

Cats Soundtrack, Growltiger's Last Stand

Cats Soundtrack

Miscellaneous

Growltiger's Last Stand

including "The Ballad of Billy McCaw";

CHORUS:

Growltiger was a bravo cat who travelled on a barge
In fact 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

GROWLTIGER:

The "Terror of the Thames"! Ha ha ha ha!

GRUMBUSKIN:

His manners and appearance did not calculate to please
His coat was torn and seedy, it was baggy at the knees
One ear was somewhat missing, no need to tell you why
And he scowled upon a hostile world from one forbidding eye

CHORUS:

The cottagers of Rotherhithe knew something of his fame
At Hammersmith and Putney, people shuddered at his name
They would fortify the hen house, lock up the silly goose
When the rumor ran along the shore:

GROWLTIGER:

Growltiger's on the loose! Ha ha ha ha!

SOLOS:

Woe to the weak canary that fluttered from its cage
Woe to the pampered Pekinese, that faced Growltiger's rage
Woe 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

TUMBLEBRUTUS:

Now on a peaceful summer night all nature seemed at play
The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at Molesey lay

CHORUS:

All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide
And Growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side

GRUMBUSKIN:

Growltiger's bucko mate, Grumbuskin, long since had disappeared
For to the bell at Hampton he had gone to wet his beard

TUMBLEBRUTUS:

And his bosun, Tumblebrutus, he too had stol'n away
In the yard behind the lion he was prowling for his prey

GROWLTIGER:

In the forepeak of the vessel, Growltiger sat alone

GRIDDLEBONE:

Concentrating his attention on the lady Griddlebone

CREW:

And his raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and their bunks

SIAMESE:

As the Siamese came creeping in their sampans and their junks

GROWLTIGER:

Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but Griddlebone

GRIDDLEBONE:

And the lady seemed enraptured by his manly baritone

BOTH:

Disposed to relaxation and awaiting no surprise

SIAMESE:

But the moonlight shone 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 sound
The foe was armed with toasting forks and cruel carving knives

GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:

And the lovers sang their last duet in danger of their lives

GROWLTIGER:

Oh, how well I remember the Old Bull and Bush
Where we used to go down of a Saturday night
Where, when anything happened, it come with a rush
For the boss, Mr. Clark, he was very polite

A very nice house, from basement to garret
A very nice house. Ah, but it was the parrot--
The parrot, the parrot named Billy McCaw
That brought all those folks to the bar
Ah! He was the life of the bar.

Of a Saturday night, we was all feeling bright
And Lily La Rose -- the barmaid that was --
She'd say, "Billy, Billy McCaw!
Come give us, come give us a dance on the bar!"
And Billy would dance on the bar
And Billy would dance on the bar
And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear
And emotion would make us all order more beer

Lily, she was a girl what had brains in her head
She wouldn't have nothing, no not that much said
If it come to an argument or a dispute
She'd settle it offhand with the toe of her boot
Or as likely as not put a fist through your eye
Or when we was happy and just a bit dry
Or when we was thirsty and just a bit sad,
She would rap on the bar with that corkscrew she had
And say,

GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:

"Billy, Billy McCaw!

GROWLTIGER:

"Come give us a tune on your pastoral flute!"
And Billy'd strike up on his pastoral flute

GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:

And Billy'd strike up on his pastoral flute

GROWLTIGER:

And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear
And emotion would make us all order more beer

GROWLTIGER AND GRIDDLEBONE:

"Billy, Billy McCaw!

Come give us a tune on your moley guitar!"

And Billy'd strike up on his moley guitar

And Billy'd strike up on his moley guitar

And then we'd feel balmy, in each eye a tear

And emotion would make us all order more beer

CHORUS:

Billy, Billy McCaw!

Come give us a tune on your moley guitar

GROWLTIGER:

Ah! He was the life of the bar.

GENGHIS:

Then Genghis gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian hordes

With a frightful burst of fireworks, the chinks they swarmed aboard

Abandoning their sampans, their pullaways, and junks

They battened down the hatches on the crew within their bunks

Then Griddlebone she gave a screech for she was badly skeered

I'm sorry to admit it, but she quickly disappeared

GROWLTIGER:

She probably escaped with ease I'm sure she was not drowned

CHORUS:

But a serried ring of flashing steel Growltiger did surround

The ruthless foe pressed forward in stubborn rank on rank

Growltiger to his vast surprise was forced to walk the plank

He who a hundred victims had driven to that drop

At the end of all his crimes was forced to go ker-flip, ker-flop!

GROWLTIGER:

Ahhhhh!!!

CHORUS:

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!

(DANCE -- SIAMESE)

GUS:

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