

# 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!