



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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T. S. ELIOT

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Also available:

Cats, the Book of the Musical, with many coloured production photographs and contributions by Andrew Lloyd Webber, Valerie Eliot, Trevor Nunn, Gillian Lynne and the designer John Napier. Published by Faber & Faber and The Really Useful Company.

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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 Mrs Eliot fortunately came to the concert and brought with her various unpublished pieces of verse by her husband, including 'Grizabella: the Glamour Cat.'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 Together we worked out a dramatic structure for a full evening, helped by further unpublished Eliot material that Mrs Eliot kindly provided and by the many references to cats in the main body of his writing.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 record 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]

Musical score for measures 1-7. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in 6/8 time and the bottom staff is in 6/8 time. The key signature changes from B-flat major (two flats) to A major (no sharps or flats). Measure 1 starts with a forte dynamic. Measure 2 begins with a piano dynamic (p) marcato. Measures 3-7 continue in a similar pattern of forte and piano dynamics.

Musical score for measures 8-12. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in 6/8 time and the bottom staff is in 6/8 time. The key signature changes to E-flat major (three flats). Measure 8 starts with a forte dynamic. Measures 9-12 continue in a similar pattern of forte and piano dynamics.

Musical score for measures 13-17. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in 6/8 time and the bottom staff is in 6/8 time. The key signature changes to C major (no sharps or flats). Measure 13 starts with a forte dynamic. Measures 14-17 continue in a similar pattern of forte and piano dynamics.

Musical score for measures 18-22. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in 6/8 time and the bottom staff is in 6/8 time. The key signature changes to G major (one sharp). Measure 18 starts with a forte dynamic. Measures 19-22 continue in a similar pattern of forte and piano dynamics.

21

22

23

24

25

26

27

28

33

34

35

36

35

36

37

38

37

cresc. poco a poco

38

39

40

Musical score page 1, measures 39-40. The score consists of two staves: treble and bass. The treble staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by a 'C'). The bass staff has a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by a 'C'). Measure 39 starts with a sixteenth-note pattern in the treble staff, followed by eighth notes in the bass staff. Measure 40 continues with sixteenth-note patterns in both staves.

Musical score page 1, measures 41-42. The treble staff shows a sixteenth-note pattern starting with a grace note. The bass staff shows eighth-note patterns. Measure 42 concludes with a sixteenth-note pattern in the treble staff and eighth-note patterns in the bass staff.

Musical score page 1, measures 43-44. The treble staff features a sixteenth-note pattern. The bass staff shows eighth-note patterns. Measure 44 concludes with a sixteenth-note pattern in the treble staff and eighth-note patterns in the bass staff.

Musical score page 1, measures 45-46. The treble staff shows a sixteenth-note pattern. The bass staff shows eighth-note patterns. Measure 46 concludes with a sixteenth-note pattern in the treble staff and eighth-note patterns in the bass staff.

Musical score page 1, measures 47-48. The treble staff shows a sixteenth-note pattern. The bass staff shows eighth-note patterns. Measure 48 concludes with a sixteenth-note pattern in the treble staff and eighth-note patterns in the bass staff.

49

51

53

Bb Bb C/Bb

56

C/Bb F F

59

Bb Bb

Grandly
[♩ = 90]

con Ped.
Bb

62

C/B_b

66

E_b/B_b

70

A/B_b

74

D

78

E/D

82

E♭/D

86

B♭

90

B♭

94

f

ff

8.

98

(loco)

ff

B♭

Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

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

[♩ = 132]

CHORUS (Individually)

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? — land on your feet? —

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? —

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-vy-side Layer? Be-cause Jel-li-cles can — and Jel - li-cles do, — Jel-li -

Bb7 B7 E E f 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 ride on a broom-stick to pla - ces far dis - tant Fa -
 — Jel - li - cles can and Jel - li - cles do.. Can you

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

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 - 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-

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

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

F F7 Gm Ebmaj7

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

Ab7 Db D7 G

Jel - li - cle Cats _ are queen of the nights Sing - ing at as - tro - no-mi-cal heights,

G C/G G D7/G

The musical score consists of five staves of music. The top staff is for the voice, the bottom staff is for the piano. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line. Chords are indicated below the piano staff. The music includes various time signatures (3/4, 2/4, 6/8, 4/4) and key changes.

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

Meno mosso [$\text{d} = 82$]

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

mp Meno mosso [$\text{d} = 82$]

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

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

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

a tempo primo

o-thers who do what 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

E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat

Bb

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

E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat

Bb

E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat

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 -

E \flat /B \flat F/B \flat

B

B/D \sharp

E

F \sharp 7

B

B/D \sharp

E

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

Jel - li - cle songs for

Jel - li - cle Cats. —

F \sharp 7

B

B/D \sharp

E

F \sharp 7

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

8
Cm D_b/C B_b/C *loco*
Cm

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

A_bmaj7 D_b7 G_b7 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.

B_b E_b E_b/G A_b 9 B_b E_b E_b/G A_b

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)

E_bm

F_b

D_b

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

E_bm

C_b[#]7

F_b

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

B_b

E_b

The Naming of Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow [♩ = 60]

CHORUS (*spoken in rhythm*)
The



||: 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, somé 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-tic-u-lar, A name that's pe-cu-liar, and more dig-ni-fied, Else :||
how can he keep up his tail per-pen-dic-u-lar, Or spread out his whis-kers, or che-ri-
sh 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-scruta-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 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) [♩ = 104]

SOLO

The sheet music consists of six staves of musical notation for voice and piano. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The key signature is A major (no sharps or flats). The time signature is common time (indicated by '4'). The vocal part begins with 'I have a Gumbie Cat in mind, — Her name is Jenny-a-' and continues through several stanzas of lyrics. The piano part provides harmonic support with various chords indicated below the staff, such as G6, D/F#, C, Bm7, Am7, Am6, Em7, F, B7, G6, D/F#, C/E, and Bm/D. The lyrics describe the cat's appearance (dots, coat, eyes, tail), behavior (hard likes, finds, wind), and surroundings (tiger stripes, sun spots, leopard spots, knots, mat, hat, stairs, hearth, sun, smooth, window, dow-sill).

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° A7 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-

D_bD_b

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♭ E♭maj7 A♭maj7 D♭

// SOLO I

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

D♭ G7 G7

3

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

A♭ B♭7 E♭

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

A♭maj7 D♭ D♭

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

ff

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

A♭maj7 D♭maj7 D♭6 D♭maj7 D♭

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
colla voce

Cm/B♭ Cm/A Abmaj7 G7 Cmaj F

a tempo

GUMBIE CAT (*spoken*)

- low... Thank you, my dears!

a tempo

D7/F♯ Cm

The Rum Tum Tugger

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

[♩ = 120]

CHORUS

The
The

R.T. TUGGER

Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur-i - ous Cat: If you of - fer me phea-sant 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-ferr 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

CHORUS

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

The
The

E7

Dm7/G

Dm7/G

R.T. TUGGER

Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur - i - ous Cat,
Rum Tum Tug - ger is a Cur - i - ous Cat,

And there is-n't an-y call for me to shout it:
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

This block contains the musical score for R.T. Tugger's solo section. It consists of two staves of music. The top staff is for the treble clef voice, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef voice. The music is in common time (indicated by '4'). The lyrics are: "The", followed by a series of rhythmic patterns and chords. The chords shown are D, A/E, F#m, and A/E. The music concludes with a final chord and a fermata over the bass staff.

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

no-thing I en-joy like a hor-ri-ble mud-dle.

Dm7/G

Dm7/G

CHORUS

R.T. TUGGER

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

is- n't a -ny need for me to spout it:

For he will do as he

A[#]9

R.T. TUGGER

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

freely

a tempo

colla voce

a tempo

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 $\{ \text{J} = 104 \}$

CHORUS

Bus - to-phor 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 - dious black:

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

he's the St. Jame-s's Street Cat! He's the such an im-pecc-a - ble back..

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

Slower [♩ = 92]

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 B_b F

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

F E_b E_b B_b/D

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

C B_b/D C F

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

F B_b 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

B_b B_b B_b B_b

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

F B_b E_b B_b B_b

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

A_b A_b maj7 A_b 6 A_b A_b E_b/G

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

(funereal)

F E_b/G F D_b

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

3 3
Bus - to - pher Jones in white, Bus - to - pher Jones in white spats.

3 3 8
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]



MUNGOJERRIE and RUMPELTEAZER

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

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 - mark - a - bly smart at a smash and grab. We

C6

G7

1st time only

have an ex - ten - sive re - pu - ta - tion. We make our home in Vic - tor - i - a Grove: That is

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

Launcest-on 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. If ____ the
 friend - ly pol - ice - men in con - ver - sa - tion. When ____ the

A7

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

1st time only

af - ter sup - per one of the girls,
joint has gone from the ov - en, like that!

The

Sud - den - ly miss - es her Wool - worth pearls: The

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

1

Eb9 A7 Eb9 A7 Eb7

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

2

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 D \flat

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

A \flat 7 Ebm6

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

Ebm6 D \flat

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

B \flat 7 Ebm6

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

Ebm6 D_b

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

Ab G_b

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!

B_b7 E_b

Old Deuteronomy

47

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow and sustained [♩ = 44]

SOLO

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

G G G G Fm

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

G Dm Am Bm C D

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

Bb D G G

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

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

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

F#/G F/G Eb D_b B_b 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 B_b D G

Am Bm C D B_b 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

B_b 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_b D_b B_b D₇ G G Fm

OLD DEUT. (2nd time)

Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye! 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_b D G D₇ G

The Awefull Battle of the Pekes and the Pollices

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 Pekes and the Pollices, 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 Pollices 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 frolickal
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 Pekes and the Pollices 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 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:

8

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

loco

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 -

Musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef piano part, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef piano part. The vocal line follows the piano parts. Measure 1: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 2: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 3: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 4: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs.

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

Musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef piano part, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef piano part. The vocal line follows the piano parts. Measure 5: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 6: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 7: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 8: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. A dynamic marking "mysteriously" is placed above the piano treble staff in measure 7.

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

Musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef piano part, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef piano part. The vocal line follows the piano parts. Measure 9: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 10: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 11: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 12: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. A dynamic marking "mf" is placed above the piano treble staff in measure 10.

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

Musical score for piano and voice. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is for the treble clef piano part, and the bottom staff is for the bass clef piano part. The vocal line follows the piano parts. Measure 13: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 14: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 15: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. Measure 16: piano treble has eighth-note pairs, piano bass has eighth-note pairs. A tempo marking "8" is placed above the piano treble staff in measure 14.

hap-pens 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.

ff
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 [♩ = 68]

SOLO

p She

p



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

Bbm

F7

F7

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

D_b

D_b

E_bm₆

D_b/F

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

G_b

C_b

Bbm

3

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

F7 F7 D_b

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

B_bm Cm B_b E_bm B_bm/F

CHORUS
Gri - za - bel - la, the

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

D_bsus A_bm B_bm/F F7 F7

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

D_bsus D_b B_bm Cm B_b E_bm

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]

SOLO

{ Gus is the Cat at the thin - a - tre Door. His name, as I
 coat's ver - y shab - by, he's eve - ry pos - si - ble rake, And he suf - fers from
 played, in my time, with my back and my part, tail; 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
 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,
 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
 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

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 sat by the bed - side sea - son of poor lit - tle Nell; When the
D G D/F# Em7 D/F# flat, and I

*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 neighbour - ing bell. In the
Cur - few was rung, then I swung on the Whit - ting - ton's
once un - der - stu - died Dick

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

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

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

Fiend of the Fell. I have

GUS

Csus2 G D

Φ 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 smart, just to reign. They
reigned. They hoop. And he says as he

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 - du - c - 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

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

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

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

rall.

Fiend of the Fell.

rall.

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 . . .

Growltiger's Last Stand

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
[♩ = 116]

Text by
T.S. ELIOT
CHORUS



- 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

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- reign ships, — And

slower (expansively)

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- reign race his

slower (expansively)

some-thing of his fame; At Ham-mer-smith and Put - ney peo- ple 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

A♭9 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

a tempo (rall. 2nd time) | 1

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

Woe ear.

Slower [♩ = 88]

Now

Slower [♩ = 88]

on a peace-ful sum-mer night, all na-ture seemed at play,
Buck - o-mate, Grum-bus - kin, long since had dis - ap-peared,

The ten-der moon was shin-ing bright, the
For to The Bell at Hamp-ton he had

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

{ Ab Gb Ebm Gb Fm Ebm Fm D_b D_b

2 poco più mosso
 prowl-ing for his prey. In the fore-peak of the ves - sel Growl - tig - er sat a - lone, Concen -

{ Ebm Fm D_b C_b C_b maj7 C_b6

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

{ F_b F_b maj7 F_b6 A A maj7

barrels 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

poco accel.

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

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

rall.

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 [$\text{♩} = 140$]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 [$\text{♩} = 140$]

Then Grid - dle - bone she

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

gave a screech, for she was bad - ly 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

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

tig - er 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

2

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

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

E

E

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

C♯m

C♯

F♯m

B

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

sim. legato

E

C♯m

C♯

F♯m7

B7

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

E

G♯7

C♯m

E7

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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

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 C#7

a tempo

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

rall.

each eye a tear, And e - mo - 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 -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.

a tempo

'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[#]7C[#]m

E7

rall.

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

A

F[#]m

B

A

rall.

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 [♩ = 98]

E C♯m/E F♯m7/E B/E E C♯m/E F♯m7/E B/E

CHORUS

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 [♩ = 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 [♩ = 144]

E B/D♯ C♯m E/B

CHORUS (1st time)

Night Mail's ready to de - part,
Sleep - ing Car Ex - press.
Say -ing 'Skim -ble where is Skim -ble, has he
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 - amines all the fa - ces Of the

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

sear - ching high and low,
travellers in the First and the Third; Say -ing 'Skim -ble where is Skim -ble, for un -
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 play one no flash pranks of his

F#m11 B7 E B/D\$

SKIMBLE
(1st time)

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

SKIMBLE

board.

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

E D6

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

E D6 E D6

door.
breeze;

And the berth was ve - ry neat with a new - ly fol - ded sheet And
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

1 2

not a speck of dust on the floor.
crank to shut the window should you

There was sneeze.
Then the

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 - cosy 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 B♭/F F Dm7/F Gm7/F C/F

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The top two staves are in treble clef, and the bottom two are in bass clef. The key signature is mostly A major (no sharps or flats). The first section starts with a treble staff in common time, followed by a bass staff in common time. The second section begins with a treble staff in common time, followed by a bass staff in common time. The third section starts with a treble staff in common time, followed by a bass staff in common time. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words underlined. Chords are indicated below the bass staves.

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 — 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 bu - sy at Car - lisle, Where I

F Gm/F C7/F Fsus2

stop-ping here and there to catch a flea. 1 They were 2
 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 B_b F/A Gm11 F/A

rall. molto

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

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 B_b F

rall. molto

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

Gm/F

C7/F

Fsus2

F

Am7

B_b B_b/C

F

rall. molto

Macavity: the Mystery Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 86]

(Menacing)

Finger snaps

SOLO

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

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

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

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 G7

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 G7 Cm Cm7/B♭

3

F7/A A♭7

whisper

3

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

mf

3

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

*Finger snaps**f**ff*

Cm

Cm/E \flat

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 \sharp

(G7)

Cm

Cm/E \flat

F7

D7/F \sharp

(G7)

3

powers of le - vi - ta - tion _ would make a fa-kir stare, _

And when you reach the scene of crime, Mac -

Cm

Cm/E \flat

F7

F \sharp O

3

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

p

3

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

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 3 his head 3 from side 3 to side, 3 with move - ments like 3 a snake; And

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

sub. f 3 3

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

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 never was a cat of such de - ceit - ful - ness and sua - vi - ty. He

ff

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 D7 (G7)

3

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

Cm Cm/E♭ F7 F♯^o

3

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

p

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

Finger snaps

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

file draw - ings of Scot - land Yard's And when the lar - der's loot - ed, or the
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,
he's a mile a - way. You'll be and the

2

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

Cm Cm/B_b F7/A Ab7

3

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

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

3

- 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

F#o

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

Finger snaps

3

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

pp leggiero

Cm Cm/Bb F7/A Ab7

- po - le - on of Crime! 3
ff Mac -

3 3 3 3
 sub. *f*
 G7 3 3 3 3

- 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
3
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

3 3
 see him in the square: But when a crime's dis-cov - ered, then Mac - a - vi - ty's not there!
 3 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.

C

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

f

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

- fel - ees!

- fel - ees!

SOLO

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

Bb/C

Bb/C

F

A♭

Memory

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
TREVOR NUNN
after T.S. ELIOT

Freely [♩.= 50]

A musical score for piano, page 10. It features two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, has a B-flat key signature, and is in 12/8 time. The bottom staff is in bass clef, has a B-flat key signature, and is in 12/8 time. The dynamic 'mp' (mezzo-piano) is written above the bass staff. The music consists of eighth-note patterns with grace notes.

GRIZABELLA

Mid night. Not a sound from the pave ment. Has the moon lost her light.

Me mory All a lone in the moon I can smile at the

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

 Eb Dm

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

1

wind begins 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

2

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

10 - 12 - 18 - 18

10 12 18 18 8

A_bm7 **E_bm** **D_b** **C_b/D_b**

Burnt out ends of smo - ky days, the

G_b **B_bm** **B_bm/C_b A_bm/C_b** **B_bm** **B_bm/C_b A_bm/C_b**

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

B_bm **G_b** **A_b7** **D_b** **B_bm7** **E_bm7**

poco rit.

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

A_b7 **D_bmaj7** **B_bm** **E_b7** **A_b** **A_b7**

poco rit.

a tempo

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

*a tempo*D_bB_bm*rall.**a tempo*

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

*rall.**a tempo*G_b

Fm

E_bmsusE_bm*rall.**a tempo – slightly slower*

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

*rall.**a tempo – slightly slower*B_bmA_bG_b/A_bD_b

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

The Journey to the Heavyside Layer

105

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Grandly [♩ = 104]

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

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-vy-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-vy-side Layer.

B♭ F/B♭ Cm/B♭ F7/B♭ B♭ B♭/D E♭ E♭/F

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

The Ad-dressing of Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 92]

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

B♭ B♭ F/A

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

Gm E♭ B♭/F Gm

un you - der - stand would call our a char sim - ac - ter. You've learned e - nough to take the view That the town is

A♭ Fsus4 F B♭ F/A

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

Gm B♭/F E♭ B♭/F Gm

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

B♭/F Gm B♭/F Gm

CHORUS

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

B♭/F E♭/F B♭ E♭/B♭

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

B♭ E♭/B♭ B♭ Gm B♭/F E♭ B♭/D C♯m B♭ F E♭

OLD DEUTERONOMY

dog. *mp* Now

B♭ F/B♭ E♭/B♭ F7/B♭(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

OLD DEUTERONOMY

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

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-teem 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 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

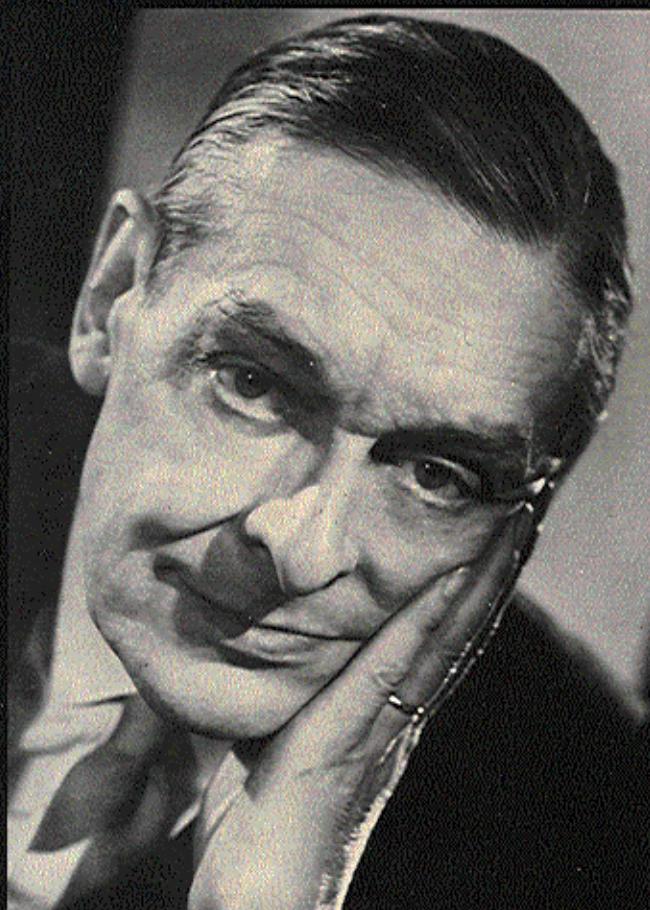
B E/B B E B/D# C#m B F# E

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

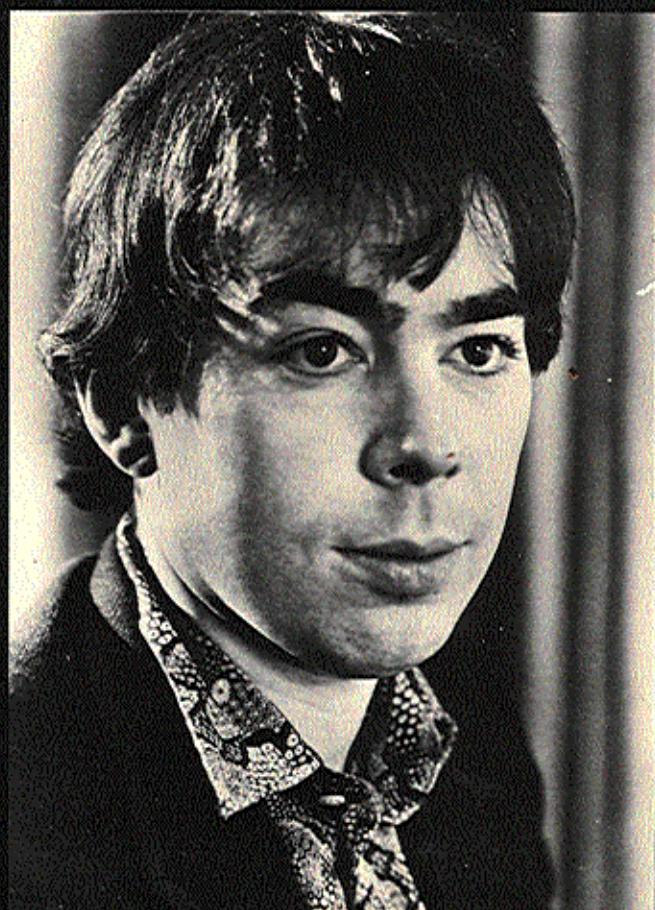
-dress a cat. *ff* A cat. *ff*

F# E B E/B E E6 B B



T.S. ELIOT

Photo: Angus McBean



ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

CATS

From the first-night reviews:

"A triumphant piece of musical theatre . . . A magnificent marriage of words, music, dancing, design and direction . . . *Cats* is among the most exhilarating and innovative musicals ever staged."

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