

# Old Deuteronomy

[Sarah Brightman](#)

I believe it is Old Deuteronomy  
Old Deuteronomy's lived a long time  
He's a cat who has lived many lives in succession  
He was famous in proverb and famous in rhyme  
A long while before Queen Victoria's accession  
Old Deuteronomy's buried nine wives  
And more I am tempted to say ninety-nine  
And his numerous progeny prospers and thrives  
And the village is proud of him in his decline  
At the sight of that placid and bland physiognomy  
When he sits in the sun on the vicarage wall  
The oldest inhabitant croaks  
Well, of all things, can it be really?  
Yes, no, ho-hi-oh, my eye  
My mind may be wandering, but I confess  
I believe it is old Deuteronomy  
Old Deuteronomy sits in the street  
He sits in the high street on market day  
The Bullocks may bellow, the sheep they may bleat  
But the dogs and the herdsman will turn them away  
The cars and the lorries run over the curb  
And the villagers put up a notice "Road closed"  
So that nothing untoward may chance to disturb  
Deuteronomy's rest when he feels so disposed  
The digestive repose of that felines gastronomy  
Must never be broken whatever may befall  
The oldest inhabitant croaks  
Well, of all things, can it be really?  
Yes, no, ho-hi-oh, my eye  
my mind may be wandering, but I confess  
i believe it is old Deuteronomy  
Well, of all things, can it be really?  
Yes no ho hi oh, my eye  
My legs may be tottery, I must go slow  
And be careful of old Deuteronomy

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