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Cats

By T.S. Eliot

1

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?
Because Jellicles are
And Jellicles do
Jellicles do and Jellicles would
Jellicles would and Jellicles can
Jellicles can and Jellicles do
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?
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
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 and 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

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 tyre
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 queens of the night
Singing at astronomical heights
Handling pieces from The Messiah
Hallelujah, angelical choir
Jellicle Cats
Are queens of the night
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
Sceptical cats, dyspeptical cats
Romantical cats, pedantical cats
Critical and 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 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?
What's a Jellicle Cat?
The naming of cats
Is a difficult matter
It isn't just one
Of your holiday games

You may think at first
I'm as 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
Sensible, everyday names
There are fancier names
If you think they sound sweeter
Some for the gentlemen
Some for the dames
Such as Plato, Admetus
Electra, Demeter
But all of them 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 never will 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 a 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...
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
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 a different
Jellicle Life
For waiting up there
Is the Heaviside Layer
Full of wonders
One Jellicle only will see
And Jellicles ask
Because Jellicles dare
Who will it be?
Who will it be?
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 stair
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
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
Their behaviour's not good
And their manners not nice
So when she has got them
Lined up on the matting
She teaches them
Music, crocheting and tatting
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
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
Just 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
With a purpose in life
And a good deed to do
And she's even created
A beetles tattoo!
(RULE BRITANNIA)
Squad salute!
For she's
A jolly good fellow...
Thank you, my dears
Miaow
Miaow
The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat
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
Then I'd 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
The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat
And there isn't any call
For me to shout it
For he will do as he do do
And there's no doing anything
About it
The Rum Tum Tugger
Is a terrible bore
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 get home
Then I'd like to get about
I like to lie in a bureau drawer
But I make such a fuss
If I can't get out
The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious cat
And there isn't any use
For you to doubt it

For he will do as he do do
And there's no doing
Anything about it
The Rum Tum Tugger
Is a curious beast
My disobliging ways
Are a matter of habit
Now if you offer me fish
Then I always want a feast
And if 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... No
So you catch me in it up to my ears
And put it on the larder shelf
The Rum Tum Tugger
Is artful and knowing
The Rum Tum Tugger
Doesn't care for a cuddle
So I'll on up into your sewing
Cos there's nothing
I enjoy like a horrible muddle
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
And there isn't any need
For me to spout it
For he will do as he do do
And there's no
Doing anything
About...
(MIAOWING)
About...
(MIAOWING)
About...
(SCREAMING)
About it
Remark the cat
Who hesitates towards you
In the light of the dawn
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
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'd really have thought
She'd ought to be dead
And who would ever suppose
That that
Was Grizabella
The Glamour Cat?
Grizabella the Glamour Cat
Grizabella the Glamour Cat
Who would have ever supposed
That that
Was Grizabella
The Glamour Cat?
Bustopher Jones
Is not skin and bones
In fact, he's remarkably fat
He doesn't haunt pubs
He has eight or nine clubs
For he's the St James's Street Cat
He's the cat we all greet
As he walks down the street
In his coat of fastidious black
No commonplace mousers
Have such well-cut trousers
Or such an impeccable back
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

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
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 ben'son
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
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
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
Or I am a bounder
And he's putting on weight
Every day
But I'm so well-preserved
Because I've observed
All me life a routine, and I'd say
I am still in me prime
I shall last out me time
That's the word
From this stoutest of cats
It must and it shall
Be spring in Pall Mall
While Bustopher Jones wears white
Bustopher Jones wears white
Bustopher Jones
Wears white spats
Toodlepip!
(THUNDER ROLLS)
(POLICE SIREN)
Macavity!
(CAR BRAKES SCREECH)
(CAR ACCELERATES AWAY)
- (WOMAN LAUGHS)
- Shh!
(WOMAN LAUGHS)
Mungojerrie
And Rumpleteazer
We're a notorious couple of cats
As knockabout clowns
Quick-change comedians
Tightrope walkers and acrobats
We have an extensive reputation
We make our home in Victoria Grove
This is merely our centre
Of operation
For we are incurably given to rove
When the family assembles
For Sunday dinner
Their minds made up

That they won't get thinner
On Argentine joint
Potatoes and greens
And the cook would appear
From behind the scenes
And say in a voice
That is broken with sorrow
"I'm afraid you must wait
And have dinner tomorrow
"The joint has gone
From the oven like that!"
Then the family will say
"It's that horrible cat!
"Was it Mungojerrie
Or Rumpleteazer!"
And most of the time
They leave it at that
Mungojerrie and Rumpleteazer
Have a wonderful way
Of working together
And some of the time
You would say it was luck
And some of the time
You would say it was weather
We'd go through the house
Like a hurricane
And no sober person
Could take his oath
Was it Mungojerrie
Or Rumpleteazer?
Or could you have sworn
That it might have been both?
And when you hear
A dining room smash
Or up from the pantry
There comes a loud crash
Or down from the library
Came a loud ping
From a vase which was commonly
Said to be Ming
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
And there's nothing at all
To be done about that
Old Deuteronomy?
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
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
Old Deuteronomy's buried nine wives
And more - I am tempted
To say ninety-nine
And his numerous progeny
Prosper and thrives
And the village is proud of him
In his decline
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
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!
My legs may be tottery
And I must go slow
And be careful
Of Old Deuteronomy
Jellicle Cats meet once a year
On the night we make
The Jellicle Choice
And now that the
Jellicle Leader is here
Jellicle Cats can all rejoice
Of the awe-full battle of the Pekes
And the Pollicles
Together with some account
Of the participation
Of the Pugs and the Poms
And the intervention
Of the Great
Rumpus Cat
The Pekes and the Pollicles
Everyone knows
Are proud and implacable
Passionate foes
It is always the same
Wherever one goes
And the Pugs and the Poms
Are the most people say
That they do not like fighting
Yet once in a way
They now and again
Join into the fray, and they
Bark

Bark
Bark
Bark
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 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
Bark, bark, bark, bark, bark, bark
Until you could hear them
All over the park
And they'd
Bark, bark, bark, bark, bark, bark
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
There are dogs out of every nation
The Irish, the Welsh and the Dane
The Russian, Dutch and Dalmatian
And even from China and Spain
From the Poodle, the Pom
The Alsatian
And the Mastiff
Who walks on a chain
And to those that are frisky
And frolicle
That my meaning be perfectly plain
That my name is Little Tom Pollicle
And you better not do it again
And his 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
Playin' When the Blue Bonnets
Come Over the Border
Then the Pugs and the Poms
Held no longer aloof
But some from the balcony
Some from the roof
Joined into the din with a
Bark, bark, bark, bark, bark, bark
Until you could hear them
All over the park
Huffery-snuffery, huffery-snuffery
Huffery-snuffery, huffery-snuff
Until you could hear them
All over the park
(WHINING AND HOWLING)
Now!
When these bold heroes
Together assembled

The traffic all stopped
And the Underground trembled
And some of the neighbours
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 Rumpus Cat?
His eyes were like fireballs
Fearfully blazing
He gave a great yawn
And his jaws were amazing
And when he looked out
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 to 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 on the street
(WHEN THE BLUE BONNETS
COME OVER THE BORDER)
All hail and all bow to
The Great Rumpus Cat
Jellicle Cats and dogs all must
Pollicle Dogs and cats all must
Like undertakers, come to dust
(THUNDER ROLLS)
Macavity!
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 practise
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 practise 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
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
Jellicle Cats, come one, come all
The Jellicle Moon is shining bright
Jellicles come
To the Jellicle Ball...

(MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY)

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
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
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
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
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
Gus is the cat
At the theatre door
His name, as I ought to
Have told you before
Is really Asparagus
But that's such 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 paws 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 neighbouring 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 has acted with tree
And he likes to relate
His success on the halls
Where the gallery once gave him
Seven cat calls
But his grandest creation
As he loves to tell
Was Firefrorefiddle
The Fiend of the Fell
I have played in my time
Every possible part
And I used to know seventy
Speeches by heart
I'd extemporise backchat
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
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
And I say that 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
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 nothing to equal
From what I hear tell
That moment of mystery
When I made history
As Firefrorefiddle
The Fiend of the Fell...
(MUSIC FADES AWAY, GHOSTLY WIND)
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...

Skimblehanks
The Railway Cat
The cat of the railway train
There's a whisper down the line
At eleven thirty-nine
When the Night Mail's
Ready to depart
Saying Skimble, where is Skimble?
Has he gone to hunt the thimble?
We must find him
Or the train can't start
All the guards and all the porters
And the stationmaster'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
That's when I would appear
And I'd saunter to the rear
I'd been busy in the luggage van
Then he gave one flash
Of his glass-green eyes
And the signal went all clear
They'd be off at last
For the northern part
Of the northern hemisphere
Skimblehanks the Railway Cat
The cat of the railway train
You could 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'd supervise them all
More or less
Down the corridor he paces
And examines all the faces
Of the travellers
In the First and the Third
He establishes control

By a regular patrol
And he'd know at once
If anything occurred
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
You could play no pranks
With Skimbleshanks
He's a cat that cannot be ignored
So nothing went wrong
On the Northern Mail
When Skimbleshanks was aboard
It was very pleasant
When they found their little den
With their name
Written up on the door
And the berth was very neat
With a newly folded sheet
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
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 berths
And pulled down the counterpane

They ought to reflect
It was very nice
To know that they wouldn't
Be bothered by mice
They would leave all that
To the Railway Cat
The cat of the railway train
Skimblehanks the Railway Cat
The cat of the railway train
Skimblehanks the Railway Cat
The cat of the railway train
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
When I was 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
When they got to Gallowgate
There they did not have to wait
For Skimblehanks 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 will meet without fail
On the midnight mail
The cat of the railway train
The cat of the railway
Train

(CRASHING AND BANGING)

(SINISTER LAUGHTER)

(CRASH)

Macavity!

(LAUGHING)

Macavity's a mystery cat
He's called the Hidden Paw
For he's the 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 with 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
For 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
He's outwardly respectable
I know he cheats at cards
And his footprints are not found in
Any files of Scotland Yard's
And when the larder's looted
Or the jewel case is rifled
Or when the milk is missing
Or another Peke's been stifled
Or the greenhouse glass is broken
And the trellis past repair
There's the wonder of the thing
Macavity's not there!
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
Whatever 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 the 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
(MUSIC STOPS ABRUPTLY)
(SINISTER LAUGHTER)
(CATS) Macavity!
(CATS WHISPER)
Macavity's not there.
We have to find
Old Deuteronomy
You ought to ask
Magical 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
The greatest magicians
Have something to learn
From Mr Mistoffelees'
Conjuring turn
And we all say
Oh! Well, I never
Was there ever a cat so clever
As magical Mr Mistoffelees
He is quiet, he is small,
He is black
From his 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 the pack
He's equally cunning with dice
He's 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
That it's merely misplaced
You have seen it one moment
But then it is gone
But you find it next week
Laying out on the lawn
And we all say
Oh! Well, I never
Was there ever a cat so clever
As magical Mr Mistoffelees
Presto!
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
His manner is vague and aloof
And you would think
There was nobody shyer
But his voice can be
Heard on the roof
While he was curled up by the fire
And he's sometimes
Been heard by the fire
While he was about on the roof
At least we all heard
That somebody purred
Which is incontestable proof
Of his singular magical powers
And I've known the family to call
Him in from the garden for hours
While 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...
(LAUGHTER)
Magical!
And not long ago,

This phenomenal cat
Produced seven kittens
Right out of a hat...
(DRUM ROLL)
(DRUM ROLL)
(CATS GASP)
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...
Mystical!
Oh! Well, I never
Was there ever a cat so clever...
Magical! Mystical!
Oh! Well, I never
Was there ever a cat so clever
As magical Mr Mistoffelees
I give you the magical...
The marvellous... Mr Mistoffelees!
Daylight
See the dew on a 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...
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
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
A time I knew what happiness was
Let the memory
Live again
Burnt out ends of smoky 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 the new life
And I mustn't give in
When the dawn comes
Tonight will be a memory, too
And the new day
Will begin
Sunlight through the trees
In summer
Endless masquerading
Like a flower
As the dawn is breaking
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
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
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 our habitat
But how would you
Address a cat?

So first
Your memory I'll jog
And say a cat
Is not a dog
So first
Your memory I'll jog
And say a cat
Is not a dog
With cats
Some say one rule is true
Don't speak till you
Are spoken to
Myself, I do not hold with that
I say you should address a cat
But always keep in mind that he
Resents familiarity
You bow
And taking off your hat
Address him in
This form
"Oh, 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 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
A 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
A 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