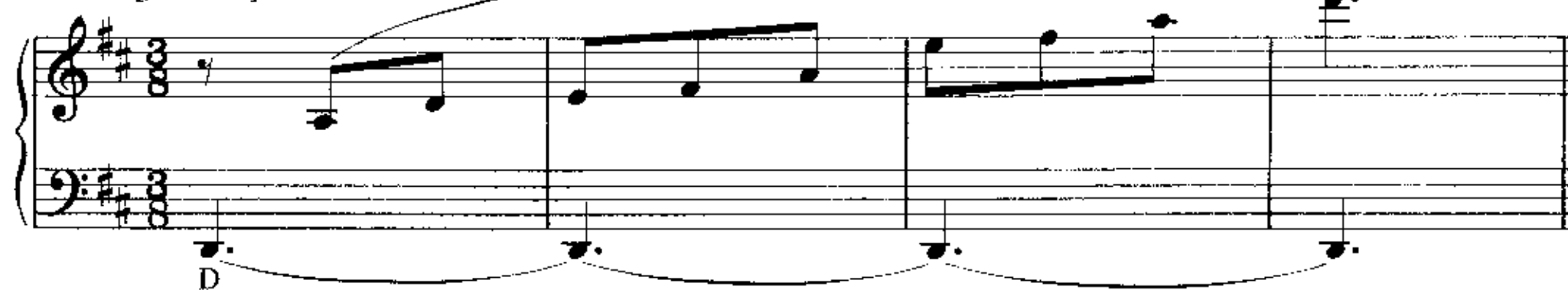


Gus: the Theatre Cat

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 108]



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, 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#

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 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
Pan - to - mime sea - son of poor lit - tle Nell; When the
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
place at the back of the neigh - bour - ing time. And when pub.) He
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 calls. But his
Gal - le - ry once gave him sev - en cat -

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

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

mys - te - ry When I made hi - sto - ry As Fire - frore - fid - dle, the

Fiend of the Fell.

rall.

rall.

G D/F# F#7 B G F#m7 Em9

G/A Bm Bm Em7 F#m7 Gmaj7 G/A

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'