

## **Sarah Brightman & Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Gus: The Theatre Cat"**

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Sarah

Gus is the cat at the theatre door  
His name, as I ought to have told you before  
Is really Asparagus, but that's a fuss to pronounce  
That we usually call him just Gus  
His coat's very shabby, he's thin as a rake  
And he suffers from palsy that makes his paw shake  
For he was in his youth quite the smartest of cats  
But no longer a terror to mice or to rats

For he isn't the cat that he was in his prime  
Though his name was quite famous, he says, in his  
time  
And whenever he joins his friends at their club  
(Which takes place at the back of the neighbouring  
pub)  
He loves to regale them, if someone else pays  
With anecdotes drawn from his palmiest days  
For he once was a star of the highest degree  
He has acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree  
And he likes to relate his success on the halls  
Where the gallery once gave him seven cat calls  
But his grandest creation as he loves to tell  
Was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

Sir John

I have played in my time every possible part  
And I used to know seventy speeches by heart  
I'd extemporize backchat, I knew how to gag  
And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag  
I knew how to act with my back and my tail  
With an hour of rehearsal, I never could fail  
I'd a voice that would soften the hardest of hearts  
Whether I took the lead, or in character parts  
I have sat by the bedside of poor little Nell  
When the curfew was rung then I swung on the bell  
In the pantomime season, I never fell flat  
And I once understudied Dick Whittington's cat  
But my grandest creation, as history will tell  
was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

Sarah

Then, if someone will give him a toothful of gin  
He will tell how he once played a part in East Lynne  
At a Shakespeare performance he once walked on pat  
When some actor suggested the need for a cat

Sir John

And I say now these kittens, they do not get trained  
As we did in the days when Victoria reigned  
They never get drilled in a regular troupe  
And they think they are smart just to jump through a  
hoop

Sarah

And he says as he scratches himself with his claws

Sir John

Well the theatre is certainly not what it was  
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  
As Fireforefiddle, the fiend of the fell

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