Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by TREVOR NUNN and RICHARD STILGOE
after T.S. ELIOT

[\( d = 132 \)]

CHORUS (Individually)

Are you blind when you're born? Can you fall on your head? Do you see in the dark? Can you look at a king? Would you sit on his throne? Are you tense when you sense there's a storm in the air?

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_Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats._ Can you sing at the same time, in more than one key,_ Du-

ects by Ros-si-ni and waltz-es by Strauss?_ And can you (as cats do) be-

gin with a C _that always tri-umphant ly brings down the house?

_Jel-li-cle Cats_ are queen of the nights Sing-ing at as tro no-mi-cal heights,
Handling pieces from the Messiah, Hallelujah, angelical choir.

Meno mosso \( \text{\textit{\textbf{\( j = 82 \)}}} \)

The mystical divinity of unashamed fidelity. Round the cathedral rang "Vivat". Life to the everlasting cat, Feline, fearless, faithful and true.

Eb/G F Bbm Bbm7
to others who do what Jel-li-cles do, and Jel-li-cles can, Jel-li-cles can and Jel-li-cles do,

Jel-li-cle Cats sing Jel-li-cle chants, Jel-li-cles old and Jel-li-cles new, Jel-li-cle songs and

Jel-li-cle dance, Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats,
Practical cats, dramatic cats, Pragmatic cats, fanatical cats, Oratorical cats, delphic oracle cats, Sceptical cats, dyspeptic cats, Romantic cats, pedantic cats, Critical cats, parasitical cats, Allegorical cats, Metaphorical cats, Statistical cats and mystical cats, Political cats, hypostatic cats.
-critical cats, Clerical cats, hysterical cats, Cynical cats, rabid 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.
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

CHORUS (whisper)

man who's not heard of a Jel-li-cle Cat? What's a Jel-li-cle Cat? What's a Jel-li-cle Cat?

Attacca 'The Naming of Cats'
The Naming of Cats

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Text by T.S. ELIOT

CHORUS (spoken in rhythm)

The naming of cats is a difficult matter, it isn't just one of your holiday games; you must have three different names. First of all, there's the name that the family use daily, such as Peter, Augustus, Jonzo or James, such as Victoria or Jonathan, George or Bill Bailey. All of them sensible every-day names. There are fancier names if you think they sound sweeter, some for the gentlemen, some for the damos; such as Plato, Electra, Demeter, but all of them sensible every-day names. But tell you, a cat needs a name that's particular, a tail peculiar, and more dignified, else cherish his pride? Of course, of course.
names of this kind, I can give you a quo-rum, Such as Mun-kus-trap, Qua-xo or Cor-i-co-pat, Such as

Bom-ba-lu-ri-na, or else Jellylurum, Names that never belong to more than one cat. But a-

bove and beyond there’s still one name left over, And that is the name that you nev-er will guess: The name that no hu-man re-

search can dis-cover, But the cat himself knows, and will nev-er confess. When you

no-tice a cat in pro-

found me-di-

ta-

tion, The rea-

son, I tell you, is al-

ways the same: His

mind is en-

gaged in a rapt con-

tem-pla-

tion Of the thought, of the thought, of the

Lightly
The Invitation to the Jellicle Ball

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 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 can cut with a knife,
Announces the cat who can now be reborn
And come back to a different Jellicle life.

For waiting up there is the Heavyside Layer,
Full of wonders one Jellicle only will see,
And Jellicles ask, because Jellicles dare:
Who will it be? Who will it be?
The Old Gumbie Cat

Legato (a Glenn Miller flavour) \( \{j = 104 \} \)

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, Her name is Jenny a-

ny dots; Her coat is of the tabby kind with
The curtain cord she likes to wind, and

G6 D/F♯ C

Bm7 Am7 Am6 Em7

likes the warm and sunny spots. All day she sits up

G6 F B7

tie it into sailor knots. She sits up on the

(on the stair or on the steps or on the mat:)

(side the hearth or in the sun or on my hat:)

window sill or anything that's smooth and flat:

D/F♯ Dm/F C/E Bm/D

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sits and sits and sits and sits, and that's what makes a Gum-bie Cat.

**Chorus**

Cat, that's what makes a Gum-bie Cat! But

**Sprightly [\(d = 104\)]**

when the day's hustle and bustle is done, then the Gum-bie Cat's work is but

**Sprightly [\(d = 104\)]**

sim. stacc.

And when all the family's in bed and asleep, she finds that the mice will not ever keep quiet. She is

She thinks that the cockroaches just need employment to pre-
tucks up her skirts... to the basement to creep... She is deep-ly con-cerned with the
sure it is due to ir-reg-u-lar diet. And be-
vent them from i-dle and wan-ton des-troy-
ment. So she’s

ways of the mice: Their be-ha-viour’s not good... and their man-ners not nice;... So

when she has got them lined up... on the mat-ting, She tea-ches them mu-sic, cro-chet-

SOLO

... ting and tat-ting. I-biev-ing that no-thing is done without try-ing, She sets
right to work with her baking and frying. She makes them a mouse-cake of bread

and dried peas. And a beautiful fry of lean bacon and cheese. I

formed, from that lot of disorderly louts, A troop of well-disciplined

helpful boy scouts. With a purpose in life and a good deed to do; And she's
ev - en cre - a - ted a Bee - tles’ Tat - too.
Abmaj7    G7
Cm    Bb7    Eb/Bb    Am7(b5)    Ab7    G7

Cm    Bb7    Eb/Bb    F/A    Ab7

CHORUS Faster

For she's a Jolly Good Fel-

Faster

C
G/B    C7/Bb    F/A    C/G

a tempo

GUMBIE CAT (spoken)

low...

Thank you, my dears!

a tempo

F
G7
C
Old Deuteronomy

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

Slow and sustained \( \mathbf{d} = 44 \)

CHORUS

Well, of all things ... Can it be, really ... 

G  G  D  G  G  G  Fm

OLD DEUT. (2nd time)

Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye!

\{ My mind may be wandering,
My legs may be tottery,

G  Dm  Am  Bm

CHORUS

but I confess I believe it is Old Deuteronomy! Well, of

I must go slow And be careful of Old Deuteronomy!

C  D  Bb  D  G  D7  G

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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.

say ninety-nine. And his numerous progeny prospers and thrives. And the long while before Queen Victoria's accession, in his decline. At the sight of that placid and bland physiognomy, When he
sits in the sun on the vicarage wall, The Old est In habi tant
crooks: “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
Grizabella: the Glamour Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow \[ \text{\textit{\textsc{d} = 68}} \]

\( p \) She

haunted many a low resort near the grimy road of

Bbm

F7

F7

Tot-ten-ham Court; She flit-ted a-bout the No-man's Land From The

Db

Db

Ebm6

Db/F

Ris - ing Sun to The Friend at Hand. And the post-man sighed, as he

Gb

Cb

Bbm

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scratched his head: 'You'd really have thought, she ought to be dead. And

who would ever suppose that THAT was Grazilba, the

CHORUS Grazilba, the
going Cat! Grazilba, the
going Cat!

Who'd have ever supposed that THAT

G Skulls Abm Bbm/F F7 F7

G Skulls Dbsus Bb Bbm/F Bb
The Moments of Happiness

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 . . .

(from T.S. Eliot ‘The Dry Salvages’ in Four Quartets)
Gus: the Theatre Cat

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

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rants. For he isn’t the cat that he was in his prime; Though his parts. I have sat by the bedside of poor little Nell; When the Pantomime season I never felt flat, and I

name was quite famous, he says, in his time. And when Curfew was rung, then I swung on the bell. In the once understudied Dick Whittington’s

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 calls. But his
grand-est cre-a-tion, as he loves to tell, Was Fire-fro-re-fid-dle, the
I have

CODA

cat. But my grand-est cre-a-tion, as his-tory will tell, Was
Fire - frore - fid - dle, the Fiend of the Fell.

Then, if some - one will give him a tooth - ful of gin, He will
tell how he once played a part in 'East Lynne'. At a Shake - speare per - for - mance he

once walked on pat, when some act - or sug - ges - ted the need for a cat. And I
say: Now, these kittens, they do not get trained As we did in the
days when Victoria reigned. They smart, just to jump through a hoop. And he says as he

scratches himself with his claws: Well, the Theatre is certainly not what it was. These modern productions are all very well, but there's
GUS (Sung reprise)

And I once crossed the stage on a 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.
I once played Growltiger, could do it again . . .

"atacca Growltiger's Last Stand"
Skimbleshanks: the Railway Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

Lively \( \text{\textit{d.}} = 98 \)

CHORUS

Skimbleshanks, the Railway Cat,

Cat of the Railway Train!

Vivace \( \text{\textit{d.}} = 144 \)

whisper down the line at eleven thirty-nine

Vivace \( \text{\textit{d.}} = 144 \)

say that by and large it was me who was in charge

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Night Mail's ready to depart,
Sleeping Car Express,
Say 'Skim-ble where is Skim-ble, has he gone to hunt the thimble? We must find him or the train can't start?
Bag-men playing cards I would supervise them all, more or less.

All the guards and all the porters and the station-master's daughters would be searching high and low,

Down the corridor he paces and examines all the faces Of the untravellers in the First and the Third:... Saying 'Skim-ble where is Skim-ble, for un-
He's very nimble, regular patrol
Then the Night Mail just can't go.
At e-

E
G/E
F\#m/E

\-le\-ven forty two with the sig\-nal o\-ver\-due
And the watch you with\-out\n
\-G
\-E
\-A\n\-B
\-E

m\-E
A
E/G#

passen\-gers all fran\-tic to a man,
cer\-tain that he did \-n't ap\-prove
That's when I would ap\-pear and I'd

G/E
F\#m
E
A

\-m11
E/G#
A
E/G#

sau\-ter to the rear; I'd been bus\-sy in the lug\-gage
folk were very quiet When Skim\-ble was a\-bout and on the
Chorus

van!

move. Then he gave one flash of his

Then you could play no pranks with

F#m11 B7 E E/B D/A A A/E E

Skimble shanks! He's a cat that cannot be ignored. They'd be off at last for the northern part of the Northern Hemisphere.

Skimble shanks, the Railway Cat, the

F#m/E B7/E Esus2/B E/B G#m A A/B

CHORUS

Skimble shanks, the Railway Cat, the

E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E
Cat of the Railway Train!

You could board.

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. And a funny little basin you're supposed to wash your face in. And a

board.

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. And a funny little basin you're supposed to wash your face in. And a
not a speck of dust on the floor.

crank to shut the window should you.

There was sneeze.

Then the guard looked in politely and would ask you very brightly 'Do you like your morning tea weak or

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

wrong.

When they crept into their cosy berth And
pulled up the counterpane. They ought to reflect that it's very nice To

know that they wouldn't be bothered by mice. They could leave all that to the Railway Cat, the

Cat of the Railway Train! Skimble-shanks, the Railway Cat, the

Cat of the Railway Train! In the
watch-ers of the night I was al-ways fresh and bright; Ev-ery now and then I’d have a cup of fast a-sleep at Crewe and so they nev-er knew that I was walk-ing up and down the

tea-sta-tion; With per-haps a drop of Scotch while I was keep-ing on the watch. On-ly They were sleep-ing all the while I was bu-sy at Car-lisle, Where I

stop-ping here and there to catch a flea. They were met the sta-tion ma ster with e - lation. They might

see me at Dum-fries. if I sum-moned the po-lice If there was a-ny-thing they ought to know a -
CHORUS

-bout:

When they got to Gallow-gate there they did not have to wait, For

rall. molto

Skim-ble-shanks would help them to get out!

And he

rall. molto

a tempo

gave you a wave of his long brown tail Which says: 'I'll see you a - gain!-

You'll

a tempo

meet without fail on the Midnight Mail the Cat of the Railway Train.'
Macavity: the Mystery Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[ \( \text{d} = 86 \) ]

(Menacing)

Finger snaps

SOLO

Mac - a - vi - ty's a Mys - tery Cat: he's called the Hid-den Paw,

For he's the mas - ter cri - minal who can de - fy the law.

He's the baf - fle - ment of Scot - land Yard, the

Fly - ing Squad's des - pair:

For when they reach the scene of crime, Mac -
whisper
3

- a - vi - ty’s not there.

Mac - a - vi - ty, Mac-a - vi - ty, there’s

Finger snaps

no one like Mac-a - vi - ty, He’s bro-ken e-very hu-man law, he breaks the law of gra-vi - ty. His

F7 D7/F# (G7) Cm Cm/Eb F7 D7/F# (G7)

powers of le-vi-ta-tion would make a fa-kir stare, And when you reach the scene of crime, Mac -
-a-vi-ty's not there! You may seek him in the base-ment, you may look up in the air:

But I tell you once and once a-gain, Mac-a-vi-ty's not there! Mac-

-a-vi-ty's a gin-ger cat, he's ve-ry tall and thin; You would know him if you saw him, for his eyes are sun-ken in. His brow is deep-ly lined with thought, his head is high-ly domed;
coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are un-combed. He

sways his head from side to side, with movements like a snake;

when you think he's half asleep, he's always wide awake. Mac-

- a - vi - ty, Mac-a-vi-ty, there's no one like Mac-a-vi-ty. For
- a - vi - ty, Mac-a-vi-ty, there's no one like Mac-a-vi-ty. There

Cm/Eb F7 D7/F# (G7)
he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity. You may never was a cat of such deceitfulness and suavity. He

meet him in a by-street, you may see him in the square: always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:

when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there! He's ever time the deed took place, Macavity wasn't there! And

outwardly respectable. (I know he cheats at

when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's gone as -
cards.) And his foot-prints are not found in any tray,  
Or the Ad-mi-ral-ty lose some plans or 
file — of Scot-land Yard’s draw-ings by the way,  
And when the lar-der’s loot-ed, or the 
Finger snaps  
jew-el-case is ri-fled, or when the milk is miss-ing, or an — 
Se-cret Ser-vice say: ‘It must have been Mac-a-vi-ty!’ but 
oth-er Peke’s been sti-fled, Or the green house glass is bro-ken, and the 
he’s a mile a-way. You’ll be Cm Cm7/Bb
trel-lish past repair,
There's the wonder of the thing, Mac-a-vi-ty's not there!

sure to find him resting, or a licking of his thumbs, Or en-
gaged in doing complicated long division sums.

- a-vi-ty, Mac-a-vi-ty, there's no one like Mac-a-vi-ty, There never was a cat of such de-
ceitfulness 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

deads are widely known (I might mention Mungo-jerrie, Rumple-teazer, Gridlebone) *Are*

Finger snaps

nothing more than agents for the cat who all the time just controls the operations: The Na-
-po-le-on of Crime!

Mac-

-av-i-ty, Mac-a-vi-ty, there's no one like Mac-a-vi-ty. He's a fiend in fe-line shape,

a

Cm

Cm/Eb

F7

D7/F#  (G7)  Cm

Cm/Eb

mon-st-er of de-pra-vi-ty. You may meet him in a by-street, You may

F7

D7/F#  (G7)  Cm

Cm7/Bb

see him in the square: But when a crime's dis-cov-ered, then Mac-a-vi-ty's not there!

F7/A  Ab7.
Mr. Mistoffelees

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

SOLO You ought to ask Mr. Mistoffelees! The Original Conjuring Cat. The greatest magicians have something to learn. From

Mister Mistof-fel-e-s's Conjuring Turn... Presto! And we all say:

CHORUS

Oh! Well I ne-ver! Was there e-ver a cat so cle-ver as Mag-i-cal Mis-ter Mistof-fel-e-s!

F C/E Gm7 C7 F F/A Bb

- fel-e-s! - fel-e-s! He is quiet, he is small, he is black From his His manner is vague and a-loof, You would

Bb/C Bb/C F Ab
ears to the tip of his tail;
think there was no body shy er,
He can creep thru' the ty ni est crack,
He can

walk on the narrow-est rail.
He can pick a ny card from a pack,
He is

e qual-ly cu ning with dice;
he was a bout on the roof
He is al ways de ceiv ing you in to be lie v ing That he's

on ly hunt ing for mice.
in con test a ble proof
He can play a ny trick with a cork Or a spoon and a bit of fish paste;
If you

He can play any trick with a cork Or a spoon and a bit of fish paste; And I've known the family to call
Him
look for a knife or a fork
in from the gar - den for hours,
And you think it is mere-ly mis - placed,
You have
And

seen it one mo - ment, and then it is gawn! - But you’ll find it next week - ly-ing out on the lawn -
not long a - go - this phe-no-me-nal cat - Pro-duced se - ven kit - tens right out of a hat!

1st time Dal Segno
2nd time on

And we all say: Oh! Well I ne-ver! Was there e-ver a cat so ele-ver as
And we all said:

Ma-gi-cal Mis - ter Mis-tof - fel - ees!
-fel - ees!
Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the marvellous, Magical
Mister Mistofflees! Presto!

F F/A Bb Bb/C Dm
Memory

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
TREVOR NUNN
after T.S. ELIOT

Freely [\( \text{\textit{d.}} = 50 \)]

GRIZABELLA

Mid-night. Not a sound from the pavement. Has the moon lost her memory? She is smiling alone.

Memory. All alone in the moonlight I can smile at the memory. I was beautiful then. In the old days, I knew what happiness was.

Let the lamp light the withered leaves collect at my feet. And the member the time I knew what happiness was.

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wind begins to moan. memory live a-

F Eb/F Bb F Eb/F

gain. Every street lamp seems to beat a

Bb Dm Dm/Eb Cm/Eb Dm Dm/Eb Cm/Eb

fatalistic warning. Someone mutters and a

Dm Bb C F Fmaj7 Dm Gm7 poco rit.

street lamp gutters and soon it will be morn-ing.

C7 Fmaj7 Dm G7 C poco rit.
a tempo

Day light. 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.
Abm7 Ebm Db Cb/Db

Burnt out ends of smoky days, the

Gb Bbm Bbm/Cb Abm/Cb Bbm Bbm/Cb Abm/Cb

stale cold smell of morning. The street lamp dies, another

Bbm Gb Ab7 Db Bbm7 Ebm7

poco rit.

night is over, another day is dawning.

Ab7 Dbmaj7 Bbm Eb7 Ab Ab7
a tempo

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.

[Grizabella is chosen to go to the Heavyside Layer.]
The Journey to the Heavyside Layer

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

Grandy \( \frac{J}{J} = 104 \)

Chorus:

Up up up past the Russel Hotel,
Up up up to the Heavyside Layer.

* For complete instrumental, take in bars 61 to 88 of Overture (pp. 8-10)

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The Ad-dressing of Cats

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Text by T.S. ELIOT

[\( \text{\textit{c}} = 92 \)]

You've heard dogs of several kinds of cat, And to fight; They

my opinion now is that You should need no interpreter To

often bark, more seldom bite; But yet a dog is, on the whole, What

understand our character. You've learned enough to take the view That

you would call a simple soul. The usual dog about the town is

cats much inclined to play the clown, And far from showing too much pride is

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-bout the town is inclined to play the clown. Again I must re-

mind you that A dog's a dog, a cat's a cat.

OLD DEUTERONOMY

With cats, some say, one rule is true: Don't speak till you are spoken to. My -
learnt about our proper names. Our habits and our habitat. But frequently undignified. He's such an easy-going lout, He'll

How would you address a cat? So answer any hail or shout.

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

OLD DEUTERONOMY

Now
a tempo

self, I do not hold with that. I say, you should address a cat. But

always keep in mind that he represents familiarity. You

bow, and taking off your hat, address him in this

form: O Cat! Before a cat will descend To

rall. a tempo (poco meno mosso)

rall. a tempo (poco meno mosso)
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

caviare or Strassburg 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.
cat's entitled to expect these evidences of respect. So
this is this, and that is that: And there's how you address a cat. ff

B/F# G#m/F E6/F# B E/B

B E/B B E B/D# C#m B F# E

B E/B B G#m B/F# E B/D# C#m B

-B

F# E B E/B E E6 B B