Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Text by TREVOR NUNN and RICHARD STILGEO after T.S. ELIOT

[\text{\textit{J} = 132}]

CHORUS (Individually)

\textit{mf} 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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Can you say of your bite that it's worse than your bark? Are you
Can you find your way blind when you're lost in the street? Do you

cock of the walk when you're walking alone? Because
know how to go to the Heavy-side Layer? Because

Jel-licles are and Jel-licles do, Jel-licles can and Jel-licles do,
Jel-licles do and Jel-licles can, Jel-licles can and Jel-licles do,
Jel-licles can and Jel-licles do, Jel-licles do and Jel-licles can,

Jel-licles can and Jel-licles do. When you
Jel-licles can and Jel-licles do. Can you ride on a broom-stick to places far distant Fa-
-ni-lier with can-dle, with book and with bell? Were you Whit-ing-ton's friend? The Pied Pi-per's as-sist-ant? Have you

been an a-lum-nus of hea-ven or hell?_ Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats,_ Jel-li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats,_ Jel-li-

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

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

-gin with a C... that al-ways tri-um-phant-ly brings down the house?

Jel-li-cle Cats... are queen of the nights Sing-ing at as-tro-no-mi-cal heights,
Handel's pieces from the Messiah, Hallelujah, angelical choir.

Meno mosso \( \text{\( \frac{\text{d} = 82}{\text{d} = 82} \)} \)

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

\( \text{G} \) \( \text{D/G} \) \( \text{G} \) \( \text{D} \)

\( \text{Meno mosso \( \frac{\text{d} = 82}{\text{d} = 82} \)} \)

\( \text{Bb} \) \( \text{F} \) \( \text{Bb} \) \( \text{Eb} \) \( \text{Bb} \) \( \text{Ab} \)

\( \text{Eb/G} \) \( \text{F} \) \( \text{Bom} \) \( \text{Bom7} \)
a tempo primo

others who do what Jelly-likes do, and Jelly-likes can, Jelly-likes can and Jelly-likes do,

F7 F13 Bb Eb/Bb F/Bb Bb

Jelly-like Cats sing Jelly-like chants, Jelly-likes old and Jelly-likes new, Jelly-likes songs and

Eb/Bb F/Bb Bb Eb/Bb F/Bb Bb

Jelly-like dance, Jelly-like songs for Jelly-like Cats, Jelly-like songs for Jelly-like Cats, Jelly-like

Eb/Bb F/Bb B B/D# E F#7 B B/D# E

Jelly-like songs for Jelly-like Cats, Jelly-like songs for Jelly-like Cats, Jelly-like

F#7 B B/D# E F#7

Jelly-like
Practical cats, dramatical cats, Pragmatical cats, fanatical cats; Oratory cats, delphic oracle cats, Sceptical cats, dyspeptic cats, Romantic cats, pedantic cats, Critical cats, parasitical cats, Allegorical cats.

Manatical cats, pejorative cats, Conceited cats, paracritical cats, Allegorical cats.

Metaphorical cats, Statistical cats and mystical cats, Political cats, hypotetical cats.
SLOWER, IN FREE TEMPO

SOLLO

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-ble Cat?— What's a Jel-li-ble Cat?— What's a Jel-li-ble Cat?—

Attacca 'The Naming of Cats'
The Naming of Cats

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

CHORUS (spoken in rhythm)

Slow \( \frac{4}{4} \) [\( \frac{4}{4} \) = 60]

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 uses daily, such as Peter, Augustus, Jonathan 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 damsel. Such as Plato, Admetus, Elektra, Demeter, but all of them sensible everyday names. But I tell you a cat needs a name that's particular, a tail perpendicular, or a name that's peculiar, and more dignified. Else he can't keep up his pride.
names of this kind, I can give you a quo-rum, Such as Mun-kus-trap, Que-xo or Cor-i-co-pat, Such as Bom-ba-lu-ri-na, or else Jellylorum, Names that never be-long 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 hu-man re-search can dis-cover, But the cat himself knows, and will never confess. When you notice a cat in profound medi-ta-tion, The reason, I tell you, is always the same: His mind is en-gaged in a rapt con-tem-pla-tion Of the thought, of the thought, of the
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

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

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

SOLO

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

ny dots; Her coat is of the tabby kind, with

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

tie it into sailor knots. She sits up on the

side the hearth or in the sun or on my hat; She

window-sill or anything that's smooth and flat; She

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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 hust- tle and bus- tle is done. Then the Gum-bie Cat's work is but

Sprightly [d = 104]

sim. stacc.

And when all the fam-i-ly's in bed and a-sleep, she

She

hard-ly be-gun... As she finds that the mice will not e-ver keep quiet, she

She thinks that the cock-roaches just need em-ploy-ment. To pre-
tucks up her skirts to the basement to creep. She is deeply concerned with the sure it is due to irregular diet. And be- vent them from idle and wanton destroy. So she's

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, croch-}


ting and tatting. I lieving that nothing is done without trying, 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.

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.
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 Fel-
colla voce

GUMBIE CAT (spoken)

Thank you, my dears!
The Rum Tum Tugger

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

R.T. TUGGER

Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat: If you offer me pheasant I'd rather have grouse.

Rum Tum Tugger is a terrible bore: When you let me in, then I want to be out;

If you put me in a house I would much prefer a flat, If you I'm always on the wrong side of every door. And as

put me in a flat then I'd rather have a house. If you set me on a mouse then I soon as I'm at home, then I'd like to get about. I like to lie in the

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only want a rat, if you set me on a rat then I'd rather chase a mouse.

bureau drawer, But I make such a fuss if I can't get out.

Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat,
Rum Tum Tugger is a Curious Cat,

And there isn't any call for me to shout it;
And it 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!
(out) it!

The Rum Tum Tugger is a curious beast: 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
of-fer me cream then I sniff and sneer, For I only like what I find for my-self;

So you'll catch me in it right up to my ears, If you put it away - on the lar-der shelf.

CHORUS

The Rum Tum Tug-ger is art-ful and know-ing. The Rum Tum Tug - ger does n't

care for a cud - dle; But I'll leap on your lap in the mid-dle of your sew-ing. For there's
no-thing I en-joy like a hor-ri-ble mud-dle.

The Rum Tum Tugger is a Cur-i-ous Cat, And there

isn't any need for me to speak it: For he will do as he

freely do do And there's no doing any-thing a-bow, a-wow, a-bout it!

Dm7/G  Dm7/G

R.T. TUGGER

A#9  D

R.T. TUGGER

A/E  F#m7  A/E  D7  A
Bustopher Jones: the Cat about Town

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

Dignified [ \( \dot{d} = 104 \) ]

CHORUS

Bus-topher Jones is not skin and bones, In fact he's re-mar-ka-ble fat,

... cat we all greet as he walks down the street... In his coat of fas-ti-di-ous black:

... He doesn't haunt pubs, he has eight or nine clubs, For

... No common place mou-sers have such well-cut trou-sers...

... he's the St. James's Street Cat! He's the such an im-pe-ca-ble back:

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In the whole of St. Jame's the smart-est of names is The
name of this Bram-mell of cats. And we're all of us proud to be
nod-ded or bowed to By Bust-o-pher Jones in white spas!

Slower [d = 92]

My vis-its are oc-ca-sion-al to the Se-nior E-du-ca-tion-al And

Slower [d = 92]
it is against the rules For anyone 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 ven'son I give my ben'son to the Pot-hunter'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 cab-bage, rice pud-ding and mutton. In the
whole of St. Jame-s's the smart-est of names is The name of this Brum-mell of cats;
And we're all of us proud to be nod-ded or bowed to By Bus-to-pher Jones in white.
Bus-to-pher Jones in white, Bus-to-pher 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 my life a routine; and I'd say I am

still in my prime: I shall last out my time. That's the word from this stoutest of cats.

It must and it shall be Spring in Pall Mall While Bus-topher Jones wears white,

Bus-topher Jones wears white, Bus-topher Jones wears white spats!
Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

[\( \text{\textbackslash d} = 84 \)]

MUNGOJERRIE and RUMPETEAZER

Mungo-jerrie and Rumpel-teazer, we're a no-tor-i-ous cou-ple of cats. As Mungo-jerrie and Rumpel-teazer have a very un-us-u-al gift of the gab. We are

Dm6

Dm6

knock-a-bout clowns, quick change co-me-di-ans, tight- rope walk-ers and ac-ro-bats. We high-ly ef-fi-cient cat-bur-glars as well and re-mak-a-ble smart at a smash and grab. We

C6

G7

1st time only

have an ex-tend-ive re-pu-ta-tion. We make our home in Vic-tori-a Grove. That is

Dm6

Dm6

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merely our centre of operation, for we are incurably given to rove.

We are very well known in Cornwall Gardens, in make our home in Victoria Grove. We

Launceston Place and in Kensington Square. We have really a little more reputation than a have no regular occupation. We are plausible fellows, and like to engage a

couple of cats can very well bear.

If the friendly policemen in conversation.

When the
a re- a win- dow is found a- jar And the base- ment looks like a field of war, If a fam- ily as- sem- bles for Sun- day din- ner, With their minds made up that they won’t get thin- ner. On
tile or two comes loose on the roof, Which pre- sent- ly fails to be wa- ter- proof, If the Ar- gen- tine joint, po- ta- toes and greens, And the cook would ap- pear from be- hind the scenes, And
drawers are pulled out from the bed- room chests, And you can’t find one of your win- ter vests, Or say in a voice that is broken with sor- row: I’m a- fraid you must wait and have din- ner to- mor- row! For the
after sup- per one of the girls, The Sud- den- ly miss- es her Wool- worth pearls: The
1st time only
(both times)

family will say: ‘It’s that horrible cat!’ Was it Mun-go- jer-rie or

Rum- pel-tea-zer?’ And most of the time they leave it at that.

Mun- go- jer-rie and Rum- pel-tea-zer 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 go through the house like a hurricane, and no

sober person could take his oath. Was it Mungo-jerrie or Rumpel-teazer? Or

could you have sworn that it mightn't be both? And when you hear a dining-room smash Or
up from the pantry there comes a loud crash. Or down from the library, there comes a loud ping. From a
vase which is commonly said to be Ming. Then the family will say: 'Now which is which cat? It was Mungo-jerrie and
Rumpel-teazer!' And there's nothing at all to be done about that!
Old Deuteronomy

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

Slow and sustained [\( \frac{\text{M.}}{44} \)]

SOLO

Old Deuteronomy's lived a long time; He's a
cat who has lived many lives in succession. He was famous in pro-verb and
more, I am tempted to say, ninety-nine; And his numerous progeny
long while before Queen Victoria's accession. in his decline. At the
village is proud of him
sight of that placid and bland physiognomy. When he sits in the sun on the

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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!'
Old Deu-ter-o-no-my sits in the street, He sits in the High Street on cars and the lor- ries run o-ver the kerb, And the vil-la-gers put up a mar-ket day; The bul-lucks may bel-low, the sheep they may bloat, But the dogs and the herds-men will turn them a-way. The feels so dis-posed. The di-

"Road Closed"
Ges-dive re-pose of that fe-line's gas-tro-no-my Must ne-ver be bro-ken, What-ev-er be-fall: And the

Old-est In-hu-bit-tant crooks: "Well, of all things... Can it be, re-al-ly..."

Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye!
My mind may be wan-der-ing,
My legs may be tot-ter-y.

but I con-fess I be-lieve it is Old Deu-ter-o-no-my! Well, of o-no-my!
The Awful Battle of the Pekes and the Pollicles

OF THE AWFUL 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 Rumpuscatt

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, 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

Bark bark bark bark
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'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

Bark bark 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, the Dutch, the Dalmatian,
And even from China and Spain;
The Poodle, the Pomm, the Alsatian
And the mastiff who walks on a chain,
And to those that are frisky and frolicking
Let my meaning be perfectly plain:
That my name it is Little Tom Pollicle —
And you'd 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 piper 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

Bark bark bark bark
Bark bark BARK BARK
Until you could hear them all over the Park.

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 RUMPUSCAT.
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 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.
The Song of the Jellicles

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

[\text{d} = 104]

CHORUS (spoken in rhythm)

Jel - li - cle Cats come out to - night, Jel - li - cle Cats come one come all: The Jel - li - cle Cats are black and white, Jel - li - cle Cats are ra - ther small; Jel - li - cle Cats have cheerful fa - ces, Jel - li - cle Cats have bright black eyes; We

Jel - li - cle Moon is shin - ing bright: Jel - li - cle Cats are mer - ry and bright, And Jel - li - cle Cats are plea - sant to hear when we Jel - li - cle Cats like to pract - ish our airs and graces, And Jel - li - cle Cats wait for the Jel - li - cle Moon to rise.

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Jellicle Cats develop slowly,
Jellicle Cats are rolly polly
We know how to dance a gavotte and a jig.

Til 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;
Jellicle Cats jump like a jumping jack,
Jellicle Cats have moon-lit eyes. We're:
quiet enough in the morning hours, We're quiet enough in the afternoon, Re-

-serving our terp-
si-
chor-
e-

an powers To dance by the light of the Jel-
i-cle Moon.

Jel-
i-cle Cats are black and white, Jel-
i-cle Cats (as we said) are small; If it

hap-
pens to be a stormy night We will prac-
tise a caper or two in the hall. If it
happens the sun is shi-ning bright You would say we had no-thing to do at all: We are rest-ing and sav-ing our-selves to be right. For the Jel-li-cle Moon and the Jel-li-cle Ball.

Jel-li-cle Cats come out to-night, Jel-li-cle Cats come one come all: The poco rall.

Jel-li-cle Moon is shi-ning bright: Jel-li-cles come to the Jel-li-cle Ball. poco rall.

Here follows 'The Jellicle Ball'.
Grizabella: the Glamour Cat

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

Slow [d = 68]

SOLO

haunted many a low resort near the griny road of

Bbm F7 F7

Tottenham Court; she flitted about the Nomans Land. From The

Db Db Eb6 Db/F

Rising Sun to The Friend at Hand. And the postman sighed, as he

Gb Cb Bbm
scratched his head: ‘You'd really have thought she ought to be dead. And

who would ever suppose that THAT Was Grazil relating, the

CHORUS Grazil relating, the

Glamour Cat! Glamour Cat!

Grazil relating, the

Glamour Cat! Who'd ever supposed that THAT

Dbsus Abm Bbm/F F7 F7

Dbsus Db Bbm Cm Bb Ebm
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

\[ \text{[\text{F} = 108]} \]

\[ \text{Gmaj7 D/F\# F#7 Bm Em7} \]

Gus is the Cat at the Theatre Door. His name, as I played, in my time, every possible part, And I used to know how to act with my back and my tail; With an hour of rehearsal, I ought to have told you before, is really Asparagus. But palissy that makes his paw shake. Yet he was, in his youth, quite the seven-year speeches by heart. I'd extemporize back-chat. I heard a, I never could fail. I'd a voice that would soften the

\[ \text{A Dsus2 D Gmaj7 D/F\#} \]

that's such a fuss to pronounce, that we usually call him just Gus. His smart-est of cats: But no longer a terror to mice and to knew how to gag. And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag. I

\[ \text{F#7 Bm G F#m7 Em9 G/A G D} \]

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rants. For he is not the cat that he was in his prime: Though his parts. I have sat by the Pantomime season I never fell 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 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 likes to relate his success on the Halls, Where the
acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree. And he calls, But his
gallery once gave him seven cats.

grand-est crea-tion, as he loves to tell, Was Fire-from-fiddle, the

Fiend of the Fell.

But my grand-est crea-tion, as his-tory will tell, Was
Fire - froe - fid - de, 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 Shakespear performance he

once walked on pat, when some actor suggested the need for a cat. And
say: Now, these kittens, they do not get trained. As we did in the
never get drilled in a regular troupe. And they think they are

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
Nothing to equal, from what I heeltell, That moment of

mystery When I made history As F ire f rode fiddle, the

rall.

Fiend of the Fell.

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 . . .

attacca 'Growltiger's Last Stand'
Growltiger's Last Stand

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T.S. ELIOT

Growltiger was a Bravo Cat, who travelled on a barge: In fact he was the rough-est cat that
never roamed at large. From Graves-end up to Oxford he pursued his evil aims, Re-
jicing in his title of 'The Terror of the Thames'.

His
manners and appearance did not to the weak canary, that calculated to please; His coat was torn and see-dy, he was

baggy at the knees; One ear was somewhat missing, no need to tell you why. And he faced Growltiger's rage; Woe to the bristy Bandicoot, that lurks on foreign ships. And

scowled upon a hostile world from one for-bidding eye. The cot-tagers of Ro-ther-hithe knew woe to any cat with whom Growlti-ger came to grips! But most to cats of foreign race his

something of his fame; At Ham-mer-smith and Put-ney people shud-dered at his name. They would hat-red had been vowed: To cats of for-reign name and race no quar-ter was al-lowed. The
for ti fy the hen-house, lock up the silly goose, When the rumour ran along the shore: 'Growl-
Persian and the Siamese regarded him with fear, Because it was a Siamese had

a tempo (rall. 2nd time)

a tempo (rall. 2nd time)

Slow [d = 88]

Woe ear.

Slow [d = 88] Now

on a peaceful summer night, all nature seemed at play, The tender moon was shining bright, the
Buck-o-mate, Grum-bus-kin, long since had disappeared, For to The Bell at Hampton he had

Db Fm Bbm Fm Ab Bbm
The text is not fully visible due to the image being cropped. However, it appears to be a musical score with text in the margin. The text in the margin is partially obscured, but some words and phrases are visible. It seems to be a verse or a section of a song, with musical notation above and below the text. The visible part of the text includes phrases like "in the balmy moonlight it lay" and "growling for his prey." Due to the image quality and cropping, the full content cannot be accurately transcribed.
barrels and their bunks, As the Si-amese came creeping in their sam-pans and their junks. Growl-
-tiger had no eye or ear for aught but Grid-dle-bone, And the La-dy seemed en-raptu-red by his
man-ly bar-i-tone, Dis-posed to re-lax-a-tion, and a-wait-ing no sur-prise; But the
moon-light shone re-flec-ted from a thou-sand bright blue eyes. And clo-ser still and clo-ser the
poco accel.
sam-pans cir- cled round, And yet from all the e- ne - my there was not heard a sound. The

foe was armed with toast-ing forks and cru-el car-ving knives, And the loy-vers sang their last du-et, in dan-ger of their lives.

*Here follows 'The Ballad of Billy M'Caw' (p. 74)*
gave a screech, for she was badly scared; I'm sorry to admit it, but she quickly disappeared.

She probably escaped with ease, I'm sure she was not drowned; But a serried ring of
flashing steel Growl - ti - ger did sur - round.

ruth - less foe pressed for - ward, in stub - born rank on rank; Growl -

-tiger to his vast sur - prise was forced to walk the plank. He

who a hun - dred vic - tims had dri - ven to that drop. At the
end of all his crimes was forced to go ker-flop, ker-flop. Oh there was joy in Wapping when the news flew through the land: at rall. molto Slower

Maiden-head and Henley there was dancing on the strand. Rats were roasted whole in Brentford, Cm9 F F

and Victoria Dock. And a day of celebration was commanded in Bangkok.
The Ballad of Billy M’Caw

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

[Solo [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 came 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
par-ret, the par-ret named Bil-ly M’Caw, that brought all those folk to the bar. Ah!

freely

he was the life of the bar. Of a sat-ta-day night, we was all feel-ing bright. And

colla voce

B7sus   B7   A         F#m    B7

a tempo

Li-ly La Rose, the barmaid that was, she’d say ‘Bil-ly! Bil-ly M’-Caw!’ Come

A  F#m  B7   E

a tempo

give us, come give us a dance on the bar. And Bil-ly would dance on the bar, and
Billy would dance on the bar.
And then we'd feel balmy, in

C#m E7 A F#m

each eye a tear, And emo-tion would make us all or-der more beer. Li-ly,

rall.

B A F#m B

a tempo

she was a girl what had brains in her head; She would'n't have no-think, no

a tempo

E C#m C# F#m

not that much said. If it come to an ar-gu-ment, or a dis-pute, She'd set-tie it off-hand with the

sim. legato

B E C#m C# F#m7
toe of her boot Or as likely as not put her fist through your eye. But

when we were happy, and just a bit dry, Or when we were thirsty, and

just a bit sad, She would rap on the bar with that cork-screw she had And say

"Billy! Billy M'-Caw!" Come give us a tune on your pastoral flute!" And

"Billy! Billy M'-Caw!" Come give us a tune on your mo-ley gui-tar!" And
Bil-ly'd strike up on his pas-to-ral flute, and Bil-ly'd strike up on his pas-to-ral flute.

then we'd feel bal-my, in each eye a tear, and e-mo-tion would make us all

or-der more beer. or-der more beer. 'Bil-ly! Bil-ly M' Caw! Come

give us a tune on your mo-ley gui-tar! Ah! He was the Life of the bar.
Skimbleshanks: the Railway Cat

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by T. S. ELIOT

Lively \( \dot{\text{q}} = 98 \)

**CHORUS**

Skimbleshanks, the Railway Cat, the

Cat of the Railway Train!

There's a

Vivace \( \dot{\text{q}} = 144 \)

whisper down the line at eleven thirty-nine When the

**Vivace** \( \dot{\text{q}} = 144 \)

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CHORUS (1st time)

Night Mail's ready to depart,
Sleeping Car Express

A D/A A E F#m/E B7/E

gone to hunt the thimble? We must find him or the train can't
back men playing cards I would supervise them all, more or

E sus2 E/B G#m A A/B

SKIMBLE (1st time)

CHORUS (2nd time)

start.' All the guards and all the porters and the station-master's daughters would be
less.
Down the corridor he paces and examines all the faces of the

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

searching high and low,
travellers in the First and the Third:

Say-ing 'Skimble where is Skimble, for un-

A D/A A A/E E F#m/E B7/E
-less he's very nim-bie Then the Night Mail just can't go. 
re-gu-lar pat-roil And he'd know at once if any-thing oc-curred. 
At e-
He would
Esus2 E/B Gm A A/B E

e-le-ven for-ty-two with the sig-nal o-ver-due And the
watch you with-out wink-ing and he saw what you were think-ing And it's
E G/E Fm/E

pas-sen-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
Of hi-la-ri-ty and ri-ot, so the
E G/E Fm E A E/G#

sau-ner to the rear: I'd been bus-ty in the lug-gage
folk were very qui-et When Skim-ble was a-bout and on the
Fm11 E/G# A E/G#
van! move.
Then he gave one flash of his
play no pranks with.

glass-green eyes And the signal went 'All Clear!' They'd be
Skimble-shanks! He's a cat that cannot be ignored.

off at last for the northern part Of the Northern Hemisphere
nothing went wrong on the Northern Mail When Skimble-shanks was a-

CHORUS

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

It was very pleasant when they'd ev'ry sort of light, you could board.

found their lit-tle den with their name writ-ten up on the make it dark or bright, And a but-ton that you turn to make a door.

And the berth was ve-ry neat with a new-ly folded sheet And a fun-ny lit-tle ba-sin you're sup-posed to wash your face in And a
not a speck of dust on the floor.

There was no 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.

CHORUS

When they crept into their cozy 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-es 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... With per-haps a drop of Scotch while I was keep-ing on the watch, On-ly sta-tion; They were sleep-ing all the while I was bus-y at Car-lisle, Where I stop-ping here and there to catch a flea. They were met the sta-tion ma-ster with e-la-tion. 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-

F C/E Dm F/C Bb Eb/Bb Bb
CHORUS

About: When they got to Gallowgate there they did not have to wait. For

Gm/F F Bb F/A Gm11 F/A

rall. molto

Skimble-shanks would help them to get out! And he

Bb F/A Gm11 C7 C7

rall. molto

a tempo

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

F C/E Dm F/C Bb F

a tempo

rall. molto

meet without fail on the Midnight Mail the Cat of the Railway Train.

Gm/F C7/F Fsus2 F Am7 Bb Bb/C F

rall. molto
Macavity: the Mystery Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. Eliot

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whisper

-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 broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity. His

powers of le-vi-ta-tion would make a fakir 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
cyes are sun-ken in. His brow is deep-ly lined with thought, his head is high-ly domed; His
coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed. 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-

-activity, Mac-activity, there's no one like Mac-activity. There

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

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

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

Finger snaps
cards.)
And his footprint are not found in any tray,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans or
file of Scotland Yard's drawings by the way,
And when the master's looted, or the
Finger snaps
jewel-case is rifled, or when the milk is missing, or an-
Secret Service say: 'It must have been Macavity!' but
other Pekes been stilled, Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the
he's a mile away. You'll be
trel's past repair. There’s the wonder of the thing, Macavity’s not there! ff Mac-

sure to find him resting, or a licking of his thumbs, Or en-

-gaged in doing complicated long division sums. ff Mac-

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

Cm Cm/Eb F7 D7/E# (G7) Cm Cm/Eb
-ceil-ful-ness and sua-vi-ty. He al-ways has an a-li-bi, and one or two to spare: what-

e-ver time the deed took place, Mac-a-vi-ty was-n’t there! And they say that all the cats whose wick-ed

deads are wide-ly known (I might men-tion Mun-go-er-rie, Rum-ple-tea-zer, Grid-dle-bone)  

Are

Finger snaps

no-thing more than ag-ents for the cat who all the time just con-trols the o-pе-ra-tions: The Na-
- po- le- on of Crime!

Mac-

a- vi- 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- ster of de- prav- ity. 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  A7/7,
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 Mistoffelees's Conjuring Turn. Presto! And we all say:

CHORUS

Oh! Well I never! Was there ever a cat so clever as Magical Mister Mistoffe-

fel-ees! fel-ees! He is quiet, he is small, he is black. His manner is vague and aloof. From his

You would

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ears to the tip of his tail;  
think there was no-body shy-er. 

But his voice has been heard on the roof.  
When

walk on the narrow-est rail.  
his voice was curled up by the fire.  

He is pick a-ny card from a pack,  
And he's some-times been heard by the fire,  
When

e-qual-ly cunning with dice;  
He is always deceiv-ing you in-to believ-ing  
That he's 

he was a-bout on the roof  
(at least we all heard) that some-body purred)  
Which is

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

in-con-test-a-ble proof  
Of his sin-gu-lar ma-gi-cal powers: And I've known the family to call  
Him

C7  C7  C7  C7
look for a knife or a fork
in from the garden for hours,
And you think it is merely misplaced,
While he was asleep in the hall.
You have

seen it one moment, and then it is gawn!
Not long ago this phenomenal cat
Produced seven kittens right out of a hat!

1st time Dal Segno 2nd time on

CHORUS

And we all say: Oh! Well I never! Was there ever a cat so clever as

And we all said:

Magical Mister Mistofflees!
-fel-ees!

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the marvellous, Magical
Mister Mistofflees! Presto!
Memory

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
TREVOR NUNN
after T.S. ELIOT

Freely [d. = 50]

GRIZABELLA

Mid-night, Not a sound from the pavement. Has the moon lost her memory?

Me-mory, All alone in the moonlight. I can smile at the memory?

She is smil-ing al- one. In the old days, I was beau-ti-ful then. I re-

lamp-light the wi-thered leaves col-lect at my feet. And the mem-

bo-t the time I knew what hap-pi-ness was. Let the

Cm

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wind begins to moan. memory lives again.
Every street lamp seems to beat a
fatalistic warning. Someone mutters and a
street lamp gutter and soon it will be morning.
Burnt out ends of smoky days, the stale cold smell of morning. The street lamp dies, another night is over, another day is dawning.
a tempo

Touch me. It's so easy to leave me. All alone with the

a tempo

Db

Bbm

rall.

memory. Of my days in the sun. If you touch me you'll understand what

rall.

Gb

Fm

Eb6sus

Eb

a tempo – slightly slower

happiness is. Look a new day has begun.

rall.

Bbm

Ab

Gb/Ab

Db

a tempo – slightly slower

[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

Chorus

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

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

Text by T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 92]

You've heard of several kinds of cat, And dogs pretend they like 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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learnt about our proper names, Our habits and our habitat: But frequently undig-ni-fied. He's such an easy-going lout, He'll

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

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

old deuteronomy

Bb F/Bb Eb/Bb F7/Bb (no 5th)
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.

With cats, some say, one rule is true: Don’t speak till you are spoken to. My -
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 condescend To 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:

dress a cat.