

THE MUST-SEE MUSICAL EVENT

JAMES CORDEN JUDI DENCH JASON DERULO JESSIE ELBA BEATRICE HUDSON

JAMIE McKELLEN TAYLOR SWIFT RORAL WILSON PRINCESS HAYWARD

# CATS

MUSIC BY TOM HOOPER  
BOOK BY ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER  
LYRICS BY T.S. ELIOT

IN CINEMAS DECEMBER 20

→ FABER CLASSICS ←

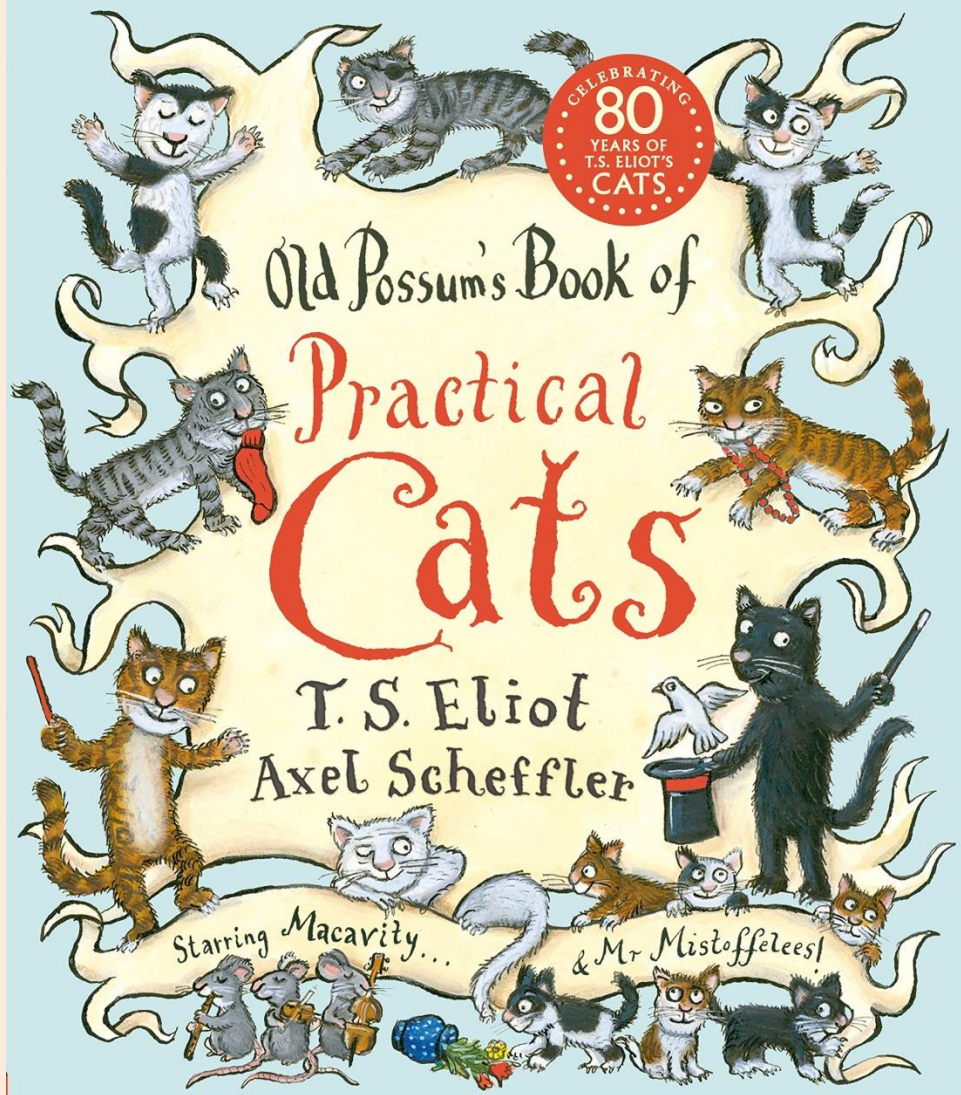
CELEBRATING  
80  
YEARS OF  
T.S. ELIOT'S  
CATS

Old Possum's Book of  
Practical  
Cats

T. S. Eliot  
Axel Scheffler

Starring Macavity...

& Mr Mistoffelees!



# T.S. Eliot (1888 – 1965)

- Thomas Stearns Eliot was a British-American poet and writer.
- He was born in the USA but moved to England when he was 25.
- His most famous work of children's literature is his collection of cat poems, known as Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats.



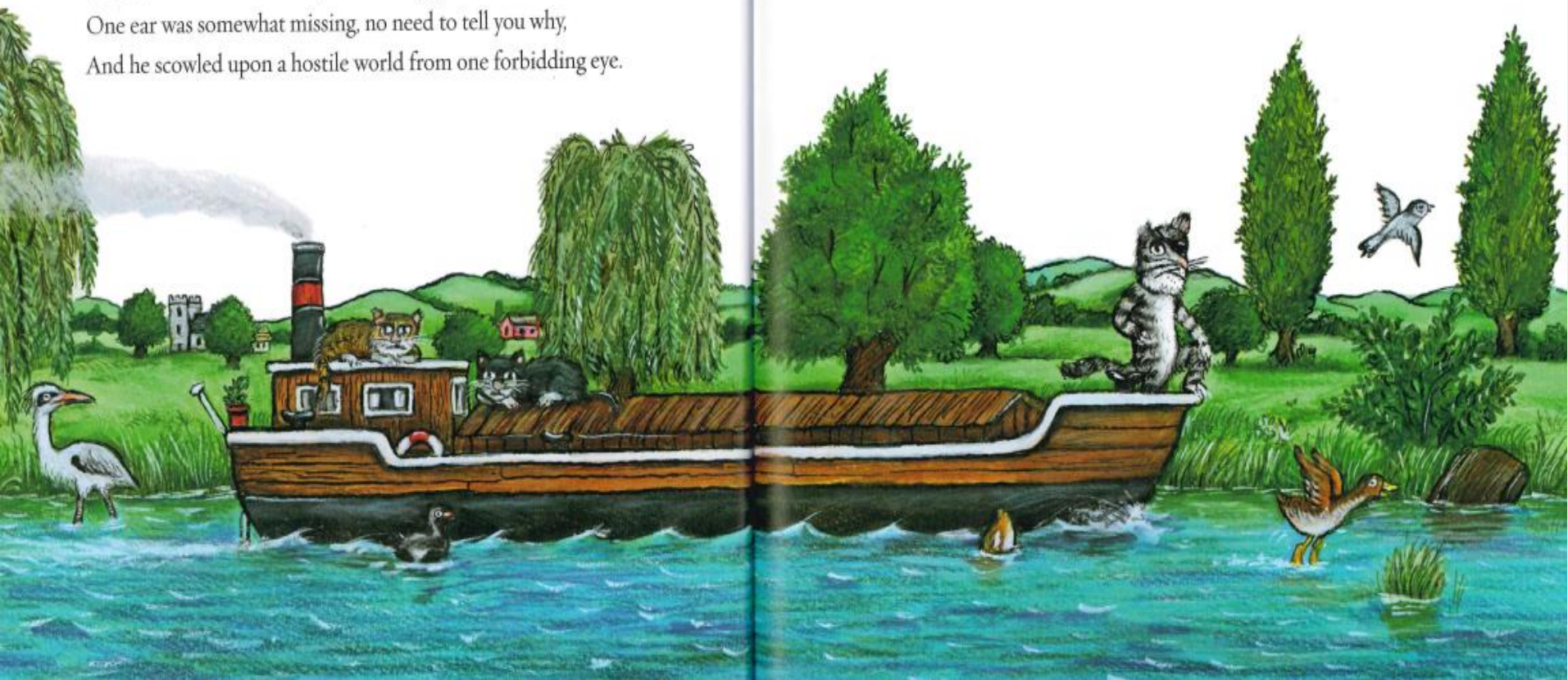
## GROWLTIGER'S LAST STAND

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, he 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 rumour 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 to the bristly Bandicoot, that lurks on foreign ships,  
And woe to any Cat with whom Growltiger came to grips!



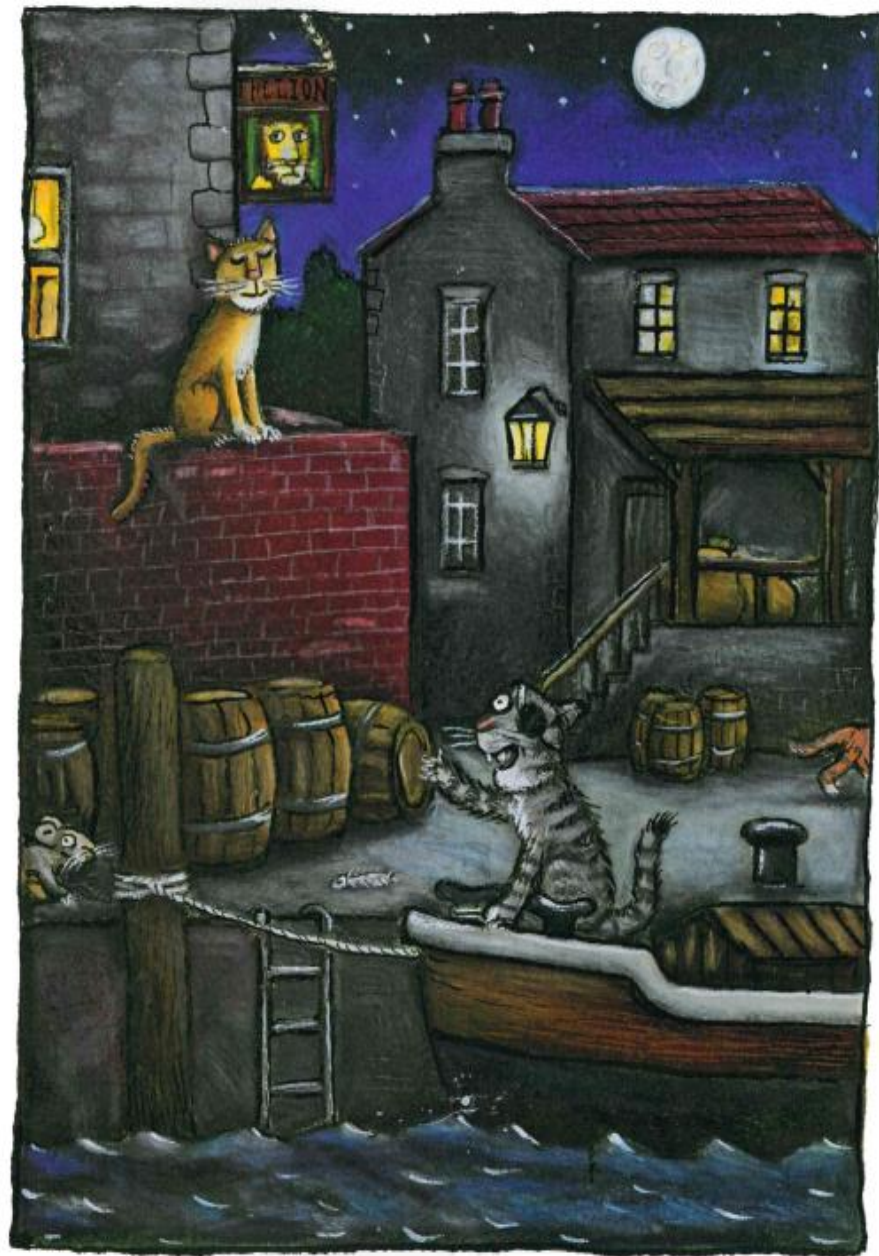
But most to Cats of foreign race his hatred had been vowed;  
To Cats of foreign name and race no quarter was allowed.  
The Persian and the Siamese regarded him with fear—  
Because it was a Siamese had mauled his missing ear.

Now on a peaceful summer night, all nature seemed at play,  
The tender moon was shining bright, the barge at Molesey lay.  
All in the balmy moonlight it lay rocking on the tide—  
And Growltiger was disposed to show his sentimental side.

His bucko mate, GRUMBUSKIN, long since had disappeared,  
For to the Bell at Hampton he had gone to wet his beard;  
And his bosun, TUMBLEBRUTUS, he too had stol'n away—  
In the yard behind the Lion he was prowling for his prey.

In the forepeak of the vessel Growltiger sate alone,  
Concentrating his attention on the Lady GRIDDLEBONE.  
And his 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 his manly baritone,  
Disposed to relaxation, and awaiting no surprise—  
But the moonlight shone reflected from a hundred 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 lovers sang their last duet, in danger of their lives—  
For the foe was armed with toasting forks and cruel carving knives.

Then GILBERT gave the signal to his fierce Mongolian horde;  
With a frightful burst of fireworks the Chinese swarmed aboard.  
Abandoning their sampans, and their pullaways and 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 ker-flip, ker-flop.

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 at Brentford, and at Victoria Dock,  
And a day of celebration was commanded in Bangkok.



# THE SONG OF THE JELLICLES

*Jellicle Cats come out to-night  
Jellicle Cats come one come all:  
The Jellicle Moon is shining bright—  
Jellicles come to the Jellicle Ball.*

Jellicle Cats are black and white,  
Jellicle Cats are rather small;  
Jellicle Cats are merry and bright,  
And pleasant to hear when they caterwaul.  
Jellicle Cats have cheerful faces,  
Jellicle Cats have bright black eyes;  
They like to practise their airs and graces  
And wait for the Jellicle Moon to rise.



Jellicle Cats develop slowly,  
Jellicle Cats are not too big;  
Jellicle Cats are roly-poly,  
They know how to dance a gavotte and a jig,  
Until the Jellicle Moon appears  
They make their toilette and take their repose:  
Jellicles wash behind their ears,  
Jellicles dry between their toes.

Jellicle Cats are white and black,  
Jellicle Cats are of moderate size;  
Jellicles jump like a jumping-jack,  
Jellicle Cats have moonlit eyes.  
They're quiet enough in the morning hours,  
They're quiet enough in the afternoon,  
Reserving their terpsichorean powers  
To dance by the light of the Jellicle Moon.





Jellicle Cats are black and white,  
Jellicle Cats (as I said) are small;  
If it happens to be a stormy night  
They will practise a caper or two in the hall.  
If it happens the sun is shining bright  
You would say they had nothing to do at all:  
They are resting and saving themselves to be right  
For the Jellicle Moon and the Jellicle Ball.



# Your Assignment

- In both these poems, the poet uses personification – giving the cats human traits.
- Choose an animal (your pet?) and describe its traits/character.
- You could think of an anecdote about your animal, or do a day in the life.
- You could use rhyme like T.S. Eliot.

# Questions to answer.

- What does the animal do?
- Why do you like it?
- What could you compare it to?
- Can you think of a funny anecdote?
- Find a photo of your animal that 'sums it up'.

