

St. Patrick's Day "Furagone's Wake"

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Tim Furagone lived on Walklin Street
A gentle Sphynx Cat mighty odd.
He had a meow both thick and sweet,
And to jump off a fence he'd land with a thod.
Now the cat had a sorta nibbler's way.
For the love of the herb he was born
And to help him on his way each day,
He'd roll in the catnip every morn.

[Ch]
A whack for the dog,
Then dance with all laughter
Round the floor a rat's tail chase.
Jump on a shelf. Now what will we shatter?
Lots of fun at Furagone's Wake.

One morning Tim pounced on a fowl
Up on a roof top. His paws did skate.
He fell from the roof, his ninth life gone,
They carried him home his corpse to wake.
They rolled him up in a shredded bed sheet,
And laid him out in his cat bed
With a bottle of milk at his tail
And a ball of string at his head.

The Tom cats gathered at the wake.
A fluffy Persian brought a fish for lunch.
A Calico shared his tuna fish cake.
While an Abyssinian lapped catnip punch.
Then Kitty O'Brian began to cry,
"Mreooooow, it's sad to see!
Such a young cat to lose nine lives."
"Will ye bite your tail," said Paddy Furry

Then Maggie O'Mackrel took up the yowl,
"Oh Kitty," says she, "Go tend your fur."
Then Kitty bit her on the paw,
And sent them clawing on the floor.
Then a Cat Fight did soon engage.
It was Manx to Manx,
And Tab to Tab.
Whiskers and fur flew round insane.

Some wounds we lick will never scab.

Then Sean Abysinn ducked his head
When a bucket of catnip flew at him.
It missed and landed on the cat bed.
The catnip scattered all over Tim.
Well the strength of the herb gave him life once more.
Tim leaped like a lion from the bed,
Growling, "For Bast's sake, bite your fur!
If ye waste my catnip, you'll make me mad! '

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