

## **Andrew Lloyd Webber "Growltiger's Last Stand"**

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Growltiger was a Bravo cat who travelled on a barge  
In face 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  
Once 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  
The 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 it's cage  
Woe to the pampered Pekeinese, that face Growltiger's  
rage  
Woe to 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 sone 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 soun  
The foe was armed with toasting forks and cruel  
carving knives  
And the lovers sang their last duet in danger of their  
lives  
Then Genghis gave the signal to his fierce Monglian  
hordes  
Abandoning their sampans, the Chinks they swarmed  
aboard  
Abandoning their sampans, the 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 subborn rank on  
rank  
Growltiger to his vast surprise was forced to walk the  
plank  
He who a hundered 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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