

Bustopher Jones

The Cats

Bustopher Jones is not skin and bones
In fact, he's remarkably fat
He doesn't haunt pubs, he has eight or nine clubs
For he's the St. James Street cat!
He's the cat we all greet as we walk down the street
In his coat of fastidious black
No common-place mousers have such well cut trousers
Or such an impeccable back

In the whole of St. James's the smartest of names is
The name of this Brummell of cats
And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to
By Bustopher Jones in white spats

My visits are occasional to the senior educational
And it is against the rules
For any one cat to belong both to that
And the Joint Superior Schools
For a similar reason, when game is in season
I'm found, not at Fox's, but Blimp's
I am frequently seen at the gay Stage and Screen
Which is famous for winkles and shrimps

In the season of venison I give my Benison
To the Pothunter's succulent bones
And just before noon's not a moment too soon
To drop in for a drink at the Drones
When I'm seen in a hurry there's probably curry
At the Siamese or at the Glutton
When I look full of gloom then I've lunched at the Tomb
On cabbage, rice pudding and mutton

In the whole of St. James's the smartest of names is
The name of this Brummell of cats
And we're all of us proud to be nodded or bowed to
By Bustopher Jones in white spats

So much in this way passes Bustopher's day
At one club or another he's found
It can be no surprise that under our eyes
He has grown unmistakably round

He's a twenty-five pounder

Or I am a bounder

And he's putting on weight every day

But I'm so well preserved because I've observed
All my life a routine and I'd say
I am still in my prime, I shall last out my time

That's the word from this stoutest of cats

It must and it shall be spring in Pall Mall
While Bustopher Jones wears white
Bustopher Jones wears white

Bustopher Jones wears white spats!