



CATS

THE SONGS FROM THE MUSICAL BY
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

BASED ON 'OLD POSSUM'S BOOK
OF PRACTICAL CATS' BY T.S. ELIOT

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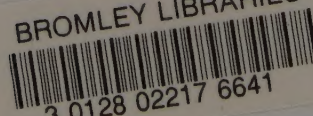
BASED ON 'OLD POSSUM'S BOOK OF PRACTICAL CATS' BY

T. S. ELIOT

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Cats is recorded on a Polydor double album (CD 817 810 2, Cassette CATXC 001)

CONTENTS

Overture	5
Prologue: Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats	11
The Naming of Cats	20
The Invitation to the Jellicle Ball (<i>text only</i>)	22
The Old Gumbie Cat	23
The Rum Tum Tugger	29
Bustopher Jones: the Cat about Town	34
Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer	41
Old Deuteronomy	47
The Awefull Battle of the Pekes and the Pollicles (<i>text only</i>)	51
The Song of the Jellicles	52
Grizabella: the Glamour Cat	56
The Moments of Happiness (<i>text only</i>)	58
Gus: the Theatre Cat	59
Growltiger's Last Stand	65
The Ballad of Billy M'Caw	74
Skimbleshanks: the Railway Cat	79
Macavity: the Mystery Cat	88
Mr Mistoffelees	97
Memory	100
The Journey to the Heaviside Layer	105
The Ad-dressing of Cats	106

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I began setting *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* to music late in 1977, partly because it is a book I remember with affection from my childhood and partly because I wanted to set existing verse to music. When I have written with lyricists in the past we have agreed together the dramatic structure, but for the most part the lyrics have been written to the music. So I was intrigued to see whether I could write a complete piece the other way round.

Very luckily *Old Possum* contains verses that are extraordinarily musical; they have rhythms that are very much their own, like the 'Rum Tum Tugger' or 'Old Deuteronomy' and, although clearly they dictate to some degree the music that will accompany them, they are frequently of irregular and exciting metre and are very challenging to a composer.

My first plans were for a concert anthology, and it was with this in mind that some of my settings were performed in the summer of 1980 at the Sydmonton Festival. Mrs Eliot fortunately came to the concert and brought with her various unpublished pieces of verse by her husband, including 'Grizabella: the Glamour Cat.' The musical and dramatic images that this created for me made me feel that there was very much more to the project than I had realized. In Trevor Nunn I found a collaborator with a taste for tackling theatrical problems that most people would consider insoluble. Together we worked out a dramatic structure for a full evening, helped by further unpublished Eliot material that Mrs Eliot kindly provided and by the many references to cats in the main body of his writing. The show, as its form emerged, gave me an exciting opportunity to compose dance music and I was fortunate to be guided through the unfamiliar world of choreography by someone as experienced as Gillian Lynne.

I enjoyed working on *Cats* as much as on any show on which I have worked. My gratitude will be undying to Valerie Eliot without whose encouragement it could never have taken its present form.

Cats opened at the New London Theatre on May 11th 1981. This folio contains most of the music from the London production as recorded on the Polydor double album. For reasons of space there are inevitably some omissions, principally the longer dance sections and the extended setting of 'The Pekes and the Pollicles'. There are also some small alterations and cuts, notably in the Prologue 'Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats'.

T. S. Eliot wrote the *Old Possum* poems in a series of letters to his godchildren and it is almost certain that their parents were just as much the intended recipients of the poems as those children. I hope that the music of *Cats* achieves the sense of fun that abounds in Eliot's verse.

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

A Note on the Text

Most of the poems comprising *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* (1939) have been set to music complete and in their originally published form; a few have been subject to a minor revision of tense or pronoun, and eight lines have been added to 'The Song of the Jellicles'. However, some of our lyrics, notably 'The Marching Song of the Pollicle Dogs' and the story of 'Grizabella', were discovered among the unpublished writings of Eliot. The prologue is based on ideas and incorporates lines from another unpublished poem, entitled 'Pollicle Dogs and Jellicle Cats'. 'Memory' includes lines from and is suggested by 'Rhapsody on a Windy Night', and other poems of the Prufrock period. All other words in the show are taken from the Collected Poems.

TREVOR NUNN

Overture

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

[♩. = 124]

The musical score is written for piano in 6/8 time. It consists of four systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb).

- System 1:** Measures 1-8. The tempo is marked [♩. = 124]. The first staff has a melodic line with eighth and quarter notes. The second staff has a rhythmic accompaniment of eighth notes. The dynamic is *p marcato*.
- System 2:** Measures 9-12. The first staff features a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The second staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamic is *f*.
- System 3:** Measures 13-16. The first staff has a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The second staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamic is *f*.
- System 4:** Measures 17-20. The first staff has a melodic line with eighth notes and rests. The second staff continues the rhythmic accompaniment. The dynamic is *mf legato*.

21

mp

25

mp

33

35

37

cresc. poco a poco

39

Two staves of music. The treble staff contains eighth and sixteenth notes with various accidentals (flats and naturals). The bass staff contains a mix of eighth and quarter notes, also with accidentals.

41

Two staves of music. The treble staff features a series of beamed sixteenth notes and eighth notes. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

43

Two staves of music. The treble staff continues with beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

45

Two staves of music. The treble staff features a series of beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

47

Two staves of music. The treble staff contains a series of beamed sixteenth notes. The bass staff has a mix of eighth and quarter notes.

49

49

51

51

53

f

B $\flat$ B $\flat$ C/B $\flat$

56

C/B $\flat$ F F

59

f

Grandly
[♩. = 90]

B $\flat$ B $\flat$ B $\flat$

con Ped.
B $\flat$

62

Measures 62-64 of a piano piece. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody in the right hand consists of eighth and quarter notes. The left hand features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in measures 62 and 63, followed by a half-note chord in measure 64. A fermata is placed over the final chord in measure 64.

C/B $\flat$

66

Measures 66-68 of a piano piece. The key signature has two flats. The right hand continues with eighth and quarter notes. The left hand has an eighth-note accompaniment in measures 66 and 67, and a half-note chord in measure 68 with a fermata.

E $\flat$ /B $\flat$

70

Measures 70-72 of a piano piece. The key signature has two flats. The right hand melody includes a B-flat in measure 70. The left hand has an eighth-note accompaniment in measures 70 and 71, and a half-note chord in measure 72 with a fermata.

A/B $\flat$

74

Measures 74-76 of a piano piece. The key signature changes to one flat (B-flat) and one sharp (F-sharp). The right hand melody includes several sharps. The left hand has an eighth-note accompaniment in measures 74 and 75, and a half-note chord in measure 76 with a fermata.

D

78

Measures 78-80 of a piano piece. The key signature changes to two sharps (F-sharp and C-sharp). The right hand melody includes several sharps. The left hand has an eighth-note accompaniment in measures 78 and 79, and a half-note chord in measure 80 with a fermata.

E/D

E♭/D

B_b

Bb

8.

(loco)

Bb

Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

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

[♩ = 132]

CHORUS (Individually)

mf Are you blind when you're born? Can you
fall on your head — do you

p rall. *mf a tempo*

Em

see in the dark? — Can you look at a king? — Would you sit on his throne?
land on your feet? — Are you tense when you sense there's a storm in the air? —

F F D Em

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

Em Cmaj7 F7

CHORUS (Tutti)

cock of the walk _ when you're walk-ing a-lone? Be-cause Jel-li-cles are _ and Jel - li-cles do, _ Jel-li -
know how to go _ to the Hea-vi-side Layer? Be-cause Jel-li-cles can _ and Jel - li-cles do, _ Jel-li -

Bb7 B7 E E A B

- cles do and Jel-li-cles would, Jel - li-cles would and Jel - li-cles can, _ Jel - li - cles can and Jel-li-cles do,
- cles do and Jel-li-cles can, _ Jel - li-cles can and Jel - li-cles do, _ Jel - li - cles do and Jel-li-cles can,

E A B E A B

— Jel - li-cles can and Jel-li-cles do. _ When you — Jel - li-cles can and Jel-li-cles do. _ Can you ride on a broom-stick to pla-ces far dis-tant Fa -

E A B Em F

- mi-liar with can- dle, with book and with bell? Were you Whit-ting-ton's friend? The Pied Pi-per's as-sist - ant? Have you

D Em Cmaj7 F7

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-

Bb7 B7 E C7 F F/A Bb C

- li-cle Cats, Jel-li - cle _ songs for Jel-li-cle Cats, _ Jel - li-cle songs for Jel-li-cle Cats,_ Jel - li -

F F/A Bb C F F/A Bb C

- 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,_

F# F#/A# B C#7 F# F#/A# B C#7

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

-ets 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,

F# F#/A# B C#7 Gm Ab Ab/G

F F7 Gm Ebmaj7

Ab7 Db D7 G

G C/G G D7/G

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature changes throughout the piece, as indicated by the sharp and flat symbols at the beginning of each system. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. Chord symbols are placed below the piano accompaniment line. The score is divided into four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The first system starts with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The second system changes to two sharps (F#, C#). The third system changes to one sharp (F#) and then to one flat (Bb). The fourth system changes to two sharps (F#, C#) and then to one sharp (F#).

Han - del-ling pie - ces from the Mes-si - ah, Hal - le - lu-jah, — an - ge - li - cal choir. —

G D/G G D

Meno mosso [$\text{♩} = 82$]

mp The mys - ti - cal di - vin - i - ty of un - a - shamed fe -

mp Meno mosso [$\text{♩} = 82$]

B $\flat$ B $\flat$ F

- lin - i - ty *f* Round the ca - the - dral rang "Vi - vat". Life to the

f

B $\flat$ F B $\flat$ E $\flat$ B $\flat$ A $\flat$

e - ver - last - ing cat, *mf* Fe - line, fear - less, faith - ful and true To

mf

E $\flat$ /G F B $\flat$ m B $\flat$ m7

a tempo primo

o - thers who do what *f* Jel - li - cles do, — and Jel - li - cles can, — Jel - li - cles can and Jel - li - cles do, —

f a tempo primo

F7 F13 Bb Eb/Bb F/Bb Bb

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

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

Jel - li - cle dance, Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li -

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

- cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats. —

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

Prac-ti-cal cats, dra - ma-ti-cal cats, Prag - ma-ti-cal cats, fa - na-ti-cal cats, O-ra -

8 Cm Db/C Bb/C loco Cm

- to-ri-cal cats, del-phic - o-ra-cle cats, Scep-ti-cal cats, dys - pep-ti-cal cats, Ro -

Abmaj7 Db7 Gb7 G7 C

-man-ti-cal cats, pe - dan-ti-cal cats, Cri-ti-cal cats, pa-ra-si-ti-cal cats, Al-le-go-ri-cal cats,

C Csus4 C Csus4

met-a-phor-i-cal cats, Sta-tis-ti-cal cats and mys - ti-cal cats, Po - li-ti-cal cats, hy-po -

C Csus4 C Csus4

- cri - ti - cal cats, — Cle - ri - cal cats, hys - ter - i - cal cats, — Cyn - i - cal cats, rab -

C# C#sus C#

- bi - ni - cal cats. — Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li - cle bells that Jel -

C#sus D D/F# G9 A7

- li - cles ring, Jel - li - cle sharps and Jel - li - cle flats, — Jel - li - cle songs that Jel - li - cles sing, — Jel - li -

D D/F# G9 A7 D D/F# G9 A7

- cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li - cle songs for Jel - li - cle Cats, — Jel - li -

Eb Eb/G Ab9 Bb Eb Eb/G Ab9

-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.

Bb Eb Eb/G Ab9 Bb Eb Eb/G Ab

Slower, in free tempo

SOLO

There's a man o-ver there — with a look of sur-prise, — As much as to say, — well now

Slower (*colla voce*)

Ebm Fb Db

how a-bout that? — Do I ac-tual-ly see — with my own ve-ry eyes — A

Ebm Cbb7 Fb

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? —

A Bb Eb

Attacca 'The Naming of Cats'

The Naming of Cats

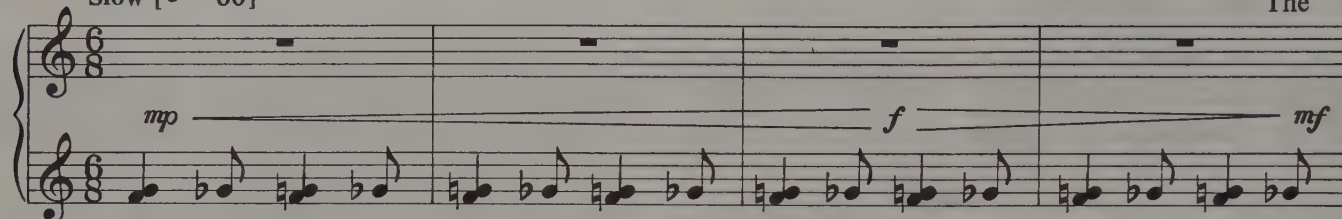
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Text by
T.S. ELIOT

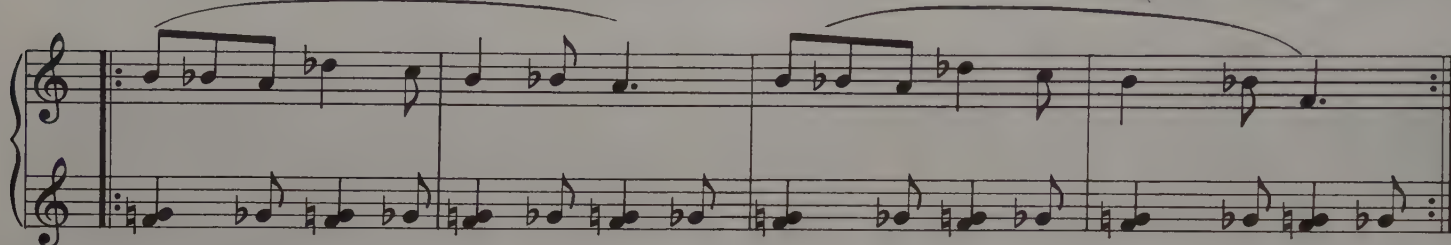
CHORUS (spoken in rhythm)

Slow [♩ = 60]

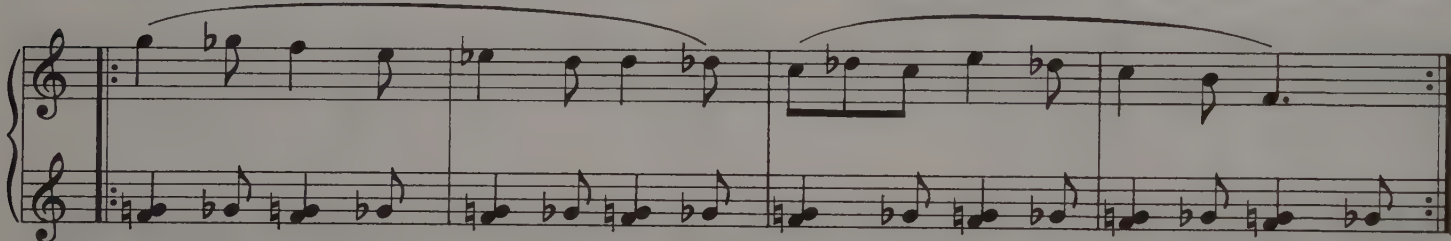
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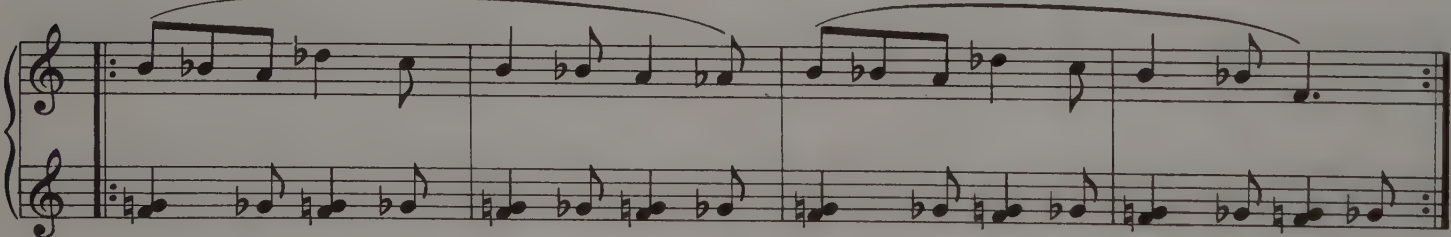
Nam-ing of Cats is a dif-fi-cult mat-ter, It is - n't just one of your hol-i-day games; You
may think at first I'm as mad as a hatter When I tell you a cat must have three different names. First of



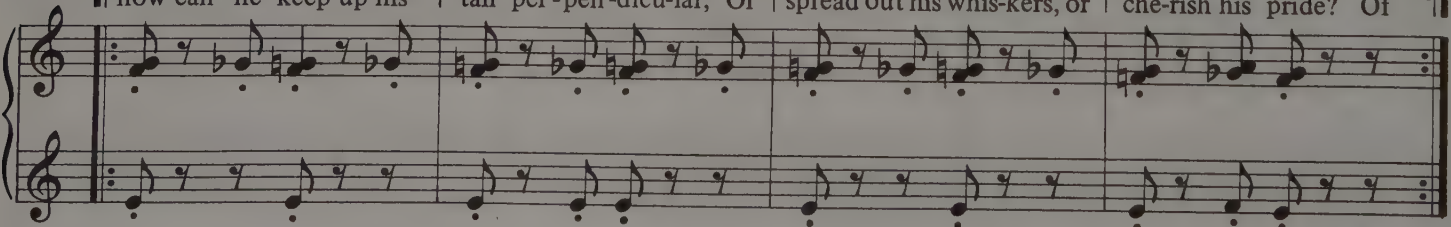
all, there's the name that the family use dai-ly, Such as Pet - er, Au - gus-tus, A - lon - zo or James, Such as
Vic - tor or Jon - a-than, George or Bill Bailey, All of them sen - si-ble ev - ery-day names. There are



fan - ci - er names if you think they sound sweeter, Some for the gen - tle-men, some for the dames: Such as
Pla - to, Ad - me - tus, E - lec-tra, De - me - ter, But all of them sen - si-ble ev - ery-day names. But I



tell you, a cat needs a name that's par-ticu-lar, A name that's pe-cu-liar, and more dig-ni-fied, Else
how can he keep up his tail per-pen-dicu-lar, Or spread out his whis-kers, or che-rish his pride? Of



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

8

legato

staccato

Bom - ba - lu - ri - na, or | else Jellylorum, Names that | never be-long to | more than one cat. But a -

loco

bove and beyond there's still | one name left ov-er, 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

thought

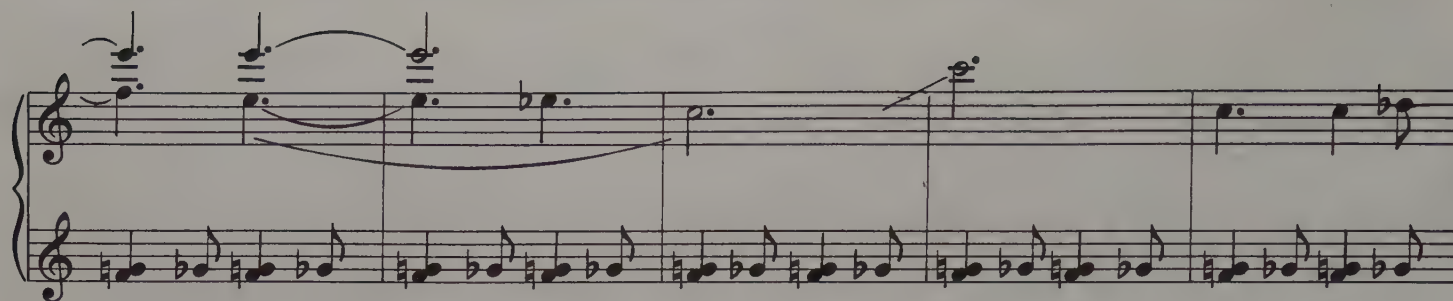
of his

name:

His in - eff-a-ble

eff-a-ble

Eff - an - in -



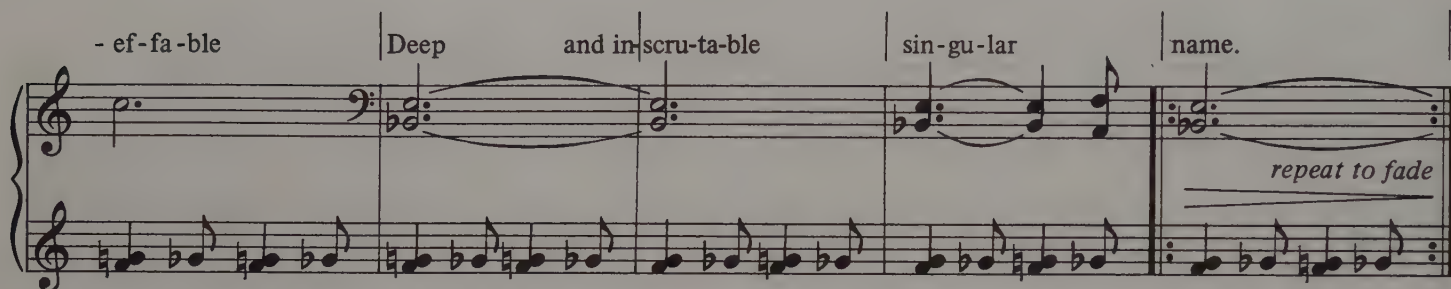
- ef-fa-ble

Deep

and in-scru-ta-ble

sin-gu-lar

name.

*repeat to fade*

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 Heaviside 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) [$\text{♩} = 104$]

SOLO

I have a Gum - bie Cat in mind, — Her name is Jen - ny - a -

ny dots; — { Her coat is of the tab - by kind, — with
Her e - qual would be hard to find, — she
The cur - tain cord she likes to wind, — and

ti - ger stripes and leo - pard spots. — All day she sits up -
likes the warm and sun - ny spots. — All day she sits be -
tie it in - to sai - lor 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: — } She
win - dow - sill — or a - ny - thing that's smooth — and flat: — }

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

Am7 Am6 Em7 Fmaj7 Bb7 B7

rall. CHORUS

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

rall.

C7 Am7 Bm7 B7 Em

Sprightly [♩ = 104]

when the day's hus - tle and bus - tle is done, — Then the Gum-bie Cat's work — is but

Sprightly [♩ = 104] *sim. stacc.*

Cm B(b5) Eb/Bb A° Ab7 G7

hard - ly be - gun. — { And when all the fa - mi - ly's in bed and a - sleep — She
As she finds that the mice will not e - ver keep quiet, — She is
She thinks that the cock - roa - ches just need em - ploy - ment To pre-

Cm Cm6 G7 Cm B(b5) Eb/Bb A°

1

tucks up her skirts to the base-ment 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

Ab7 G7 Cm Ab

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

Bb Bb7 Eb Ebmaj7 Abmaj7

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

Db Db G7

SOLO

2

- ting and tat - ting. I - liev - ing that no - thing is done with-out try - ing, She sets

Cm Ab Bb Bb7

right to work with her bak-ing and fry-ing. She makes them a mouse-cake of bread

E♭ Ebmaj7 A♭maj7 D♭

and dried peas, And a beau-ti-ful fry of lean ba-con and cheese. I

D♭ G7 G7

SOLO

formed, from that lot of dis-or-der-ly louts, A troop of well-di-sci-plined

A♭ B♭7 E♭

3

help-ful boy scouts, With a pur-pose in life and a good deed to do; And she's

A♭maj7 D♭ D♭

3

ev - en cre - a - ted a Bee - tles' Tat - too. —

G G7 Cm B°

Cm/B A° Ab7 G7 Cm G7

Cm B° Cm/Bb A° Ab7 G7 Cm

Ab Bb7 Ebmaj7

So for Old Gum-bie Cats let us now give three cheers, — on whom

Abmaj7 Dbmaj7 Db6 Dbmaj7 Dbmaj7 Db

well - or - dered house - holds de - pend, it ap - pears. — Three cheers!

G7 G+ G Cm Cm/B

— three cheers! — three cheers! — For she's a Jol-ly Good Fel -

Slow 3

colla voce

Cm/Bb Cm/A Abmaj7 G7 Cmaj F

a tempo

- low. . .

GUMBIE CAT (spoken)

Thank you, my dears! —

a tempo

D7/F# Cm

The Rum Tum Tugger

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 120]

CHORUS

The
The

R.T. TUGGER

Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur-i - ous Cat: If you of-fer me pheasant I'd ra-ther have grouse.
Rum Tum Tug - ger is a ter-ri-ble bore: When you let me in, then I want to be out;

A#9

If you put me in a house I would much pre-fer a flat, If you
I'm al-ways on the wrong side of e-ver-y door, And as

E

E7

E

E7

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

D

D7

D

D7

E

E7

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CHORUS

on - ly want a rat, If you set me on a rat then I'd ra-ther chase a mouse. The
bur - eau drawer, But I make such a fuss if I can't get out. The

E7 Dm7/G Dm7/G

R.T. TUGGER

Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur - i - ous Cat, And there is-n't an-y call for me to shout it: }
Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur - i - ous Cat, And it is-n't an-y use for you to doubt it: }

A#9

CHORUS

R.T. TUGGER

For he will do as he do do And there's no do-ing a -ny-thing a - bout _____ it!

D A/E F#m A/E

CHORUS

The

2
(out) it!

Am D7

CHORUS R.T. TUGGER

The Rum Tum Tug - ger is a cur - i - ous beast: My

Em

dis - o - bli - ging ways are a mat - ter of ha - bit. If you of - fer me fish then I

A#9 E E7

al - ways want a feast; When there is - n't a - ny fish then I won't eat rab - bit. If you

E E7 D D7 D D7

of-fer me cream then I sniff and sneer, For I on - ly like what I find for my-self;

E E7 E E7 D7

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

E7 Dm7/G

CHORUS

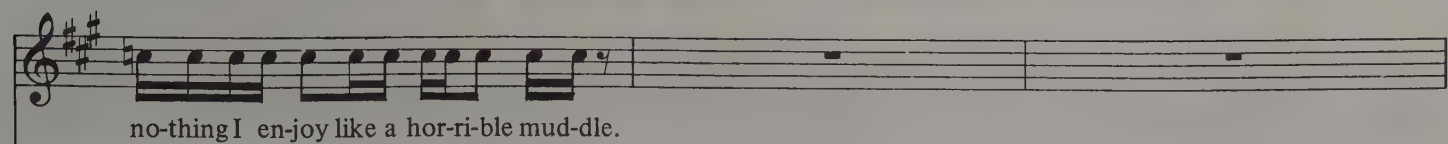
The Rum Tum Tug-ger is art-ful and know-ing. The Rum Tum Tug - ger does-n't

Dm7/G

R.T. TUGGER

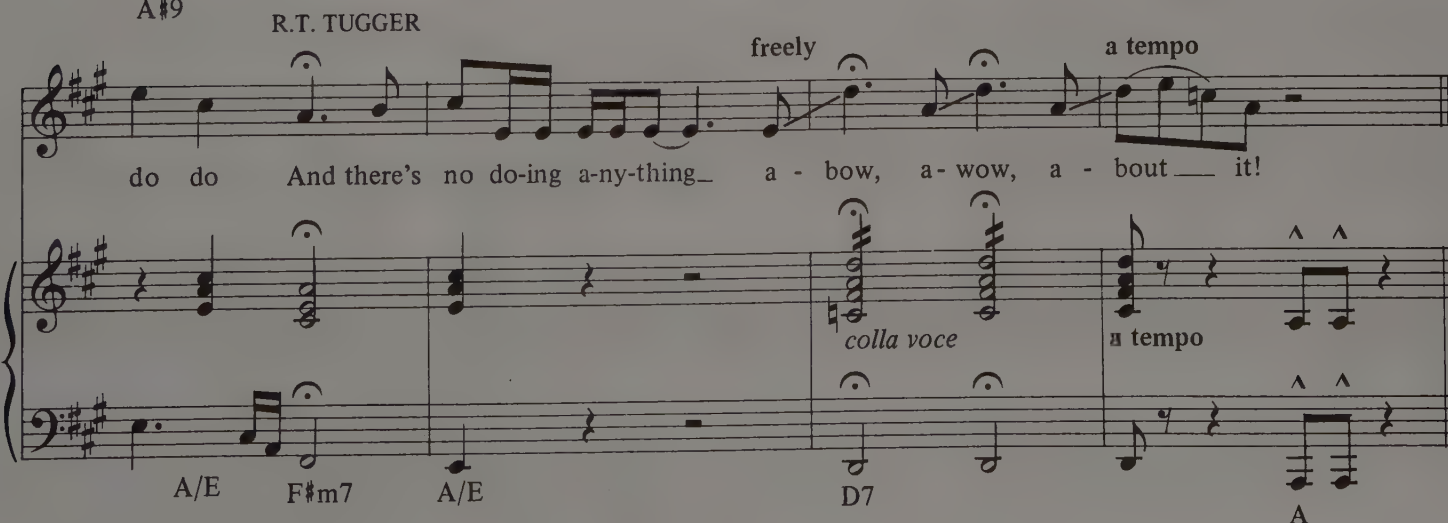
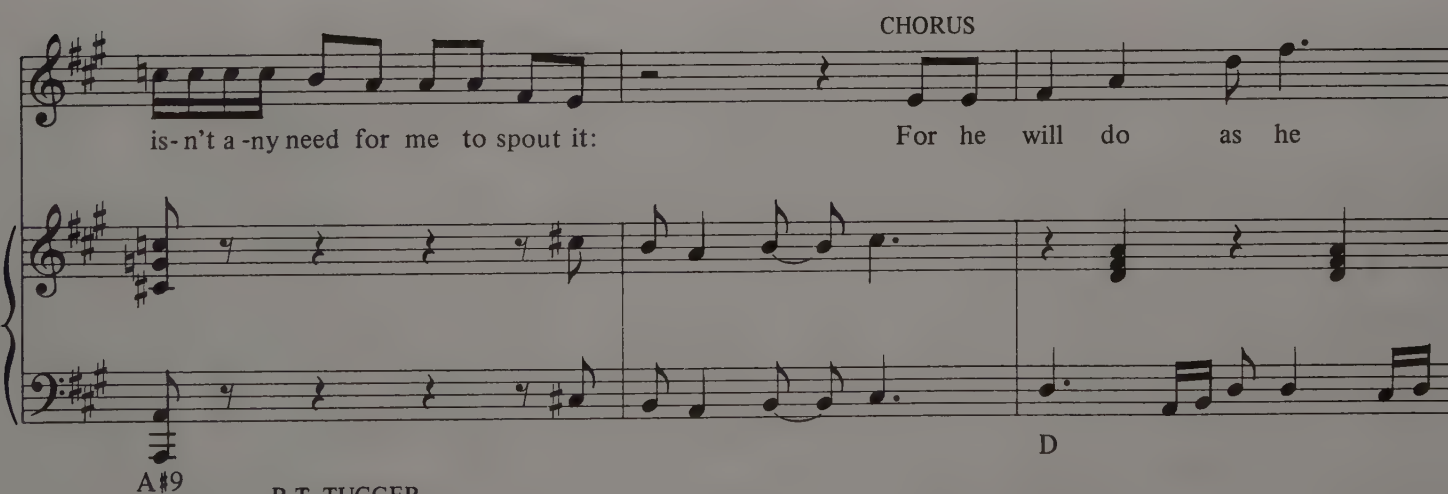
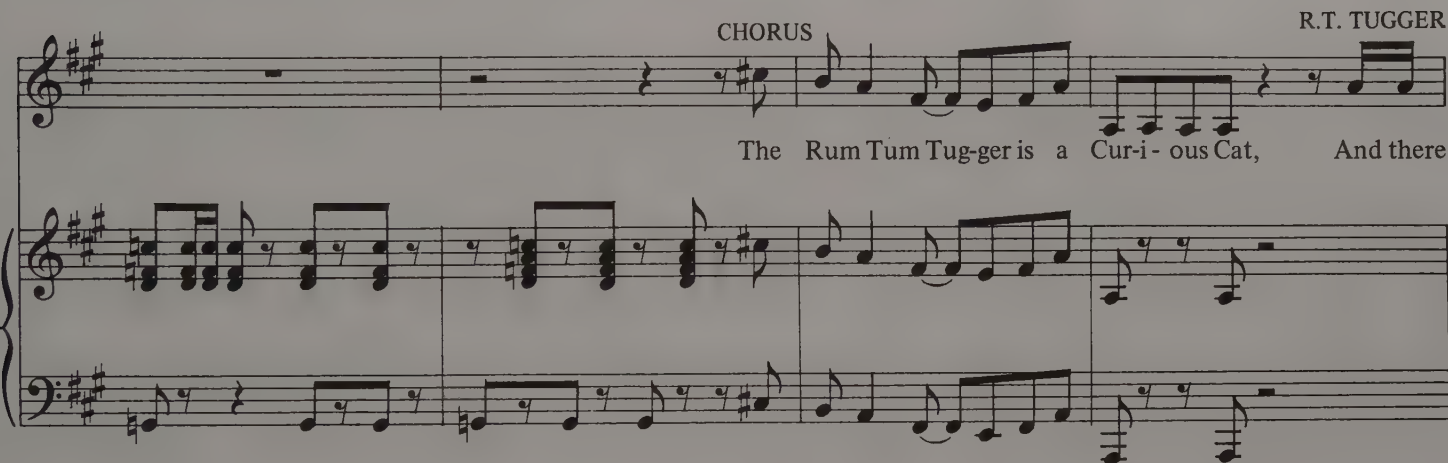
care for a cud - dle; But I'll leap on your lap in the mid-dle of your sew-ing, For there's

A7 E7



Dm7/G

Dm7/G



Bustopher Jones: the Cat about Town

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Dignified [♩ = 104]

E A/E E A/E E D/E E

CHORUS

Bus - to-pher Jones is not skin and bones, In fact he's re - mar - ka - bly fat.
cat we all greet as he walks down the street In his coat of fas - ti - di - ous black:

E B7 E

He does - n't haunt pubs, he has eight or nine clubs, For
No com-mon place mou-sers have such well-cut trou-sers Or

B7 E B7

1 he's the St. Jame-s's Street Cat! He's the such an im-pec-ca - ble back...
2

E B7 E E B7

In the whole of St. Jame - s's the smart-est of names_ is The

E D/F# E7/G# A B/A A C#m

name of this Brum-mell_ of cats;_ And we're all of us proud_ to be

D E A/E B E

nod - ded or bowed_ to By Bus - to - pher Jones in white spats!_

B7 E B7 E

Slower [♩ = 92] BUSTOPHER JONES

My vi - sits are oc-ca-sion-al to the Se-nior E - du - ca - tion-al And

F F F F Bb

it is a - gainst the rules For a - ny one cat to be - long both to that and the

F/C C7 F C F Bb

Joint Su - pe - ri - or Schools. For a si - mi - lar rea - son, when game is in sea - son I'm

F Eb Eb Bb/D

found not at Fox - 's, but Blimp's; I am fre - quent - ly seen at the

C Bb/D C F

gay Stage and Screen Which is fa - mous for wink - les and shrimps. In the

F Bb F/C C7 F F7

sea - son of ven - 'son I give my ben - 'son to the Pot - hun - ter's suc - cu - lent bones; And

f

Bb Bb Bb Bb

just be - fore noon's not a mo - ment too soon To drop in for a drink at the

F Bb Eb Bb Bb

Drones. _____ When I'm seen in a hur - ry there's pro - ba - bly cur - ry At the

Ab Abmaj7 Ab6 Ab Ab Eb/G

Si - am - ese or at the Glut - ton; — If I look full of gloom then I've

(funereal)

F Eb/G F Db

Tempo 1

CHORUS

lunched at the Tomb On cab - bage, rice pud - ding and mut - ton. In the

Tempo 1

Bbm F7 Bb

whole of St. Jame - s's the smart-est of names_ is The name of this Brum-mell_ of cats;_

Bb Dm Eb

— And we're all of us proud_ to be nod-ded or bowed to By Bus - to - pher Jones in white,

F F C7 F C7

Bus - to - pher Jones in white, Bus - to - pher Jones in white spats. —

F7 Bb F/C C7 F

So, much in this way, pass-es Bus-to-pher's day, At one

staccato

E E E B7

club or an-o-ther he's found. It can be no sur-prise that

E B7 E

un-der our eyes He has grown un-mis-tak-a-bly round. He's a

B7 E B7 E

BUSTOPHER JONES CHORUS BUSTOPHER JONES

twen-ty-five poun-der, or I am a boun-der, And he's put-ting on weight ev-ery day: But I'm

E B7 E B7

so well pre - served — be - cause I've ob - served All my life a rou-tine; and I'd say I am

E B7 E B7 E D/F#E/G#

CHORUS

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

legato

A B/A A C#m D

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

E A/E B/E E B7 E/B B7

Bus - to - pher Jones wears white, Bus - to - pher Jones wears white spats! —

E7 A E/B B7 E B7 E

Mungojerrie and Rumpelteazer

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩. = 84]

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 12/8 time. The melody is played in the right hand with eighth notes and chords, while the left hand provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment.

MUNGOJERRIE and RUMPELTEAZER

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "Mun - go-jer-rie and Rum - pel - tea - zer, we're a no - tor - i - ous cou - ple of cats. As Mun - go-jer-rie and Rum - pel - tea - zer have a ve - ry un - us - u - al gift of the gab. We are". The piano accompaniment features chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

Dm6 Dm6

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the second verse. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "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 - mark - a - bly smart at a smash and grab. We". The piano accompaniment features chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

C6 G7

1st time only

Vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the third verse. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "have an ex - ten - sive re - pu - ta - tion. We make our home in Vic - tor - i - a Grove: That is". The piano accompaniment features chords in the right hand and a steady eighth-note bass line in the left hand.

Dm6 Dm6

mere-ly our cen-tre of o - pe-ra-tion, for we are in-cur-ab-ly giv-en to rove.

C6 A7 Dm6

We are ve - ry well known in Corn - wall Gar-dens, in
make our home in Vic-tor - i - a Grove. We

Dm6 A7+ Dm6

Launces-ton Place and in Ken-sing-ton Square: We have real - ly a lit - tle more re - pu - ta-tion than a
have no re - gu-lar oc - cu - pa-tion. We are plau - si - ble fel-lows, and like to en - gage a

Dm6 C6

cou - ple of cats can ve - ry well bear.
friend-ly pol-ice-men in con - ver - sa - tion.

If the
When the

A7 Dm6

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

Dm6 Dm6

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

C6 G7

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

Dm6 Dm6

af - ter sup - per one of the girls, Sud - den - ly miss - es her Wool - worth pearls: The
joint has gone from the ov - en, like that!' The

1st time only

C6 G7

(both times)

fa - mi - ly will say: 'It's that hor - ri - ble cat!_ Was it Mun - go - jer - rie or

F

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

A7

Eb9 A7 Eb9 A7 Eb7

Mun - go - jer - rie and Rum - pel - tea - zer have a

A7 Ebm

won-der-ful way of work-ing to - ge-ther. And some of the time you would say it was luck, and

Ebm Db

some of the time you would say it was wea-ther. We go through the house like a hur - ri - cane, and no

Ab7 Ebm6

so - ber per - son could take his oath Was it Mun - go-jer-rie or Rum - pel - tea-zer? or

Ebm6 Db

could you have sworn that it might-n't be both? And when you hear a din-ing-room smash Or

Bb7 Ebm6

up from the pan-try there comes a loud crash Or down from the lib-rary* there comes a loud ping From a

vase which is com-mon-ly said to be Ming: Then the fa - mi - ly will say: 'Now

which is which cat?— It was Mun - go - jer - rie and

Rum - pel-tea-zer!' And there's no-thing at all to be done a-bout that!

Chords: Ebm6, Db, Ab, Gb, Bb7, Eb

Old Deuteronomy

47

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow and sustained [$\text{♩} = 44$]

SOLO

Old Deu-ter - o - no-my's lived a long time; He's a
Old Deu-ter - o - no-my's bur - ied nine wives And

cat who has lived ma - ny lives in suc-ces-sion. He was fam-ous in pro-verb and fam-ous in rhyme, A
more, I am temp-ted to say, nine-ty-nine; And his nu-me-rous pro-ge - ny pros-pers and thrives And the

long while be-fore Queen Vic - to - ria's ac - ces-sion. in his dec - line. At the
vil - lage is proud of him

sight of that pla - cid and bland phy - si - og-no-my, When he sits in the sun on the

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vi - car - age wall, The Old - est In - ha - bi - tant croaks: 'Well, of

F#/G F/G Eb Db Bb D7

all things... Can it be, real - ly!... Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye! My

G G Fm G Dm

mind may be wan-der-ing, but I con-fess, I be-lieve it is Old Deu-ter - o-no-my!'

Am Bm C D Bb D G

G G Fm G Dm

Am Bm C D Bb D G

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

G G Fm G

mar - ket day; — The bull - ocks may bel - low, the sheep they may bleat, But the
no - tice 'Road Closed', — So that no - thing un - to - ward may chance to dis - turb Deu - ter -

Dm Am Bm C D

dogs and the herds-men will turn them a - way. The feels so dis - posed. The di -
- o - no - my's rest when he

Bb D G G

- ges-tive re-pose of that fe-line's gas - tro - no-my Must ne-ver be bro-ken, What - ev-er be - fall: And the

G F# / G F / G F# / G G F# / G F / G

Old - est In - ha - bi - tant croaks: 'Well, of all things... Can it be, real - ly!...

E♭ D♭ B♭ D7 G G Fm

Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye! OLD DEUT. (2nd time)

{ My mind may be wan - der - ing,
My legs may be tot - ter - y,

G Dm Am Bm

1 CHORUS 2 rall.

but I con-fess I be - lieve it is Old Deu-ter - o-no-my!' Well, of
I must go slow And be care - ful of Old Deu-ter - o - no-my!

C D B♭ D G D7 G

The Awefull Battle of the Pokes and the Pollicles

OF THE AWEFULL 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 Rumpuscat

The Pokes 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 Pokes, 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 Pom, the Alsatian
And the mastiff who walks on a chain.
And to those that are frisky and froliccal
Let my meaning be perfectly plain:
That my name it is Little Tom Pollicle —
And you'd better not do it again.

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,
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 Pokes 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

[♩ = 104]

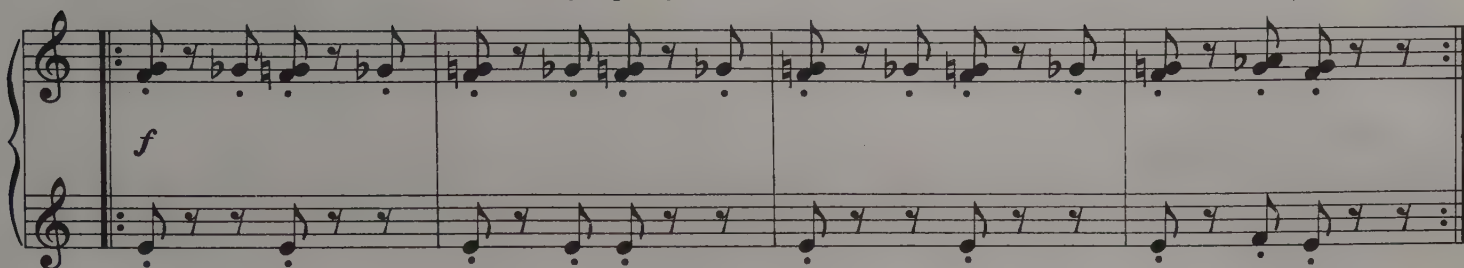
CHORUS (*spoken in rhythm*)

: Jel - li - cle Cats come	out to - night,	Jel - li - cle Cats come	one come all: The	:
: Jel - li - cle Moon is	shin - ing bright:	Jel - li - cles come to the	Jel - li - cle Ball.	:

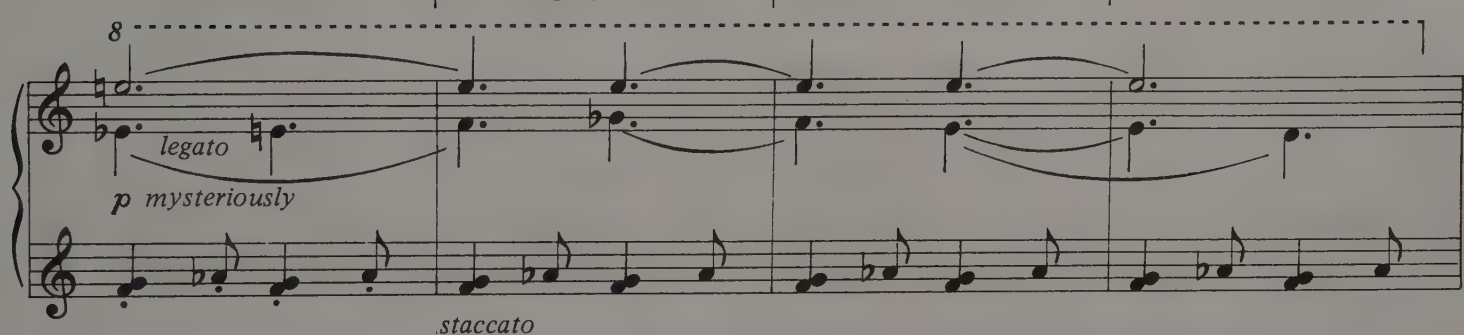
: Jel - li - cle Cats are	black and white,	Jel - li - cle Cats are	ra - ther small;	:
: Jel - li - cle Cats are	mer-ry and bright, And	plea - sant to hear when we	cat - er - waul.	:

: Jel - li - cle Cats have	cheer - ful fa - ces,	Jel - li - cle Cats have	bright black eyes; We	:
: like to prac-tise our	airs and graces, And	wait for the Jel - li - cle	Moon to rise.	:

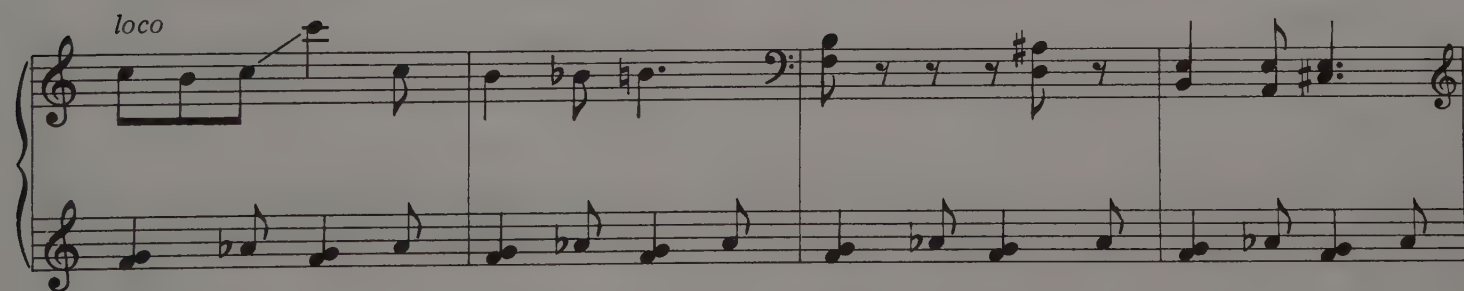
Jel - li - cle Cats de - ve - lop slow-ly, Jel - li - cle Cats are not too big;
 Jel - li - cle Cats are ro - ly po-ly We know how to dance a ga - votte and a jig. Un -



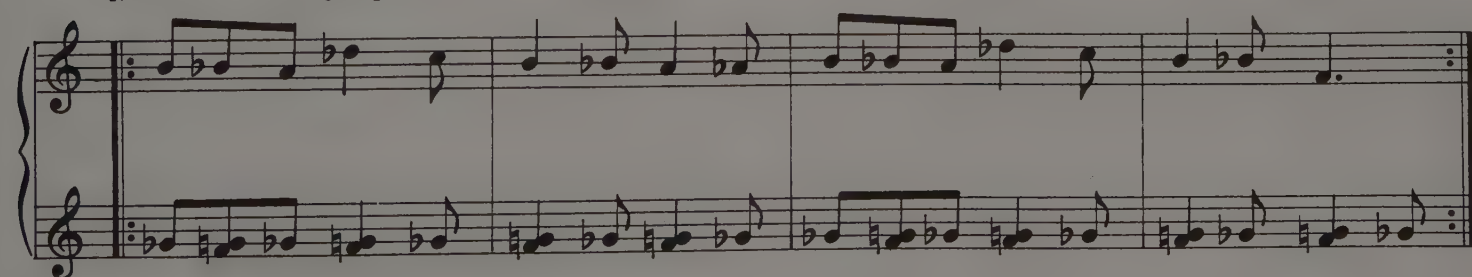
- til the Jel - li - cle Moon ap - pears We make our toi - lette and take our re - pose:



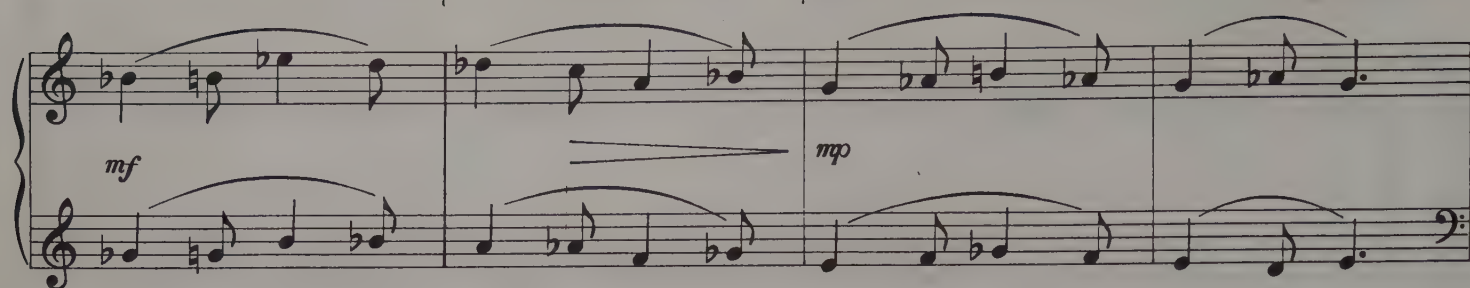
Jel - li - cles wash be - hind their ears, Jel - li - cles dry be - tween their toes.



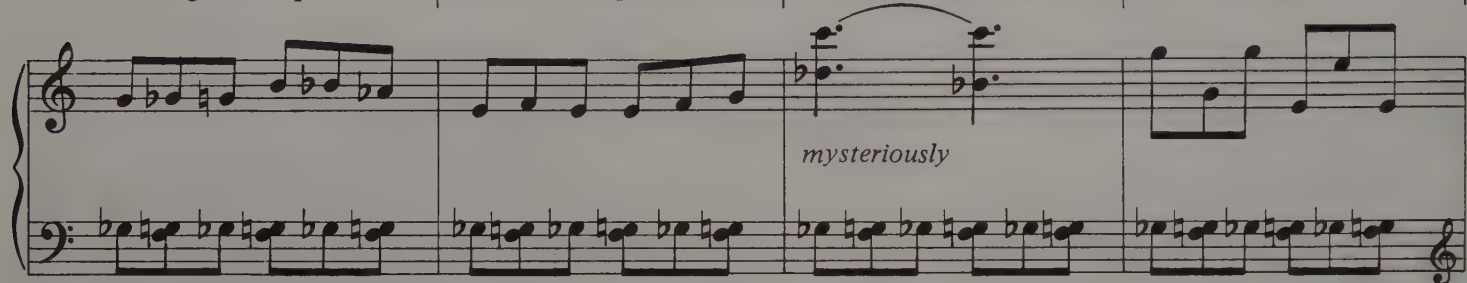
Jel - li - cle Cats are white and black, Jel - li - cle Cats are of mod - e - rate size;
 Jel - li - cles jump like a jump - ing jack, Jel - li - cle Cats have moon - lit eyes. We're



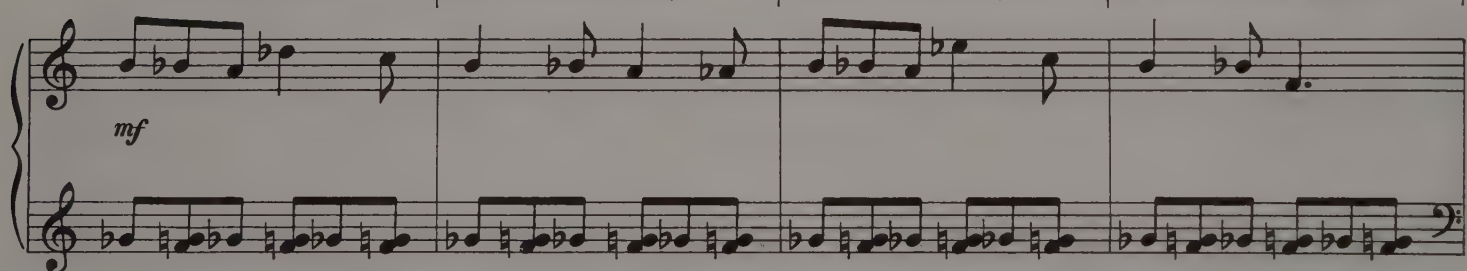
quiet e - nough in the | mor - ning hours, We're | quiet e - nough in the | af - ter - noon, Re -



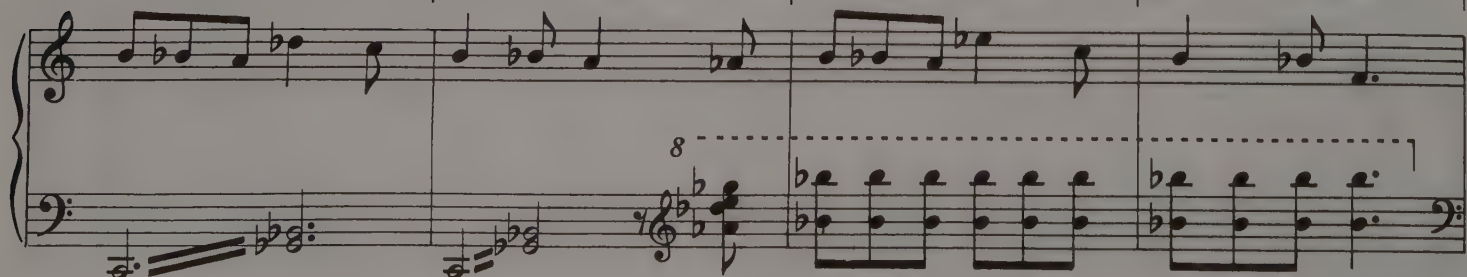
- ser-ving our terp - si - chor - e - an powers To | dance by the light of the | Jel - li - cle Moon.



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



hap-pens to be a | stor - my night We will | prac-tise a ca-per or | two in the hall. If it



hap-pens the sun is shi - ning bright You would say we had no-thing to do at all: We are

f cresc. poco a poco

rest - ing and sav - ing our - selves to be right, For the Jel - li - cle Moon and the Jel - li - cle Ball.

ff

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

ff

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 [♩ = 68]

SOLO

p She

haunt - ed ma - ny a low re - sort near the gri - my road of

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

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

Bbm F7 F7 Db Db Ebm6 Db/F Gb Cb Bbm

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scratched his head: _ 'You'd real - ly have thought she ought to be dead _ And

F7 F7 Db

who _ would ev - er sup - pose that THAT _ Was Gri - za - bel - la, the

Bbm Cm Bb Ebm Bbm/F

CHORUS
Gri - za - bel - la, the

Gla - mour Cat! _ Gla - mour Cat, _ Gri - za - bel - la, the

Dbsus Abm Bbm/F F7 F7

Gla - mour Cat! _ Who'd _ have ev - er sup - posed _ that THAT _

Dbsus Db Bbm Cm Bb Ebm

Was Gri - za - bel - la, the Gla - mour Cat!

Ebm Bbm/F Em Abm

rall.

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

[♩ = 108]

D

SOLO

Gus is the Cat at the The - a - tre Door. His name, as I
coat's ver - y shab - by, he's thin as a rake, And he suf - fers from
played, in my time, by, eve - ry pos - si - ble part, And I used to know
knew how to act with my back and my tail; With an hour of re -

Gmaj7 D/F# F#7 Bm Em7

ought to have told you be - fore, Is real - ly As - para - gus. But the
pal - sy that makes his paw shake. Yet he was, in his youth, quite the
sev - en - ty spee - ches by heart. I'd ex - tem - por - ize back - chat, I
- hear - sal, I ne - ver could fail. I'd a voice that would sof - ten the

A Dsus2 D Gmaj7 D/F#

1,3

that's such a fuss To pro - nounce, that we us - ual - ly call him just Gus. His —
smart - est of cats: But no lon - ger a ter - ror to mice and to the bag. I —
knew how to gag, And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag. I —
hard - est of hearts, Whe - ther I took the lead, or in cha - rac - ter

F#7 Bm G F#m7 Em9 G/A G D

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2,4

rats. For he { is - n't the cat that he was in his prime; Though his
parts. I have { ev - er he joins his friends at their club (Which takes
{ Pan - to - mime bed - side of poor lit - tle Nell; When the
sea - son I ne - ver fell flat, and I

D G D/F# Em7 D/F#

4th time to 1,3

2

name was quite fam - ous, he says, in his time. And when pub.) He
place at the back of the neigh - bour - ing
Cur - few was rung, then I swung on the bell. In the
once un - der - stu - died Dick Whit - ting - ton's

G D/F# F#7 Bm Bm

loves to re - gale them, if some-one else pays, With an - ec - dotes drawn from his

Em7 A Dsus2 D Em7 A

palm - i - est days. For he once was a Star of the high - est de - gree: He has
likes to re - late his suc - cess on the Halls, Where the

Dsus2 D G D/F# Em7 D/F#

1 2

act - ed with Irv - ing, he's act - ed with Tree. And he
Gal - le - ry once gave him sev - en cat - calls. But his

G D/F# F#7 Bm Bm

grand-est cre - a - tion, as he loves to tell, Was Fire - frore - fid - dle, the

G F#m7 Em9 G/A Bm Bm Em7 F#m7 Gmaj7 G/A

Dal Segno
%
GUS
Fiend of the Fell. I have

Csus2 G D

⊕ CODA

cat. But my grand-est cre - a - tion, as his - tory will tell, Was

Bm G F#m7 Em9 G/A Bm Bm

Fire - frore - fid - dle, the Fiend of the Fell.

Em7 F#m7 Gmaj7 G/A Csus2 G/B D

SOLO *più mosso*

Then, if some-one will give him a tooth-ful of gin, He will

più mosso

D C#/A D D

tell how he once played a part in 'East Lynne'. At a Shake-speare per - for- mance he

A7sus/E A7 D D D C#/A

GUS

once walked on pat, when some act - or sug - ges - ted the need for a cat. And I

D D D A E7 A

meno mosso

say: Now, these kit - tens, they do not get trained As we did in the
nev - er get drilled in a re - gu - lar troupe, And they think they are

meno mosso

G

D/F#

Em7

D/F#

G

1

2

SOLO

days when Vic - tor - i - a reigned. They hoop. And he says as he
smart, just to jump through a

D/F#

F#7

Bm

Bm

Em7

GUS

scratch - es him - self with his claws: Well, the Thea - tre is cer - tain - ly

A

Dsus2

D

Em7

A

not what it was. These mod - ern pro - duc - tions are all ver - y well, but there's

Dsus2

D

G

D/F#

Em

D/F#

no - thing to e - qual, from what I hear tell, That mo - ment of

mys - te - ry When I made hi - sto - ry As Fire - frore - fid - dle, the

Fiend of the Fell.

rall.

rall.

G D/F# F#7 B G F#m7 Em9

G/A Bm Bm Em7 F#m7 Gmaj7 G/A

Csus2 G D

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

[♩ = 116]

CHORUS

Growl-

- tig - er was a Bra - vo Cat, who tra - velled on a barge: In fact he was the rough-est cat that

ev - er roamed at large. From Graves-end up to Ox-ford he pur - sued his e - vil aims, Re -

- joi - cing in his ti - tle of 'The Ter-ror of the Thames'.

His

man-ners and ap-pear-ance did not cal - cu - late to please; His coat was torn and see - dy, he was
to the weak ca - na - ry, that flut - tered from its cage; Woe to the pam-pered Pe - ki - nese, that

bag - gy at the knees; One ear was some-what miss - ing, no need to tell you why, And he
faced Growl-ti-ger's rage; Woe to the brist - ly Ban-di-coot, that lurks on fo-oreign ships, And

scowled u - pon a hos-tile world from one for-bid-ding eye. The cot - ta - gers of Ro-ther-hithe knew
woe to an - y cat with whom Growl-ti - ger came to grips! But most to cats of fo-oreign race his

slower (expansively)

slower (expansively)

Cm9

some-thing 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 fo - reign name and race no quar - ter was al-lowed. The

Ab9 Cm9 F7

for - ti - fy the hen-house, lock up the sil - ly goose, When the ru - mour ran a-long the shore: 'Growl -
Per-sian and the Siam-ese re - gard-ed him with fear, — Be - cause it was a Si - am - ese had

F7 Bb Gbm Cm/G

a tempo (rall. 2nd time) 1

- tig - er's on the loose!' mauled his miss-ing

a tempo (rall. 2nd time)

Woe ear. Now

Slower [♩ = 88]

legato

Ab13 Ab7 Db Db Fm

on a peace-ful sum-mer night, all na-ture seemed at play, The ten-der moon was shin-ing bright, the
Buck - o-mate, Grum-bus - kin, long since had dis - ap - peared, For to The Bell at Hamp-ton he had

Db Fm Bbm Fm Ab Bbm

barge at Mole - sey lay. All in the bal - my moon-light it lay rock-ing on the tide, And Growl-gone to wet his beard; And his bo - sun, Tumble Bru - tus, he too had stol'n a - way: In the

Ab Fm Ab Ebm Fm Gb Ab

- tig - er was dis - posed to show his sen - ti-men-tal side. Growl-ti-ger's yard be-hind the Li - on he was

Ab Gb Ebm Gb Fm Ebm Fm Db Db

prowl-ing for his prey. In the fore-peak of the ves - sel Growl - tig - er sat a - lone, Con-cen -

2 poco più mosso

2 poco più mosso

Ebm Fm Db Cb Cb maj7 Cb6

- tra - ting his at-ten-tion on the La - dy Grid-dle-bone. And his raf - fish crew were sleep-ing in their

Fb Fbmaj7 Fb6 A Amaj7

bar-rels and their bunks, As the Si-a-mese came creep-ing in their sam-pans and their junks. Growl-

A6

-tig-er had no eye or ear for aught but Grid-dle-bone, And the La-dy seemed en-rap-tured by his

E G#m C#m G#m B C#m

man-ly ba-ri-tone, Dis-posed to re-lax-a-tion, and a-wait-ing no sur-prise; But the

B G#m B F#m G#m A B C#m

moon-light shone re-flec-ted from a thou-sand bright blue eyes. And clo-ser still and clo-ser the

poco accel.

B A F#m A G#m F#m G#m E

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 carv-ing knives, And the lov-ers sang their last du-et, in dan-ger of their lives.

rall. *

a tempo Presto [♩ = 140]

Then Gilbert gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian horde; With a frightful burst of fireworks the Chinks they swarmed aboard.

ff a tempo Presto [♩ = 140]

Then Grid - dle - bone she

*Here follows 'The Ballad of Billy M'Caw' (p. 74)

gave a screech, for she was badly skeered; I'm

sor - ry to ad - mit it, but she quick - ly dis - ap -

- peared. She pro - bab - ly es - caped with ease, I'm

sure she was not drowned; But a ser - ried ring of

flash - ing steel Growl - ti - ger did sur - round. The

Cm

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

Cm Eb

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

Ab Eb Fm G

who a hun - dred vic - tims had dri - ven to that drop, At the

C Fm . Db D

end of all his crimes was forced to go ker - flip, ker -

3 *3* *3* *3* *3* *3*

D Gm Cm Gb

rall. molto Slower

- flop. Oh there was joy in Wap-ping when the news flew through the land; at

rall. molto Slower

Cm9 Ab7

Mai-den-head and Hen-ley there was dan-cing on the strand. Rats were roas - ted whole in Brent-ford,

Cm9 F F

maestoso rall.

and Vic-to-ria Dock, And a day of ce-le-bra-tion was com-mand-ed in Bang-kok.

maestoso rall.

Bb

The Ballad of Billy M'Caw

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 56] SOLO [GROWLTIGER]

Oh, how well I re-mem-ber the

old Bull and Bush, Where we used to go down of a Sat-ta-day night, Where, when

a-ny-think hap-pened, it come with a rush, For the boss, Mr Clark, he was ve-ry po-lite; A

sim. legato

ve-ry nice House, from base-ment to gar-ret A ve-ry nice House. Ah, but it was the par-ret, The

E C#m C# F#m B

E C#m C# F#m7 B7

E G#7 C#m E7

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

A F#m B7 A7

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 tempo

A F#m B7 E C#7

give us, come give us a dance on the bar'. And Bil - ly would dance on the bar, and

F#m B E G#7

Bil - ly would dance on the bar. And then we'd feel bal - my, in

C#m E7 A F#m

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

rall.

B A F#m B

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 - tle it off - hand with the

sim. legato

B E C#m C# F#m7

toe of her boot Or as like - ly as not put her fist through your eye. But

B7 E G#7

when we was hap - py, and just a bit dry, Or when we was thir - sty, and

C#m E7 A F#m

rall.

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

B7 A7 B7

rall. rall.

Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! Come give us a tune on your pas - to - ral flute! And
Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! Come give us a tune on your mo - ley gui - tar! And

a tempo

E C#7 F#m B

Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute. } And
Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo - ley gui - tar, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo - ley gui - tar. }

E G#7 C#m E7

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

A F#m B A

1 2 a tempo

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

a tempo

B7 B7 E C#7

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

rall.

F#m B A A/F# E

Skimbleshanks: the Railway Cat

79

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

Lively [$\text{♩} = 98$]

E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E

CHORUS

Skim - ble - shanks, the Rail - way Cat, the

E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E E C#m/e F#m7/E B/E

SKIMBLE

Cat of the Rail - way Train! There's a

E B7/E F#m/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E

Vivace [$\text{♩} = 144$]

whis - per down the line at e - le - ven thir - ty - nine When the
say that by and large it was me who was in charge Of the

Vivace [$\text{♩} = 144$]

E B/D# C#m E/B

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CHORUS (1st time)

Night Mail's ready to de - part, — Say - ing 'Skim-ble where is Skim-ble, has he
Sleep - ing Car Ex - press. — From the dri - ver and the guards to the

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

gone to hunt the thim - ble? We must find him or the train can't
bag - men play - ing cards I would su - per - vise them all, more or

Esus2 E/B G#m A A/B

SKIMBLE (1st time)
CHORUS (2nd time)

start.' All the guards and all the por-ters and the sta-tion-master's daughters would be
less. Down the cor - ri - dor he pa-ces and ex - am-ines all the fa - ces Of the

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

sear - ching high and low, — Say - ing 'Skimble where is Skim-ble, for un -
travellers in the First and the Third; — He es - tab - lish - es con-trol by a

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

SKIMBLE
(2nd time)

- less he's ve - ry nim-ble Then the Night Mail just can't go.' At e -
re - gu - lar pat-rol And he'd know at once if an - y - thing oc - curred. He would

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

pas-sen-gers all fran-tic to a man, That's when I would ap-pear and I'd
cer-tain that he did - n't ap - prove Of hi - la - ri - ty and ri - ot, so the

E G/E F#m E A E/G#

saun - ter to the rear: I'd been bu - sy in the lug - gage
folk were ve - ry qui - et When Skim - ble was a - bout and on the

F#m11 E/G# A E/G#

CHORUS

van! move. Then You he could gave one flash of his
You could play no pranks with ____

F#m11 B7 E B/D#

SKIMBLE
(1st time)

glass - green eyes And the sig - nal that went 'All Clear!'
Skim - ble - shanks! He's a cat that can-not be ig - nored; They'd be
So ____

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

off at last for the north - ern part Of the North - ern He - mi -
nothing went wrong on the North - ern Mail When Skim - ble - shanks was a -

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

1 CHORUS

Skim - ble - shanks, the Rail - way Cat, the
- sphere.

E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E

SKIMBLE

Cat of the Rail - way Train! You could

E B7/E F#m/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E

2 SKIMBLE

board. It was ve - ry pleas - ant when they'd
ev - ery sort of light, you could

E E D6

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

E D6 E D6

door. And the berth was ve - ry neat with a new - ly fol - ded sheet And
breeze; And a fun - ny lit - tle ba - sin you're sup - posed to wash your face in And a

E D6 E D6 E D6

not a speck of dust on the floor. There was sneeze. Then the
crank to shut the window should you

E D6 E D6 E D6

guard looked in po-lite - ly and would ask you ve-ry bright-ly 'Do you like your mor-ning tea weak or

A D G E A

strong?' But I was just be-hind him and was rea-dy to re-mind him, For Skimble won't let a-ny-thing go

A E/G# F#m11 E/G# A E/G#

CHORUS

wrong. When they crept in - to their co - sy berth And

F#m11 B7 E B/D# C#m E/B

pulled up the coun-ter - pane,— They— ought to re-flect that it's ve - ry nice To

A D/A A A/E E A/B B7 Esus2/B E/B

know that they would -n't be both-ered by mice:— They could leave all that to the Rail-way Cat, the

A/B B7 Esus2/B E/B A/B B7 Esus2/B E

Cat of the Rail-way Train! Skim - ble - shanks, the Rail - way Cat, the

G#m A A/B E F Gm/F C/F F Gm/F C/F

Cat of the Rail - way Train! In the

SKIMBLE

F C/F Bb/F F Dm7/F Gm7/F C/F

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

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

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

F Gm/F C7/F Fsus2

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

Am Bb Bb/C F F

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

F Ab/F Gm/F F Ab/F

CHORUS

- bout: When they got to Gal - low-gate there they did not have to wait, For

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

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

rall. molto

Bb F/A Gm11 C7 C7

a tempo

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

a tempo

F C/E Dm F/C Bb F

meet with-out fail on the Mid - night Mail the Cat of the Rail - way Train.'

rall. molto

Gm/F C7/F F sus2 F Am7 Bb Bb/C F

Macavity: the Mystery Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 86]

mf (Menacing) *Finger snaps*

SOLO

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

mf Cm Cm/Eb F7 G7

he's the mas - ter cri - mi - nal who can de - fy the law. — He's the baf - fle - ment of Scot - land Yard, the

Cm Cm/Eb F7 G7 Cm Cm7/Bb

3 Fly - ing Squad's des - pair: — For when they reach the scene of crime, Mac -

3 F7/A Ab7

whisper

3

- a - vi - ty's _ not there.

*mf**ff*

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

*Finger snaps**f**ff*

Cm

Cm/Eb

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)

3

powers of le - vi - ta - tion _ would make a fa - kir stare, _ And when you reach the scene of crime, Mac -

3

Cm

Cm/Eb

F7

F#°

3
 - a - vi - ty's_ not there! You may seek him in the base - ment, you may look up in the air:
p

But I tell you once and once a - gain, Mac - a - vi - ty's_ not there! Mac -
mf
sub. f
 G7

- 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
mf
 Cm Cm/Eb F G7 Cm Cm/Eb

eyes are sun - ken in. _ His brow is deep - ly lined with thought, his head is high - ly domed; His
 F G7

coat is dus - ty from ne-glect, his whis - kers are un-combed. He

sways his head from side to side, with move - ments like a snake; And

when you think he's half a-sleep, he's al - ways wide a-wake. 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

ff

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

he's a fiend in fe - line shape, a mon - ster of de - pra - vi - ty. You may
nev - er was a cat of such de - ceit - ful - ness and sua - vi - ty. He

ff

Cm Cm/Eb F7 D7 (G7)

meet him in a by - street, you may see him in the square: — But
al - ways has an a - li - bi, and one him or two to spare: — What -

3

Cm Cm/Eb F7 F#°

when a crime's dis - cov - ered, then Mac - a - vi - ty's — not there! He's
ev - er time the deed took place, Mac - a - vi - ty — wasn't there! And

3

p

out - ward - ly res - pect - a - ble. (I know — he cheats — at
when the Fo - reign Of - fice find a Trea - ty's gone — as -

Finger snaps

cards.) And his foot-prints are not found in an y or
-tray, Or the Ad - mi - ral - ty lose some plans or

file of Scot - land Yard's And when the lar - der's loot - ed, or the
draw-ings by the way, And when the loss has been dis-closed, 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

sfz

Cm Cm7/Bb

3 trel - lis past re - pair, 3 There's the won - der of the thing, Mac - a - vi - ty's not there! *ff* Mac -

3 *sub. f*

F7/A Ab7

2 sure to find him rest - ing, or a - lick - ing of his thumbs, Or en -

Cm Cm/Bb F7/A Ab7

- gaged in do - ing com - pli - ca - ted long di - vi - sion sums. *ff* Mac -

3 3 3 3 *p*

3 3 3 3

- a - vi - ty, Mac - a - vi - ty, there's no one like Mac - a - vi - ty, There ne - ver was a cat of such de -

ff

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

- ceit - ful - ness and sua - vi - ty. He al - ways has an a - li - bi, and one or two to spare: — what -

3

F7 D7/F# (G7) Cm Cm/Eb F7 F#°

- 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

3

p

deeds are wide - ly known (I might men - tion Mun - go - jer - rie, Rum - ple - tea - zer, Grid - dle - bone) *pp* Are

Finger snaps

no - thing more than ag - ents for the cat who all the time just con - trols the o - pe - ra - tions: The Na -

3

pp leggiero

3

Cm Cm/Bb F7/A Ab7

- po - le - on of Crime! *ff* Mac -

sub. f

G7

- 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

ff

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

mon - ster 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: *p* But when a crime's dis-cov - ered, then Mac - a - vi - ty's not there!

p *ff* ^

F7/A Ab7,

Mr. Mistoffelees

97

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 84]

SOLO You ought to ask Mr. Mistoffelees!
The Original Conjuring Cat. The great-est ma-gi - cians have some-thing to learn_ From

p *f* *p* *cresc.*

Mis - ter Mis - tof - fel - ee - s's Con-jur - ing Turn... Pre - sto! And we all say:

CHORUS

Oh! Well I ne-ver! Was there e-ver a cat so cle-ver as Ma-gi - cal Mis - ter Mis - tof -

F C/E Gm7 C7 F F/A Bb

1 2 SOLO
- fel - ees! - fel - ees! 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

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ears to the tip of his tail; — He can creep thru' the ti - ni - est crack, He can
think there was no-bo-dy shy - er, But his voice has been heard on the roof When

Bb F F Ab

walk on the nar-row-est rail. He can pick a - ny card from a pack, He is
he was curled up by the fire. And he's some-times been heard by the fire, When

Bb Ab Bb Ab

e - qual-ly cun-ning with dice; He is al-ways de-ceiv-ing you in - to be-liev - ing That he's
he was a-bout on the roof (At least we all heard — that some-bo-dy purred) Which is

Db F Bb F

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 fam-ily to call Him

cresc. poco a poco

Eb C7 C7 C7

look for a knife or a fork
in from the gar - den for hours, And you think it is mere-ly mis - placed,
While he was a-sleep in the hall. You have And

C7

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!

C

1st time Dal Segno CHORUS
2nd time on

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

f

C7 F C/E Gm7 C7

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

1 repeat ad lib. last time SOLO

repeat ad lib.

F F/A Bb Bb/C Dm

Memory

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
TREVOR NUNN
after T.S. ELIOT

Freely [♩. = 50]

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 12/8 time, marked *mp*. It features a flowing eighth-note melody in the right hand and a more rhythmic eighth-note accompaniment in the left hand.

GRIZABELLA

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a half note in the treble clef. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note pattern. Chords Bb and Gm are indicated below the piano part.

Mid - night. Not a sound from the pave - ment. Has the moon lost her
Me - mory All a - lone in the moon - light I can smile at the

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note pattern. Chords Eb and Dm are indicated below the piano part.

me old - mory? She is smil - ing a - lone. In the
old days, I was beau - ti - ful then. I re -

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with a half note. The piano accompaniment continues the eighth-note pattern. Chords Cm and Gm are indicated below the piano part.

lamp - light the wi - thered leaves col - lect at my feet And the
mem - ber the time I knew what hap - pi - ness was, Let the

1 2

wind _____ be-gins to moan. me - mory live a -

F Eb/F Bb F Eb/F

gain. E - very street lamp seems to beat _____ a

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

fa - tal - is - tic war - ning. Some - one mut - ters _____ and a

Dm Bb C F Fmaj7 Dm Gm7

poco rit.

street lamp gut - ters _____ and soon it will be morn - ing.

C7 Fmaj7 Dm G7 C

poco rit.

a tempo

Day - light. — I must wait for the sun - rise, — I must think of a new life — And I must-n't give

a tempo

Bb Gm Eb

in. — When the dawn comes to-night will be a me-mo-ry too — And a

Dm Cm Gm

new day — will be - gin.

F Eb/F Bb Gb

Ebm Cb Bbm

Abm7 Ebm Db Cb/Db

Burnt out ends of smo - ky days, — the

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

stale cold smell — of mor - ning. — The street lamp dies, an - o - ther

Bbm Gb Ab7 Db Bbm7 Ebm7

poco rit.

night is ov - er, — an - o - ther day is dawn - ing.

poco rit.

Ab7 Dbmaj7 Bbm Eb7 Ab Ab7

a tempo

Touch me. It's so ea-sy to leave me All a-lone with the *my*

a tempo

D $\flat$ B $\flat$ m

me - mory Of my days in the sun. If you touch me you'll un-der-stand what

rall. a tempo

G $\flat$ Fm E $\flat$ msus E $\flat$ m

hap-pi-ness is. Look a new day has be-gun.

rall. a tempo - slightly slower

B $\flat$ m A $\flat$ G $\flat$ /A $\flat$ D $\flat$

[Grizabella is chosen to go to the Heavside Layer.]

The Journey to the Heavyside Layer

105

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

Grandly [♩ = 104]

f

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

CHORUS

Up up up past the Rus-sell Ho-tel, Up up up up to the Hea-vi-side Layer.

G D/G Am/G D7/G G G/B C C/D

Up up up past the Rus-sell Ho-tel, Up up up up to the Hea-vi-side Layer.

Bb F/Bb Cm/Bb F7/Bb Bb Bb/D Eb Eb/F

rall

Bb

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

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Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

The Ad-dressing of Cats

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 92]

mp You've heard of sev-eral kinds of cat, And dogs pre-tend they like to fight; They

mp

my op-in-ion now is that You should need no in-ter-pret-er To of-ten bark, more sel-dom bite; But yet a dog is, on the whole, What

un-der-stand our char-ac-ter. You've learned e-nough to take the view That you would call a sim-ple soul. The us-ual dog a-bout the town Is

cats much are much like me play and you. You've seen us both at work and games, And much in-clined to play the clown, And far from show-ing too much pride Is

B♭ B♭ F/A Gm E♭ B♭/F Gm A♭ Fsus4 F B♭ Cm/B♭ B♭ F/A Gm B♭/F E♭ B♭/F Gm

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learnt a - bout our pro - per names, Our ha - bits and our ha - bi - tat: But
fre - quent-ly un - dig - ni - fied. He's such an ea - sy - go - ing lout, He'll

Bb/F Gm Bb/F Gm

CHORUS

How would you ad - dress a cat? *f* So
an - swer a - ny hail or shout. The

Bb/F Eb/F Bb Eb/Bb

1

first, your me - mo - ry I'll jog, And say: a cat is not a
us - ual dog a -

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Gm Bb/F Eb Bb/D Cm Bb F Eb

OLD DEUTERONOMY

dog. *mp* Now

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

2

-bout the town is in - clined to play the clown. A - gain I must re -

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

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

Bb Gm Bb/F Eb Bb/D Cm Bb F Eb

cat.

mf With cats, some say, one rule is

legato mp

Bb Eb/Bb

true: Don't speak till you are spo - ken to. My -

rall.

Bb C7 F C7 F

a tempo

- self, I do not hold with that. I say, you should ad - dress a cat. But

a tempo

D Gm E7 Am

al - ways keep in mind that he Re - sents fa - mi - li - ar - i - ty. You

F#7 Bm Em F#

bow, and tak - ing off your hat, ad - dress him in this

mp

B E/B B C# F#

rall.

a tempo (poco meno mosso)

form: O Cat! Be - fore a cat will con - des - cend To

rall.

a tempo (poco meno mosso)

C# F# B F#/A#

treat you as a trust - ed friend, Some lit - tle to - ken — of es-teen Is

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

need - ed, like a dish of cream; And you might now and then sup-ply Some

A F# E/F# F# B C#m/B B F#/A#

ca - vi-are or Strass - burg Pie, Some pot - ted grouse, or — sal - mon paste: He's

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

sure to have — his — per-son-al taste. And so in time you — reach your aim, And

B/F# G#m B/F# G#m

CHORUS

call him by his name. *f* A

f marcato

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

cat's en-tit - led to ex-pect these e - vi - den - ces of res - pect. So

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

this is this, and that is that: And there's how you ad -

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

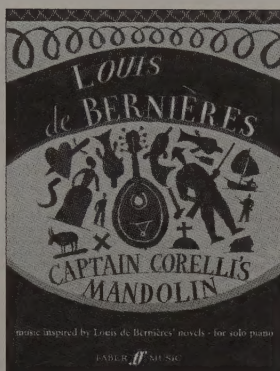
- dress a cat. *ff* A cat. *ff*

1 2

F# E B E/B E E6 B B

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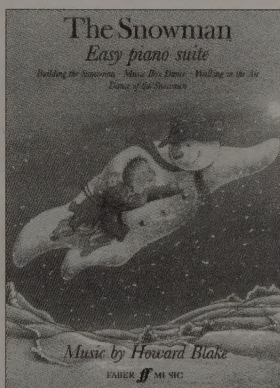
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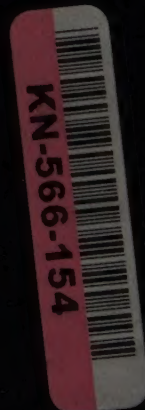
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