

Tabby McTat - The Musical Cat - Part 3 of 3

- written by Julia Donaldson, illustrated by Axel Scheffler

Now Tabby McTat was a home-loving cat
But he couldn't stop dreaming of Fred.
And one day he called for his wife and his son
And he told them "There's something that has to be done!
I must go and find him!" he said.

So up and down and all over town
He wandered a whole week long.
For many a morning and afternoon,
By the light of the Sun and the light of the Moon,
Till he heard a familiar song:

"Just me and the old guitar,
If I had a cat I'd be happier far.
Just me and the old guitar,
With my cat I'd be happier far."



"Oh! It's Tabby McTat! It's my long-lost cat!"
Old Fred was ecstatically glad.
Then the two of them sang of this and that
And people threw coins in the new checked hat.
But why did McTat feel sad?



He was missing his wife and his comfortable life
And the dozens 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.
But how could he tell the busker that?
Then out from a shadow sprang Samuel Sprat:
"Oh, please let me be the busker's cat!"
He said with his deafening mew.



Now Samuel Sprat is the busker's cat
With a meow that is loud and strong.
The two of them sing of this and that,
Though Samuel sings just a little bit flat.
And people throw coins in the old checked hat
And this was their favourite song:

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



The End