

Jellicle Songs for Jellicle Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

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

[♩ = 132]

mf *morendo*

CHORUS (Individually)

mf Are you blind when you're born? Can you fall on your head - do you 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? -

p rall. *mf a tempo* Em

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

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

D Em Cmaj7 F7

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-

Bb7 B7 E C7 F F/A Bb C

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

F F/A Bb C F F/A Bb C

- 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,_

F# F#/A# B C#7 F# F#/A# B C#7

— 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 Ab/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

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

G D/G G D

Meno mosso [♩ = 82]
mp The mys - ti - cal di - vin - i - ty of un - a - shamed fe -

mp *Meno mosso* [♩ = 82]

Bb Bb F

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

f

Bb F Bb Eb Bb Ab

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

Eb/G F Bbm Bbm7

a tempo primo

o-thers who do what *f* 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 Eb/Bb F/Bb Bb

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

Eb/Bb F/Bb Bb Eb Bb F/Bb 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 -

Eb/Bb F/Bb B B/D# E F#7 B B/D# E

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

F#7 B B/D# E F#7

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

8
Cm Db/C Bb/C loco Cm

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

Abmaj7 Db7 Gb7 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.

Bb Eb Eb/G Ab9 Bb Eb Eb/G Ab

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*)

Ebm Fb Db

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

Eb m Cb7 Fb

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 Bb Eb

Attacca 'The Naming of Cats'

The Naming of Cats

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

CHORUS (*spoken in rhythm*)

Slow [$\text{♩} = 60$]

The

mp *f* *mf*

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, some 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-ticu-lar, A name that's pe-cu-liar, and more dig-ni-fied, Else
how can he keep up his tail per-pén-dicu-lar, Or spread out his whis-kers, or che-rish 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 - | scru - ta - 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

I have a Gum-bie Cat in mind, — Her name is Jen - ny - a -

G6 D/F# C

ny dots; — { Her coat is of the tab - by kind, — with
Her e - qual would be hard to find, — she
The cur - tain cord she likes to wind, — and

Bm7 Am7 Am6 Em7

ti - ger stripes and leo - pard spots. — All day she sits up -
likes the warm and sun - ny spots. — All day she sits be -
tie it in - to sai - lor knots. — She sits up - on the

F B7 G6

- on the stair — or on the steps or on — the mat: — } She
- side the hearth — or in the sun or on — my hat: — }
win - dow - sill — or a - ny - thing that's smooth — and flat: — }

D/F# Dm/F C/E Bm/D

sits and sits and sits and sits, — and that's what makes a Gum - bie

Am7 Am6 Em7 Fmaj7 Bb7 B7

CHORUS

rall. 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 -

Db Db 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 \flat E \flat maj7 A \flat maj7 D \flat

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

D \flat G7 G7

SOLO

3
formed, from that lot of dis - or - der - ly louts, — A troop of well-di - sci-plined

A \flat B \flat 7 E \flat

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

A \flat maj7 D \flat D \flat

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

ff

G G7 Cm B^o

Cm/B A^o Ab7 G7 Cm G7

Cm B^o Cm/Bb A^o Ab7 G7 Cm

Ab Bb7 Ebmaj7

Abmaj7 G7 Cm B° Eb/Bb Am7(b5) Ab7 G7

Cm B° Eb/Bb F/A Ab7

CHORUS *Faster*

For she's a Jol - ly Good Fel -

Faster

C G/B C7/Bb F/A C/G

a tempo **GUMBIE CAT** (*spoken*)

low... Thank you, my dears!...

a tempo

F G7 C

Old Deuteronomy

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow and sustained (♩ = 44)

CHORUS

Well, of all things... Can it be, real-ly!...

G G D 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

but I con-fess I be-lieve it is Old Deu-ter-o-no-my! Well, of o-no-my!
I must go slow And be care-ful of Old Deu-ter-

C D Bb D G D7 G

rall. Fine

SOLO

Old Deu - ter - o - no - my's lived a long time; He's a cat who has lived ma - ny
 Old Deu - ter - o - no - my's bur - ied nine wives and more; I am temp - ted to

G G Fm G

lives in suc - ces - sion. He was fam - ous in pro - verb and fam - ous in rhyme, ^A
 say nine - ty - nine. And his nu - me - rous pro - ge - ny pros - pers and thrives And the

Dm Am Bm C D

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

1 2

Bb D G G

sight of that pla - cid and bland phy - si - og - no - my, When he

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

sits in the sun on the vi - car - age wall, The Old - est In - ha - bi - tant

G F#/G F/G Eb Db

croaks: "Well, of all things ... Can it be, real - ly! ...

Bb D7 G G Fm

Yes! No! Ho! Hi! Oh, my eye! My mind may be wan - der - ing,

G Dm Am Bm

but I con - fess, I be - lieve it is Old Deu - ter - o - no - my!" Well, of

C D Bb D G

Dal Segno
CHORUS

Grizabella: the Glamour Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

Slow [♩ = 68]

SOLO

p She

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

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

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

p

Bbm F7 F7

Db Db Ebm6 Db/F

Gb Cb Bbm

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

F7 F7 Db

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

Bbm Cm Bb Ebm Bbm/F

CHORUS
Gri - za - bel - la, the

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

Dbsus Abm Bbm/F F7 F7

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

Dbsus Db Bbm Cm Bb Ebm

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]

D

SOLO

Gus is the Cat at the The - a - tre Door. His name, as I
coat's ver - y shab - by, he's thin as a rake, And he suf - fers from
played, in my time, by, eve - ry pos - si - ble part, 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, I
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 the bag. I
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
 I have sat by the bed - side of poor lit - tle Nell; When the
 Pan - to - mime sea - son I ne - ver fell flat, and I

D G D/F# Em7 D/F#

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

G D/F# F#7 Bm Bm

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

Em7 A Dsus2 D Em7 A

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

Dsus2 D G D/F# Em7 D/F#

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 %
GUS

Fiend of the Fell. I have

Csus2 G D

⊕ 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 reigned. They hoop. And he says as he
smart, just to jump through a

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 - duc - 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

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 . . .

attacca 'Growltiger's Last Stand'

Skimbleshanks: the Railway Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

Lively [$\text{♩} = 98$]

E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E E C#m/E F#m7/E B/E

CHORUS

Skim - ble - shanks, the Rail - way Cat, the

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 [$\text{♩} = 144$]

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 [$\text{♩} = 144$]

E B/D# C#m E/B

CHORUS (1st time)

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

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

sear - ching high and low, — Say - ing 'Skimble where is Skim-ble, for un -
travellers in the First and the Third; — 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 he gave one flash of his
 You could play no pranks with ____

F#m11 B7 E B/D#

SKIMBLE (1st time)

glass - green eyes And the sig - nal went 'All Clear! -
 Skim - ble - shanks! He's a cat that can - not be ig - nored; - They'd be 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 E D6

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

E D6 E D6

door. And the berth was ve - ry neat with a new - ly fol - ded sheet And
breeze; 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. There was sneeze. Then the
 crank to shut the window should you

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 - sy 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

F C/F Bb/F F Dm7/F Gm7/F C/F

SKIMBLE

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 - station; With per - haps a drop of Scotch while I was keep-ing on the watch, On - ly
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. They were
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 Bb F/A Gm11 F/A

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

rall. molto

Bb F/A Gm11 C7 C7

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 Bb F

rall. molto

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

rall. molto

Gm/F C7/F F sus2 F Am7 Bb Bb/C F

Macavity: the Mystery Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 86]

mf (Menacing)

Finger snaps

SOLO

mf

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

mf

Cm

Cm/Eb

F7

G7

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

Cm

Cm/Eb

F7

G7

Cm

Cm7/Bb

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

F7/A

Ab7

whisper
3

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

mf

ff

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

Finger snaps

f

ff

Cm

Cm/Eb

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#

(G7)

Cm

Cm/Eb

F7

D7/F#

(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/Eb

F7

F#°

3

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

p

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

mf

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

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

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

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

he's a fiend in fe - line shape, a mon - ster of de - pra - vi - ty. You may
 nev - er was a cat of such de - ceit - ful - ness and sua - vi - ty. He

ff

Cm Cm/Eb F7 D7 (G7)

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

3

Cm Cm/Eb F7 F#0

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

3

p

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

Finger snaps

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

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

sfz

Cm Cm7/Bb

3 3 3 *ff* Mac -

trel - lis past re - pair, There's the won - der of the thing, Mac - a - vi - ty's_ not there!

3 3 *sub. f*

F7/A Ab7

2

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

Cm Cm/Bb F7/A Ab7

- gaged in do - ing com - pli - ca - ted long di - vi - sion sums. *ff* Mac -

3 3 3 3 *p*

- a - vi - ty, Mac - a - vi - ty, there's no one like Mac - a - vi - ty, There ne - ver was a cat of such de -

ff

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

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#°

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

p

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

Finger snaps

pp

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

3

Cm Cm/Bb F7/A Ab7

- po - le - on of Crime!

ff Mac -

sub. f

G7

- 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

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

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

p

p

ff ^

F7/A Ab7.

Mr. Mistoffelees

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

SOLO

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

Bb/C Bb/C F Ab

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ears to the tip of his tail;— He can creep thru' the ti - ni - est crack, He can
 think there was no-bo-dy shy - er, But his voice has been heard on the roof When

Bb F F Ab

walk on the nar-row-est rail. He can pick a - ny card from a pack, He is
 he was curled up by the fire. And he's some-times been heard by the fire, When

Bb Ab Bb Ab

e - qual-ly cun-ning with dice; He is al-ways de-ceiv-ing you in - to be-liev - ing That he's
 he was a-bout on the roof (At least we all heard - that some-bo-dy purred) Which is

Db F Bb F

on-ly hunt-ing for mice. He can play a-ny trick with a cork Or a spoon and a bit of fish paste; If you
 in-con-test - a - ble proof Of his sin - gu-lar ma - gi-cal powers: And I've known the fam-ily to call Him

Eb C7 C7 C7

cresc. poco a poco

look for a knife or a fork
in from the gar - den for hours,

And you think it is mere-ly mis - placed,
While he was a-sleep in the hall.

You have
And

C7 C7

seen it one mo - ment, and then it is gawn!_ But you'll find it next week_ ly-ing out on the lawn._
not long a - go_ this phe-no-me-nal cat_ Pro - duced se-ven kit - tens right out of a hat!_

C

1st time *Dal Segno* CHORUS
2nd time on

And we all say: Oh! Well I ne - ver! Was there e - ver a cat so cle-ver as
And we all said:

f

C7 F C/E Gm7 C7

Ma - gi - cal Mis - ter Mis - tof - fel - ees! - fel - ees!

Ladies and gentlemen, I give
you the marvellous, Magical
Mister Mistoffelees! Presto!

repeat ad lib. last time SOLO

repeat ad lib.

F F/A Bb Bb/C Dm

Memory

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
TREVOR NUNN
after T.S. ELIOT

Freely [♩ = 50]

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a series of chords in the treble clef, while the left hand plays a melodic line in the bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Freely' with a quarter note equal to 50 beats per minute. The dynamics are marked 'mp' (mezzo-piano).

GRIZABELLA

The first line of the song features a vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is written in a treble clef with a key signature of two flats and a 12/8 time signature. The piano accompaniment is written in a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "Mid - night. Not a sound from the pave - ment. Has the moon lost her Me - mory All a - lone in the moon - light I can smile at the". The piano accompaniment includes a bass line and a treble line. Chords are indicated as Bb and Gm.

The second line of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "me old - mory? She is smil - ing a - lone. In the days, I was beau - ti - ful then. I re -". The piano accompaniment includes a bass line and a treble line. Chords are indicated as Eb and Dm.

The third line of the song continues the vocal and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "lamp - light the wi - thered leaves col - lect at my feet And the mem - ber the time I knew what hap - pi - ness was, Let the". The piano accompaniment includes a bass line and a treble line. Chords are indicated as Cm and Gm.

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1 2

wind _____ be-gins 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

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

Day - light. — I must wait for the sun - rise, — I must think of a new life — And I must-n't give

Bb Gm Eb

in. — When the dawn comes to-night will be a me-mo-ry too — And a

Dm Cm Gm

new day — will be - gin.

F Eb/F Bb Gb

Ebm Cb Bbm

Abm7 Ebm Db Cb/Db

Burnt out ends of smo - ky days, — the

Gb Bbm Bbm/Cb Abm/Cb Bbm Bbm/Cb Abm/Cb

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

Bbm Gb Ab7 Db Bbm7 Ebm7

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

poco rit.

Ab7 Dbmaj7 Bbm Eb7 Ab Ab7

a tempo

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

a tempo

Db Bbm

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

rall. a tempo

rall. a tempo

Gb Fm Ebmsus Ebm

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

rall. a tempo - slightly slower

rall. a tempo - slightly slower

Bbm Ab Gb/Ab Db

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

The Journey to the Heavyside Layer

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T. S. ELIOT

Grandly [♩ = 104]

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.

Bb F/Bb Cm/Bb F7/Bb Bb Bb/D Eb Eb/F

* *rall.*

Bb

* 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 of sev - eral kinds of cat, And dogs pre-tend they like to fight; They

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

un - der - stand our char - ac - ter. You've learned e - nough to take the view That you would call a sim - ple soul. The us - ual dog a - bout the town Is

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

mp

Bb Bb F/A

Gm Eb Bb/F Gm

Ab F sus4 F Bb F/A

Gm Bb/F Eb Bb/F Gm

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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

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

Bb/F Gm Bb/F Gm

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

CHORUS

Bb/F Eb/F Bb Eb/Bb

1
 first, your me - mo - ry I'll jog, And say: a cat is not a
 us - ual dog a -

Bb Eb/Bb Bb Gm Bb/F Eb Bb/D Cm Bb F Eb

dog. *mp* Now

OLD DEUTERONOMY

Bb F/Bb Eb/Bb F7/Bb (no 5th)

a tempo

- self, I do not hold with that. I say, you should ad - dress a cat. But

D Gm E7 Am

a tempo

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

mp 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