

JELLYLORUM

Gus: the Theatre Cat

GRIDDLEBONE!

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#1

Music by
ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Text by
T.S. ELIOT

[♩ = 108]

START

VERSE 1 & 2

§ 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
know how to act with my back and my tail; With an hour of know 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
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
 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
 place at the back of the neigh - bour - ing bell. In the pub.) He
 Cur - few was rung, then I swung on 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 Ir - ving, 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

END

Fiend of the Fell. I have

Csus2 G

Dal Segno %

GUS

⊕ CODA

cat. But my grand - est cre - a - tion, as his - tory will tell, Was

Bm G F#m7 Em9 G/A Bm Bm

#2

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START

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OS-CIL-LARE IN SI-LEN-ZIO NEL VEN-TO PRO-FU-NATO - IN-LA-RE

CELLO

TR. B. B. B.

123

-REA DEL NA-VI-GLIO SE-RE-NA MENTE UNATO IN QUELLA TEM-PI-DA NOT-TE IN QUELLA TEM-PI-DA

(AVBARO)

126

127

128

129

NOT-TE IN QUELLA TEM-PI-DA NOT-TE

THEN

130

131

133

134

12-4CX

JAN-237-

END