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Macavity: The Mystery Cat

Reference number PT0217

*SOLO*

Macavity's a mystery cat:  
he's called the Hidden Paw,  
For he's a master criminal who can defy the law.  
He's the bafflement of Scotland Yard,  
The Flying Squad's despair:  
For when they reach the scene of crime,  
*(spoken)*  
Macavity's not there!

*(sung)*

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,  
He's broken every human law,.  
He breaks the law of gravity  
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,  
And when you reach the scene of crime,  
*(spoken)*  
Macavity's not there!

*(sung)*

You may seek him in the basement,  
you may look up in the air:  
But I tell you once and once again,  
*(spoken)*  
Macavity's not there!

*(sung)*

Macavity's a ginger cat,  
He's very tall and thin;  
You would know him if you saw him,  
for his eyes are sunken in.  
His brow is deeply lined with thought,  
his head is highly domed;  
His coat is dusty from neglect,  
his whiskers are uncombed.

*(spoken)*

He sways his head from side to side,  
with movements like a snake;

*(sung)*

And when you think he's half asleep,

*(spoken)*

He's always wide awake.

*(sung)*

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity.

For he's a fiend in feline shape,  
a monster of depravity.

You may meet him in a by-street,  
you may see him in the square:

But when a crime's discovered, then

*(spoken)*

Macavity's not there!

*(sung)*

He's outwardly respectable.

(I know

*(spoken)*

he cheats at cards.)

*(sung)*

And his footprints are not found in any file

*(spoken)*

of Scotland Yard's

*(sung)*

And when the larder's looted,

or the jewel case is rifled,

or when the milk is missing,

*(spoken)*

or another Peke's been stifled,

*(sung)*

Or the greenhouse glass is broken

and the trellis past repair,

There's the wonder of the thing,

*(spoken)*

Macavity's not there!

*(sung)*  
Macavity, Macavity,  
there's no one like Macavity,  
There never was a cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.  
He always has an alibi,  
and one or two to spare:  
Whatever time the deed took place,  
*(spoken)*  
Macavity wasn't there!

*(sung)*  
And when the Foreign Office find a Treaty's  
*(spoken)*  
gone astray,  
*(sung)*  
Or the Admiralty lose some plans or drawings  
*(spoken)*  
by the way,  
*(sung)*  
And when the loss has been disclosed,  
the Secret Service say:  
'It must have been Macavity!'  
*(spoken)*  
but he's a mile away.  
*(sung)*  
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a licking of his thumbs,  
Or engaged in doing complicated  
*(spoken)*  
ling division sums.

*(sung)*  
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*(spoken)*  
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*(sung)*

And they say that all the cats whose wicked deeds are widely  
known

(I might mention Mungojerrie, Rumpelteazer, Griddlebone)

Are nothing more than agents for the cat who all the time  
just controls the operations:

*(spoken)*

The Napoleon of Crime!

*(sung)*

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A monster of depravity.

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You may see him in the square:

But when a crime's discovered,

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## SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT

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