CATS, Gus, The Theatre Cat

Gus is the cat at the theater door His name, as I ought to have told you before Is really Asparagus, but that's such a fuss to pronounce That we usually call him just Gus His coat's very shabby, he's thin as a rake And he suffers from palsy that makes his paw shake For he was in his youth quite the smartest of cats But no longer a terror to mice or to rats For he isn't the cat that he was in his prime Though his name was quite famous, he says, in his time And whenever he joins his friends at their club Which takes place at the back of the neighboring pub He loves to regale them, if someone else pays With anecdotes drawn from his palmiest days For he once was a star of the highest degree He has acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree And he likes to relate his success on the halls Where the gallery once gave him seven cat calls But his greatest creation as he loves to tell Was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell I have played in my time every possible part And I used to know seventy speeches by heart I'd extemporize back chat, I knew how to gag And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag I knew how to act with my back and my tail With an hour of rehearsal, I never could fail I'd a voice that would soften the hardest of hearts Whether I took love lead or in character parts I have sat by the bedside of poor little Nell When the curfew was rung then I swung on the bell In the pantomime season, I never fell flat And I once understudied Dick Whittington's cat But my grandest creation, as history will tell Was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell Then, if someone will give him a toothful of gin He will tell how he once played a part in East Lynne At a Shakespeare performance he once walked on pat When some actor suggested the need for a cat And I say now these kittens, they do not get trained As we did in the days when Victoria reigned They never get drilled in a regular troupe And they think, they are smart just to jump through a hoop And he says as he scratches himself with his claws Well the theater is certainly not what is was These modern productions are all very well But there's nothing to equal from what I hear tell That moment of mystery when I made history As Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell I once crossed the stage on the 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 And I once played Growltiger could do it again Could do it again, could do it again