Andrew Lloyd Webber, Growltiger's Last Stand

Growltiger was a Bravo cat who travelled on a barge
In face he was the roughest cat that ever roamed at large
From Gravesend up to Oxford he pursued his evil aims
Rejoicing in his title of the 'Terror of the Thames'
His manners and appearance did not calculate to please
His coat was torn and seedy, it was baggy at the knees
Once ear was somewhat missing, no need to tell you why
And he scowled upon a hostile world from one forbidding eye
The cottagers of Rotherhithe knew something of his fame
At Hammersmith and Putney people shuddered at his name
The would fortify the hen house, lock up the silly goose
When the rumor ran along the shore: Growltiger's on the loose!
Woe to the weak canary that fluttered from its cage
Woe to the pampered Pekeinese, that face Growltiger's rage
Woe to the bristly bandicoot, that lurks on foreign ships
And woe to any cat with whom Growltiger came to grips
But most to cats of foreign race his hatred had been vowed
To cats of foreign name and race no quarter was allowed
The Persian and the Siamese regarded him with fear
Because it was a Siamese had mauled his missing ear
Now on a peaceful summer night all nature seemed at play
The tender Moon was shining bright, the barge at Molsey lay
All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide
And Growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side
In the forepeak of the vessel Growltiger stood alone
Concentrating my attention on the Lady Griddlebone
And my raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and their bunks
As the Siamese came creeping in their sampans and their junks
Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but Griddlebone
And the lady seemed enraptured by my manly baritone
Disposed to relaxation and awaiting no surprise
But the moonlight sone reflected from a thousand bright blue eyes
And closer still and closer the sampans circled 'round
And yet from all the enemy there was not heard a soun
The foe was armed with toasting forks and cruel carving knives
And the lovers sang their last duet in danger of their lives
Then Genghis gave the signal to his fierce Monglian hordes
Abandoning their sampans, the Chinks they swarmed aboard
Abandoning their sampans, the pullaways, their junks
They battened down the hatches on the crew within their bunks
Then Griddlebone she gave a screech for she was badly skeered
I am sorry to admit it, but she quickly disappeared
She probably escaped with ease, I'm sure she was not drowned
But a serried ring of flashing steel Growltiger did surround
The ruthless foe pressed forward in subborn rank on rank
Growltiger to his vast surprise was forced to walk the plank
He who a hundered victims had driven to that drop
At the end of all his crimes was forced to go kerflip, kerflop
Oh there was joy in Wapping when the news flew through the land
At Maidenhead and Henley there was dancing on the strand
Rats were roasted whole in Brentford and Victoria Dock
And a day of celebration was commanded in Bangkok!
These modern productions are all very well
But there's nothing to equal from what I hear tell
That moment of mystery when I made history