habitat  
But how would you ad-dress a cat

##### CHORUS:

So first, your memory I'll jog  
And say: A cat is not a dog

##### DEUTERONOMY:

Now dogs pretend they like to fight  
They often bark, more seldom bite  
But yet a dog is, on the whole,  
What you would call a simple soul  
The usual dog about the town  
Is much inclined to play the clown  
And far from showing too much pride  
Is frequently undignified  
He's such an easy-going lout  
He'll answer any hail or shout

##### CHORUS:

The usual dog about the town  
Is inclined to play the clown  
Again I must remind you that  
A dog's a dog; a cat's a cat

##### DEUTERONOMY:

With cats, some say, one rule is true

Don't speak 'til you are spoken to  
Myself I do not hold with that  
I say, you should ad-dress a cat  
But always bear in mind that he resents familiarity  
You bow, and taking off your hat, ad-dress him in this form: "O Cat!"

Before a cat will condescend  
To treat you as a trusted friend  
Some little token of esteem is needed, like a dish of cream  
And you might now and then supply  
Some caviar or Straussburg pie  
Some potted grouse or salmon paste  
He's sure to have his personal taste

And so in time you reach your aim  
And call him by his NAME

**CHORUS:**  
A cat's entitled to expect  
These evidences of respect

So this is this and that is that  
And there's how you ad-dress a cat

A cat's entitled to expect  
These evidences of respect

So this is this and that is that  
And there's how you ad-dress a cat