

# Gus - The Theatre Cat (with Sir John Gielgud)

## Sarah Brightman

Sarah

Gus is the cat at the theatre door  
His name, as I ought to have told you before  
Is really Asparagus, but that's a fuss to pronounce That we usually call him just Gus  
His coat's very shabby, he's thin as a rake  
And he suffers from palsy that makes his paw shake  
For he was in his youth quite the smartest of cats  
But no longer a terror to mice or to rats For he isn't the cat that he was in his prime  
Though his name was quite famous, he says, in his time  
And whenever he joins his friends at their club  
(Which takes place at the back of the neighbouring pub) He loves to regale them, if someone else pays  
With anecdotes drawn from his palmiest days  
For he once was a star of the highest degree  
He has acted with Irving, he's acted with Tree And he likes to relate his success on the halls  
Where the gallery once gave him seven cat calls  
But his grandest creation as he loves to tell  
Was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell Sir John  
I have played in my time every possible part  
And I used to know seventy speeches by heart  
I'd extemporize backchat, I knew how to gag And I knew how to let the cat out of the bag  
I knew how to act with my back and my tail  
With an hour of rehearsal, I never could fail  
I'd a voice that would soften the hardest of hearts Whether I took the lead, or in character parts  
I have sat by the bedside of poor little Nell  
When the curfew was rung then I swung on the bell  
In the pantomime season, I never fell flat And I once understudied Dick Whittington's cat  
But my grandest creation, as history will tell  
was Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell Sarah  
Then, if someone will give him a toothful of gin  
He will tell how he once played a part in East Lynne  
At a Shakespeare performance he once walked on pat  
When some actor suggested the need for a cat Sir John  
And I say now these kittens, they do not get trained  
As we did in the days when Victoria reigned  
They never get drilled in a regular troupe  
And they think they are smart just to jump through a hoop Sarah  
And he says as he scratches himself with his claws Sir John  
Well the theatre is certainly not what it was  
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  
As Firefrorefiddle, the fiend of the fell

Songwriters

A.L. WEBER, TREVOR NUNN, RICHARD STILGOE

Published by  
Lyrics © IMAGEM U.S. LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>