
Cats

Music: Andrew Lloyd Webber

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

Premiere: Monday, May 11, 1981

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
Jellicle songs for Jellicle cats
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 felinity
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, rabbinical 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, 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 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)

MISTOFFELES:

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 tome 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 froliccal
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 it 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 Firefrowfiddle, 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

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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:

His manner is vague and aloof
You would think there was nobody shy
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 uncontested 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. Mistoffelees

CHORUS:

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

(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. Mistoffelees

CHORUS:

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. Mistoffelees

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

TUGGER (spoken):

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the marvelous, magical Mr. Mistoffelees!
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 Heavside 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