

Webber Andrew Lloyd

"Growltiger's last stand"

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Growltiger was a bravo cat who travelled on a barge
In fact he was the roughest cat that ever roamed at
large
From Gravesend up to Oxford he pursued his evil aims
Rejoicing in his title of the "Terror of the Thames"

His manners and appearance did not calculate to
please
His coat was torn and seedy, it was baggy at the knees
One ear was somewhat missing, no need to tell you
why
And he scowled upon a hostile world from one
forbidding eye

The cottagers of Rotherhithe knew something of his
fame
At Hammersmith and Putney, people shuddered at his
name
They would fortify the hen house, lock up the silly
goose
When the rumor ran along the shore: Growltiger's on
the loose!

Woe to the weak canary that fluttered from its cage
Woe to the pampered Pekinese, that faced Growltiger's
rage
Woe the bristly bandicoot that lurks on foreign ships
And woe to any cat with whom Growltiger came to grips

But most to cats of foreign race his hatred had been
vowed
To cats of foreign name and race, no quarter was
allowed
The Persian and the Siamese regarded him with fear
Because it was a Siamese had mauled his missing ear

Now on a peaceful summer night all nature seemed at
play
The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at
Molsey lay
All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide

And Growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side

In the forepeak of the vessel, Growltiger stood alone
Concentrating my attention on the lady Griddlebone
And my raffish crew were sleeping in their barrels and
their bunks
As the Siamese came creeping in their sampans and
their junks

Growltiger had no eye or ear for aught but Griddlebone
And the lady seemed enraptured by my manly baritone
Disposed to relaxation and awaiting no surprise
But the moonlight shone reflected from a thousand
bright blue eyes

And closer still and closer the sampans circled 'round
And yet from all the enemy there was not heard a
sound
The foe was armed with toasting forks and cruel
carving knives
And the lovers sang their last duet in danger of their
lives

In una tepida notte d'estate, allorché la natura
Era nel pieno fulgore, e la resca rugiada
Splendeva al chiar di luna sopra la verzura
Si poteva vedere il galeone ancorato
Oscillare in silenzio nel vento profumato
Dalla marea del naviglio serenamente cullato
In quella tepida notte che c'è dunque di male
Se in tanta poesia anche il pirata diventa sentimentale?

Oscillare in silenzio nel vento profumato
Dalla marea del naviglio serenamente cullato
In quella tepida notte
In quella tepida notte
In quella tepida notte

Then Genghis gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian
hordes
Abandoning their sampans, the chinks they swarmed
aboard
Abandoning their sampans, their pullaways, their junks
They battened down the hatches on the crew within
their bunks

Then Griddlebone she gave a screech for she was
badly skeered
I am sorry to admit it, but she quickly disappeared
She probably escaped with ease I'm sure she was not

drowned

But a serried ring of flashing steel Growltiger did
surround

The ruthless foe pressed forward in stubborn rank on
rank

Growltiger to his vast surprise was forced to walk the
plank

He who a hundred victims had driven to that drop
At the end of all his crimes was forced to go kerflip,
kerflop

Oh there was joy in Wapping when the news flew
through the land

At Maidenhead and Henley there was dancing on the
Strand

Rats were roasted whole in Brentford and Victoria Dock
And a day of celebration was commanded in Bangkok!

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

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