

Tabby McTat - The Musical Cat - Part 2 of 3

- written by Julia Donaldson, illustrated by Axel Scheffler

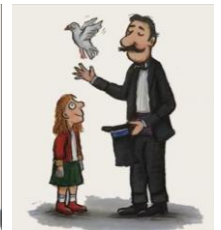
Next morning, old Fred left his hospital bed
And found his way back to the square.
But a brass band stood with a pair once sat
And the band played this and the band played that
And Fred looked around for his loud-meowed cat
But Tabby McTat wasn't there.



Now McTat had a wife and a very full life
With plenty of things to do.
Like washing Prunella and pouncing on Pat
And hiding the car keys under the mat
And keeping the newspapers nice and flat
And giving the pens an occasional bat
And nibbling this and nibbling that
But he dreamed of his friend with the old checked hat
And always woke up with a Mew.



And often he said: "What's happened to Fred?"
And his paws took him back to the square.
But a conjurer stood where the pair once sat
And he pulled out this and he pulled out that
And people threw coins in a tall black hat
But the busker was never there.



One morning, Sock said: "Look under the bed
And see the three kittens I've had".
And Soames looks like this and Susan like that
And the littlest kitten called Samuel Sprat
Looked exactly the same as his dad.



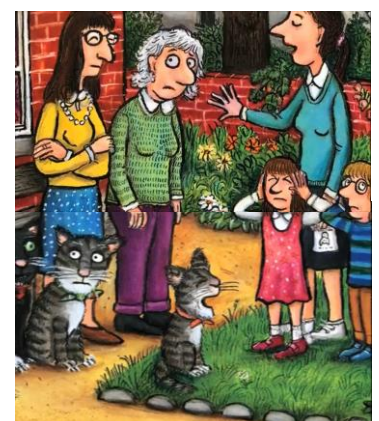
The three kittens grew and they learned how to mew
And McTat sometimes sang them his song.
And Samuel Sprat with his tabby grey fur
Had a deafening meow and a very loud purr
And he simply loved singing along.



"Me, you and the old guitar,
How perfectly, perfectly happy we are.
MEEE-EW and the old guitar.
How PURRRR-fectly happy we are!"



When Susan and Soames found very good homes,
Their parents were happy and proud.
There was one home like this and another like that
But nobody wanted poor Samuel Sprat.
They all said: "His voice, it's too loud".



(... to be continued ...)