

Cats Soundtrack, The Awful Battle of the Pekes a

Cats Soundtrack

Miscellaneous

The Awful Battle of the Pekes and the Pollicles
including "The Marching Song of the Pollicle Dogs";

MUNKUSTRAP:

The Pekes and the Pollicles, as everyone knows.
Are proud and implacable passionate foes
It is always the same, wherever one goes
And the Pugs and the Poms, although most people say
That they do not like fighting, yet once in a way,
They will now and again join in to the fray

And they

CHORUS:

Bark bark bark bark
Bark bark BARK BARK!

MUNKUSTRAP:

Until you can hear them all over the park

Now on the occasion of which I shall speak
Almost nothing had happened for nearly a week
(And that's a long tome for a Pol or a Peke)
The big Police Dog was away from his beat--
I don't know the reason, but most people think
He'd slipped into the Wellington Arms for a drink--
And no one at all was about on the street
When a Peke and a Pollicle happened to meet
They did not advance, or exactly retreat,
But they glared at each other, and scraped their hind feet,

And started to

CHORUS:

Bark bark bark bark
Bark bark BARK BARK!

MUNKUSTRAP:

Until you could hear them all over the park

Now the Peke, although people may say what they please
Is no British Dog, but a heathen Chinese
And so all the Pekes, when they heard the uproar
Some came to the window, some came to the door
There were surely a dozen, more likely a score
And together they started to grumble and wheeze
In their huffery-snuffery heathen Chinese
But a terrible din is what Pollicles like
For your Pollicle Dog is a dour Yorkshire tyke,
And is braw Scottish cousins are snappers and biters,
And every dog-jack of them notable fighters;
And so they stepped out, with their pipers in order,
Playing When the Blue Bonnets Came Over the Border
Then the Pugs and the Poms held no longer aloof,
But some from the balcony, some from the roof,
Joined in to the din
With a

CHORUS:

Bark bark bark bark
Bark bark BARK BARK!

MUNKUSTRAP:

Until you could hear them all over the park

CHORUS:

There are dogs out of every nation,
The Irish, the Welsh and the Dane;
The Russian, the Dutch the Dalmatian,
And even from China and Spain;
The Poodle, the Pom, the Alsatian
And the mastiff who walks on a chain
And to those that are frisky and froliccal
Let my meaning be perfectly plain;
That my name it is Little Tom Pollicle--
And you'd better not do it again

MUNKUSTRAP:

Now when these bold heroes together assembled,
The traffic all stopped, and the Underground trembled,
And some of the neighbors were so much afraid
That they started to ring up the Fire Brigade

When suddenly, up from a small basement flat,
Why who should stalk out but THE GREAT RUMPUSCAT!
His eyes were like fireballs fearfully blazing,
He gave a great yawn, and his jaws were amazing;
And when he looked through the bars of the area
You never saw anything fiercer or hairier
And what with the glare of his eyes and his yawning
The Pekes and the Pollicles quickly took warning
He looked at the sky and he gave a great leap--
And they every last one of them scattered like sheep

And when the Police Dog returned to his beat,
There wasn't a single one left in the street