Gus: the Theatre Cat

Music by
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[\textbf{\textit{[\textbf{I} = 108]}\textbf{]}]

\textbf{\textit{\S\ S O L O}}

Gus is the Cat, at the Theatre Door. His name, as I played, in my time, every possible part, And I used to know how to act with my back and my tail; With an hour of rest I ought to have told you before, Is really Asparagus. Buttesy that makes his paw shake. Yet he was, in his youth, quite the seventeen speeches by heart. I'd extemporize back-chat, I hear-sal, I never could fail. I'd a voice that would soften the

\textbf{\textit{\textbf{A}} \textbf{Dsus2} \textbf{D} \textbf{Gmaj7} \textbf{D/F\#}}

that's such a fuss To pronounce, that we usually call him just Gus. His smartest of cats. But no longer a terror to mice and to knew how to gag, And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag. I

\textbf{\textit{\textbf{F\#7} \textbf{Bm} \textbf{G F\#m7 Em9 G/A} \textbf{G D}}}

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rats. For he is n't the cat that he was in his
prime; Though his
parts. I have sat by the
Panto - mine sea - son I ne - ver fell
at the club (Which takes
bed - side of poor lit - tle
Nell; When the
flats, and I

name was quite fam - ous, he
place at the back of the
neigh - bour - ing
cur - few was rung, then I
once un - der - stu - died Dick
swung on the
Whitting - ton's
bell. In the

loves to re - gale them, if some - one else pays, With an - ec - do - tes drawn from his
palm - i - est days. For he once was a Star of the high - est de - gre - e; He has
likes to re - late his suc - cess on the Halls, Where the
acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree.

Gallery once gave him seven cats. But his calls.

grandest creation, as he loves to tell, Was Fire-frore-fiddle, the

I have

Fiend of the Fell.

But my grandest creation, as history will tell, Was

Dal Segno

GUS

CODA
Firere-fiddle, 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 toothful 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

once walked on pat, when some act-or sug-ges-ted the need for a cat. And I

D D D A E7 A
Now, these kittens, they do not get trained. As we did in the days when Victoria reigned. They are smart, just to jump through a hoop. And he says as he scratches himself with his claws:

Well, the Theatre is certainly not what it was. These modern productions are all very well, but there's...
no-thing to e-qual, from what I hear tell, That mo-ment of
myst-e-ry When I made his-tory As Fire-frore-fiddle, the
rall.
Fiend of the Fell.

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'