

CATS, Old Deuteronomy

I believe it is Old Deuteronomy
Well of all things can it be really
No. Yes. Ho. Hi. Oh my eye
My mind may be wandering but I confess
I believe it is Old Deuteronomy
Old Deuteronomy's lived a long time
He's a cat who has lived many lives in succession
He was famous in proverb and famous in rhyme
A long while before Queen Victoria's accession
Old Deuteronomy's buried nine wives
And more I am tempted to say ninety nine
And his numerous progeny prospers and thrives
And the village is proud of him in his decline
At the sight of that placid and bland physiognomy
When he sits in the sun on the vicarage wall
The oldest inhabitant croaks
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Well of all things can it be really
No. Yes. Ho. Hi. Oh my eye
My legs may be tottery, I must go slow
And be careful of Old Deuteronomy