

# A Catch on the MidnightCats

1 Ye Cats that at mid-night spit Love at each ot - her who best feel the

2 Old La-dy Gri - mal - kin with Goos-be - ry Eyes, when a Kit ten knew

3 Men ride ma-ny miles, Cats tread ma - ny Tiles, bot ha - zard, both

7 Pangs of a pas - sion nate Lover. I ap - peal to tour Scrat-ches and

2 some-thing for why she was wise, You find by ex - pe - rience the

3 ha - zard their Necks in the fray, on - ly Cats if they fall from a

12 tat - ter-red Fur if the bus - nes of Love be no more than to Pur.

2 Love fits soon o'er, Pus, Pus lasts not long but turns to Cat - whore.

3 House or a Wall keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount they Tails and a - way.