Old Deuteronomy

The Cats

I believe it is Old DeuteronomyOld 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 accessionOld 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 declineAt the sight of that placid and bland physiognomy
When he sits in the sun on the vicarage wallThe 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 DeuteronomyOld 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 herdsmen will turn them awayThe 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 disposedThe digestive repose of that felines gastronomy
Must never be broken whatever may befallThe 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 DeuteronomyWell, of all things, can it be really?
Yes no ho hi oh, my eyeMy legs may be tottery, I must go slow
And be careful of old Deuteronomy

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