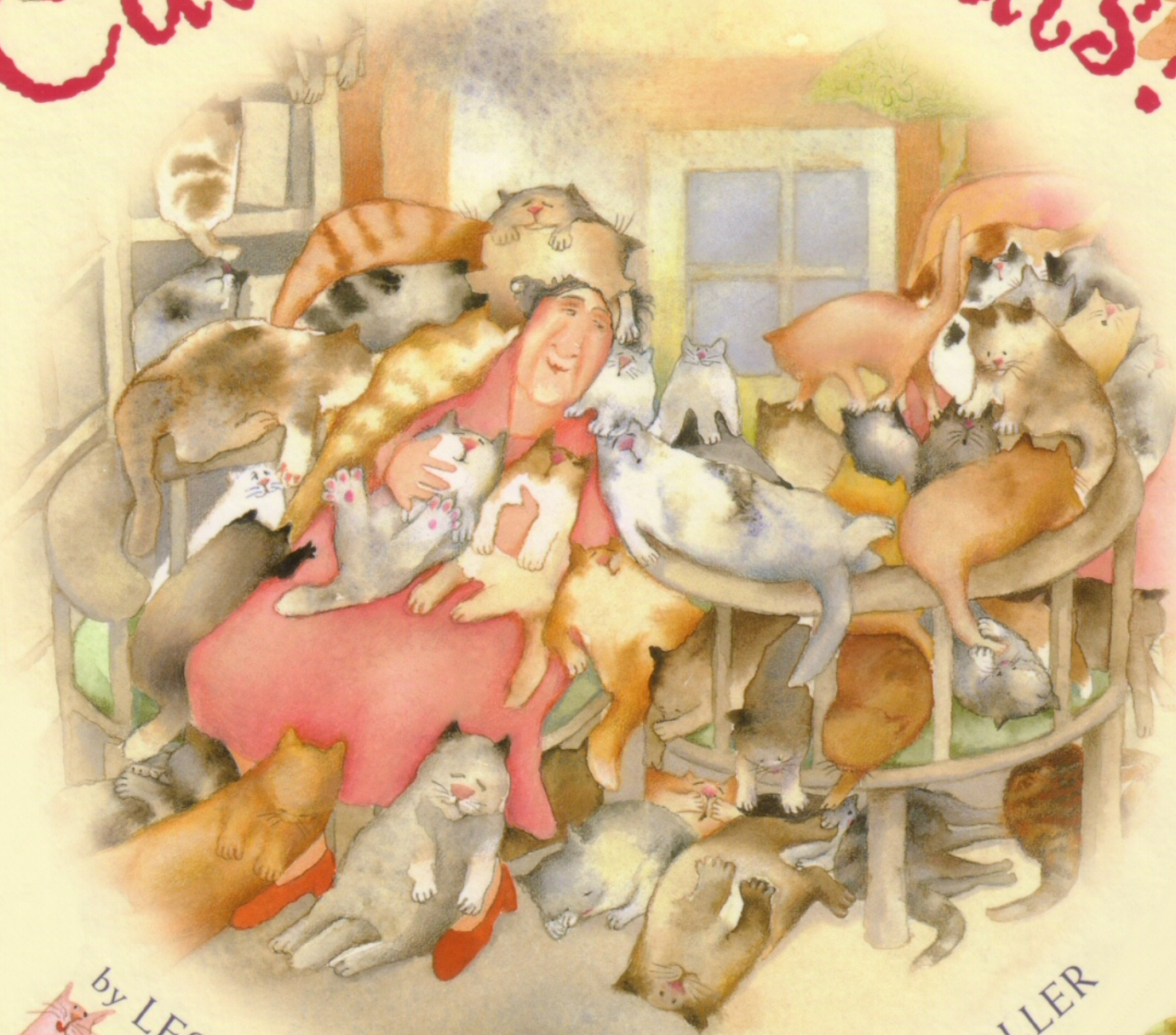




# Cats, Cats, Cats!



by LESLÉA NEWMAN



illustrated by ERIKA OLLER





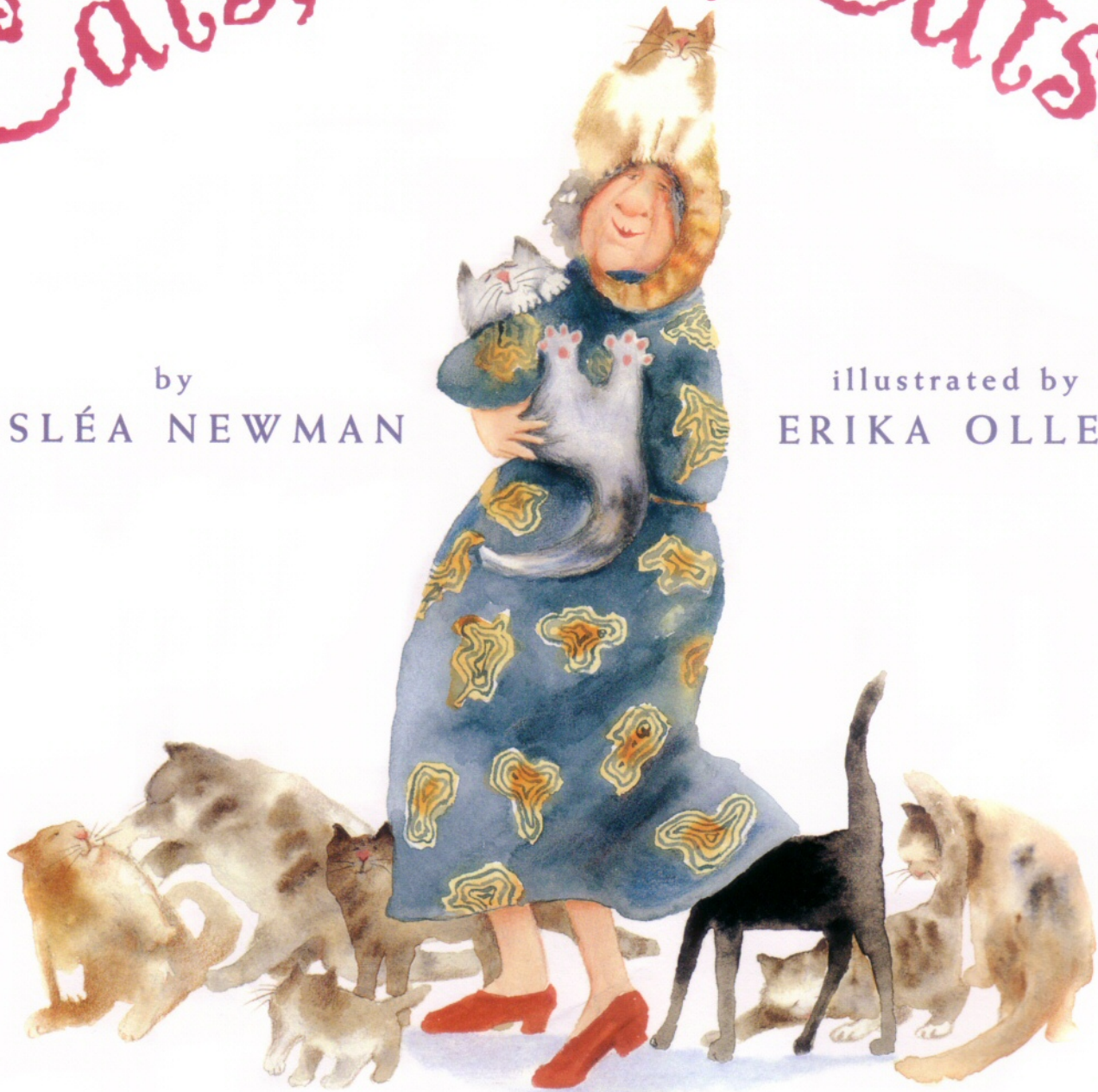




# Cats, Cats, Cats!

by  
LESLÉA NEWMAN

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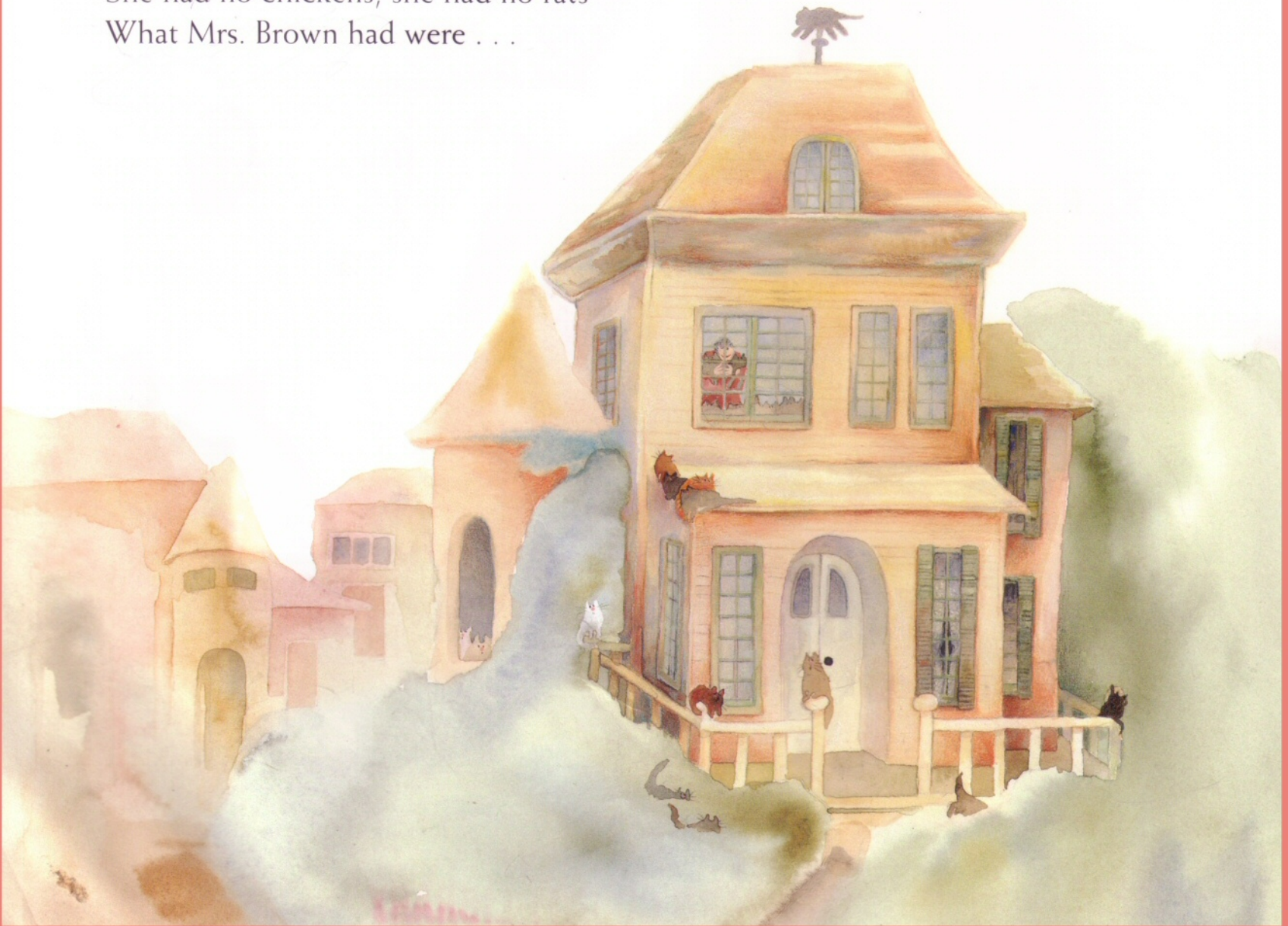




In a great big house on the edge of town  
Lived a tiny old woman named Mrs. Brown

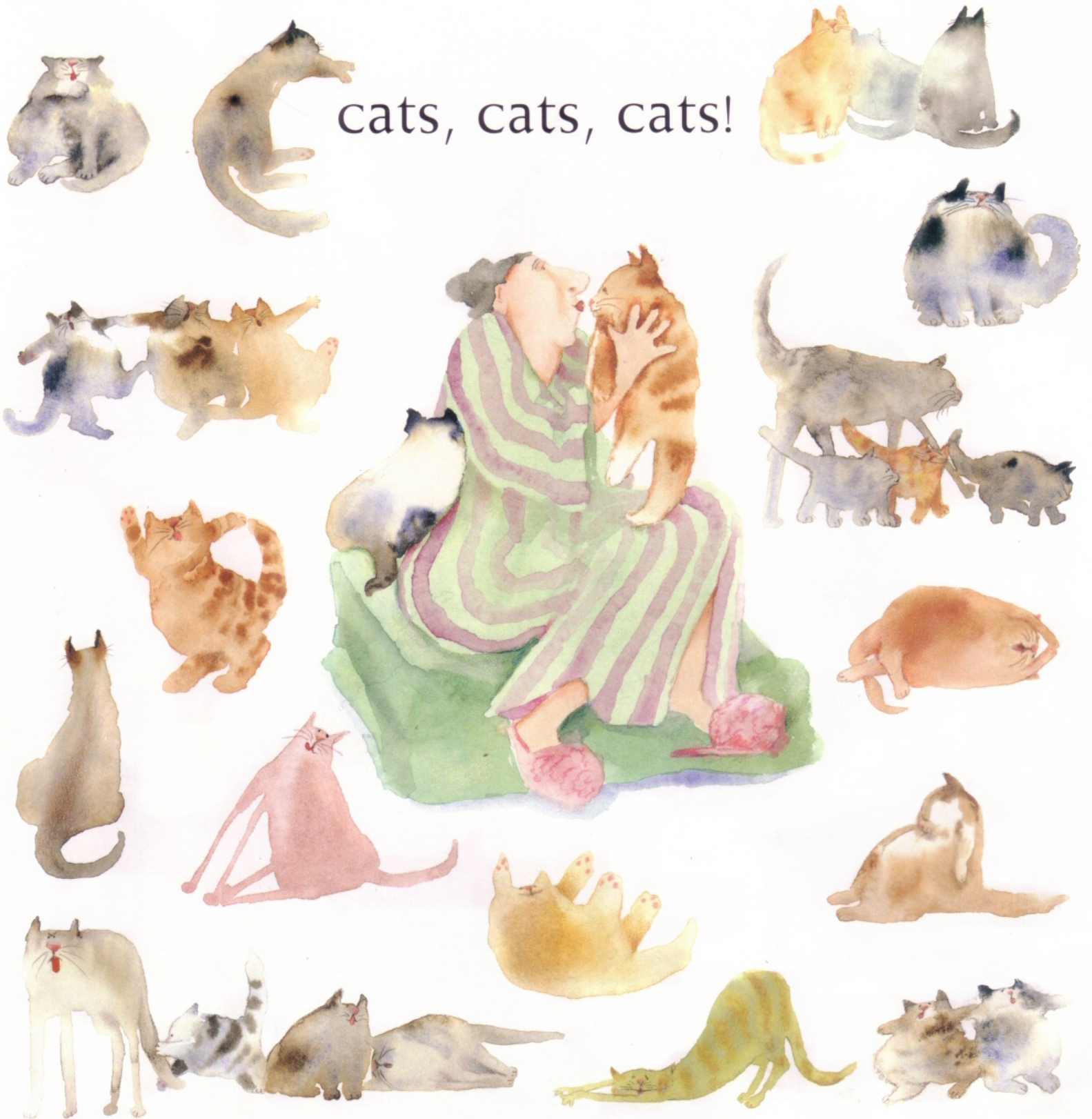
She had no children, she had no mother  
She had no sister, she had no brother

She had no chickens, she had no rats  
What Mrs. Brown had were . . .





cats, cats, cats!







Cats in the sunlight enjoying a snooze  
While Mrs. Brown watched the eight o'clock news  
Cats on the counter, each deep in a dream  
While Mrs. Brown drank her coffee with cream





Cats sleeping on sofas, cats sleeping on chairs  
While Mrs. Brown swept and vacuumed the stairs



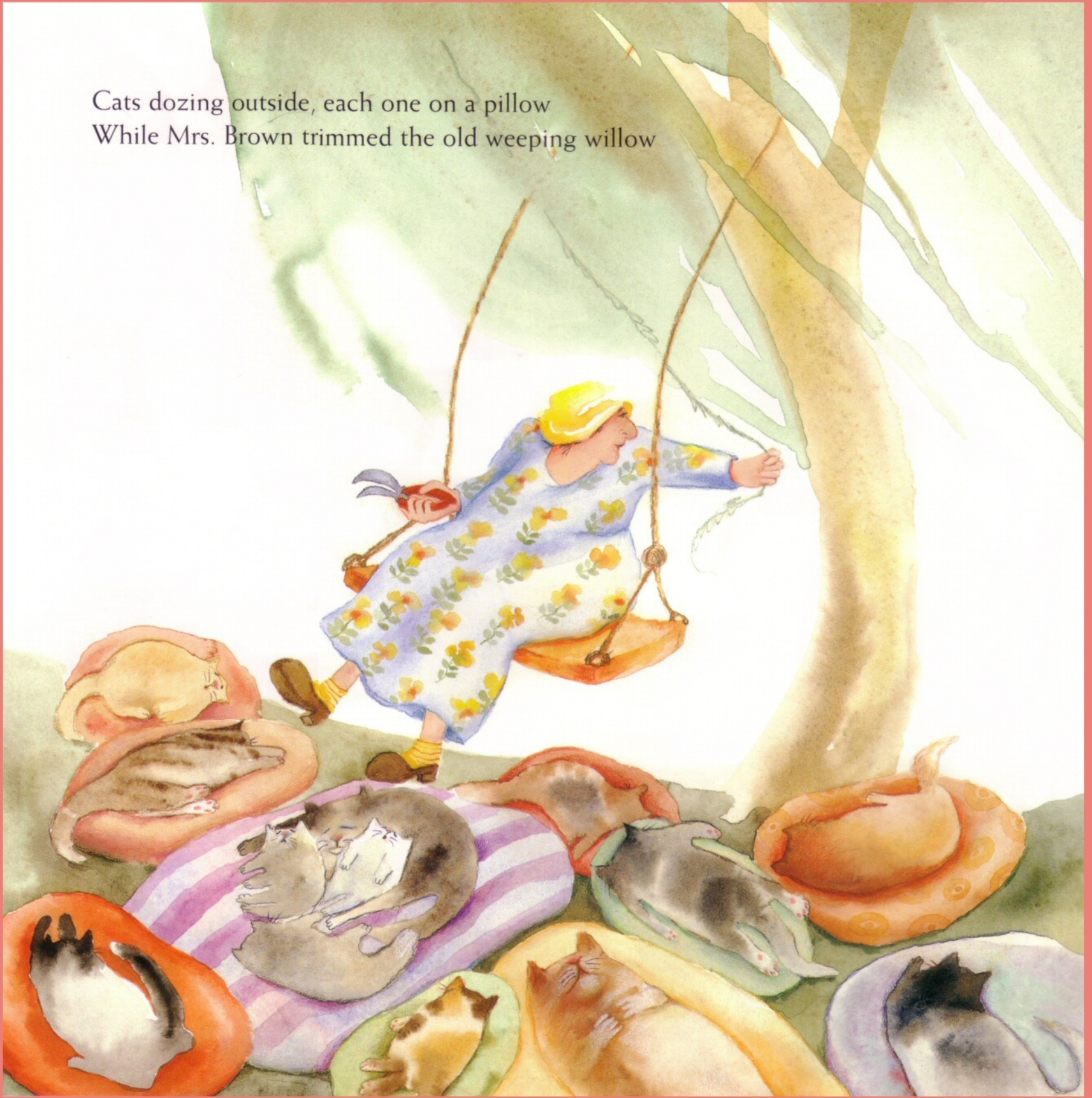


Cats snoring in harmony, all in a bunch  
While Mrs. Brown ate an omelette for lunch





Cats dozing outside, each one on a pillow  
While Mrs. Brown trimmed the old weeping willow





Black cats, white cats, gray cats, too  
Eyes of brown and eyes of blue

Eyes of gold and eyes of green  
Tall cats, short cats, fat and lean

Striped cats, spotted cats, large and small  
Mrs. Brown just loved them all











She loved the softness of their fur



She loved the loudness of their purr



She loved to comb their fluffy tails



She loved to manicure their nails



She loved to sit and chat with them



She loved to wear a hat with them






She loved to fill her lap with them



She loved to take a nap with them







She loved to place them all just so  
And then embrace them row by row



When nighttime came, old Mrs. Brown  
Put sixty bowls of cat food down





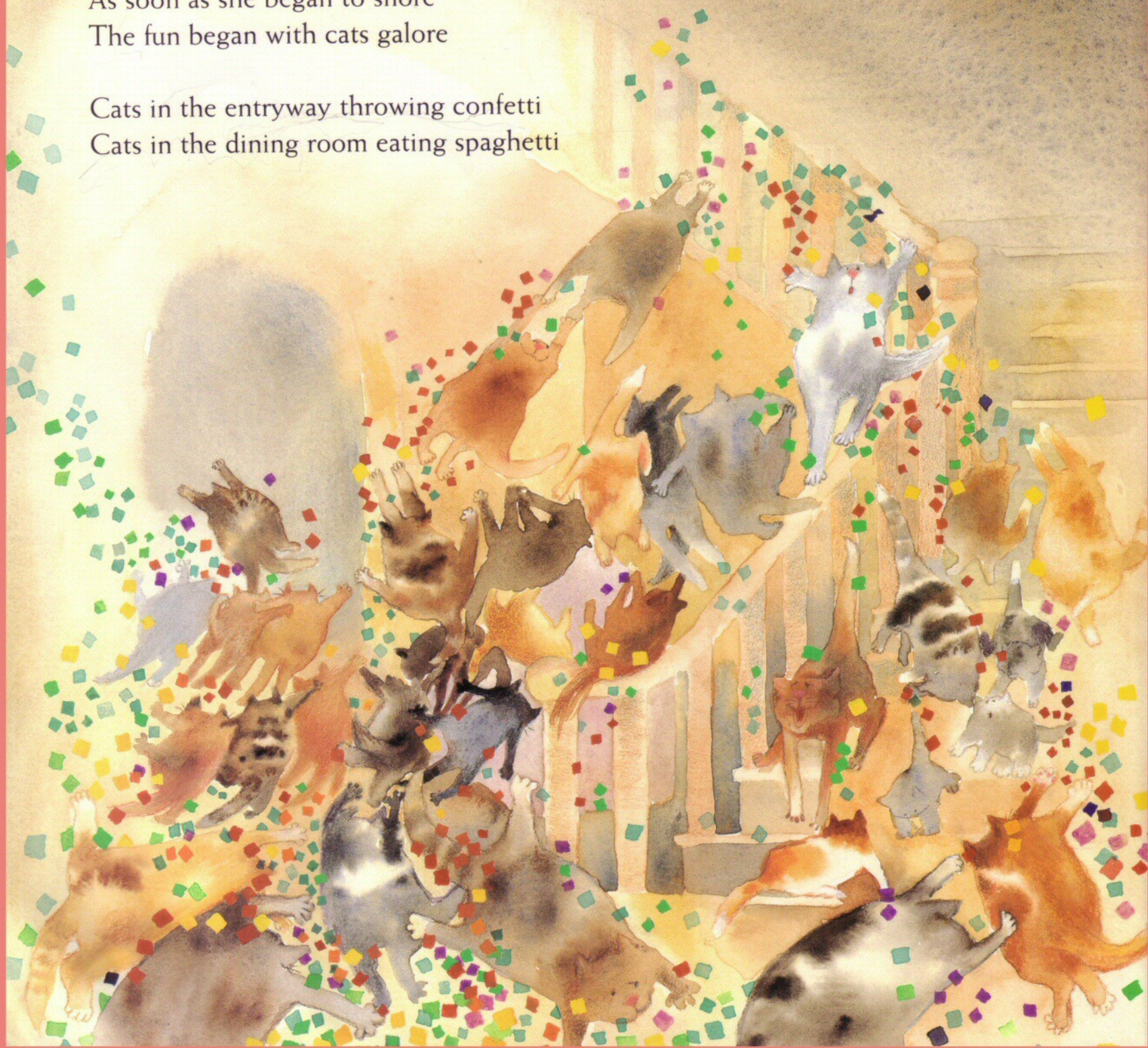
Then pet each cat upon the head  
And marched herself straight up to bed





As soon as she began to snore  
The fun began with cats galore

Cats in the entryway throwing confetti  
Cats in the dining room eating spaghetti







Cats in the studio working with clay  
Cats in the parlor performing a play







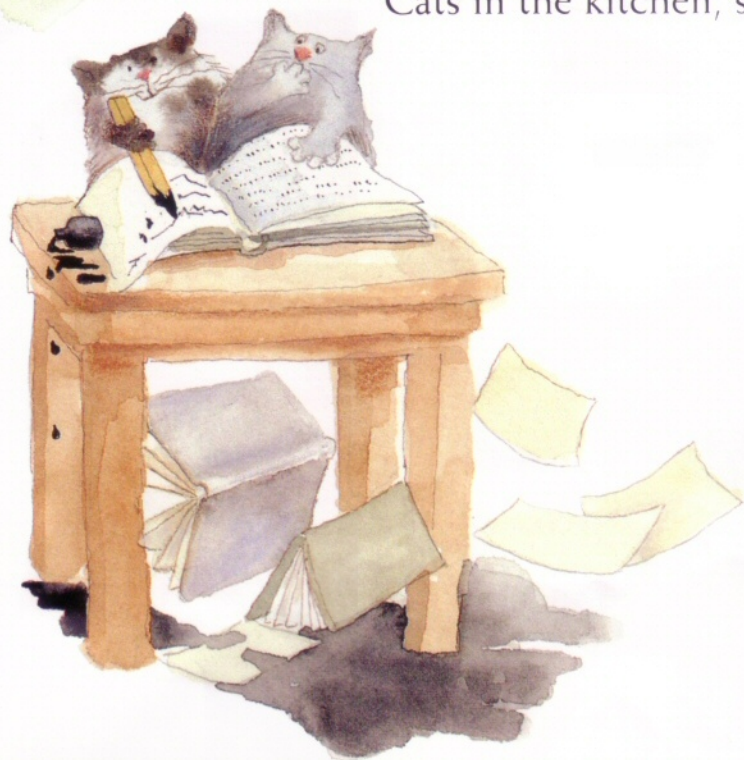
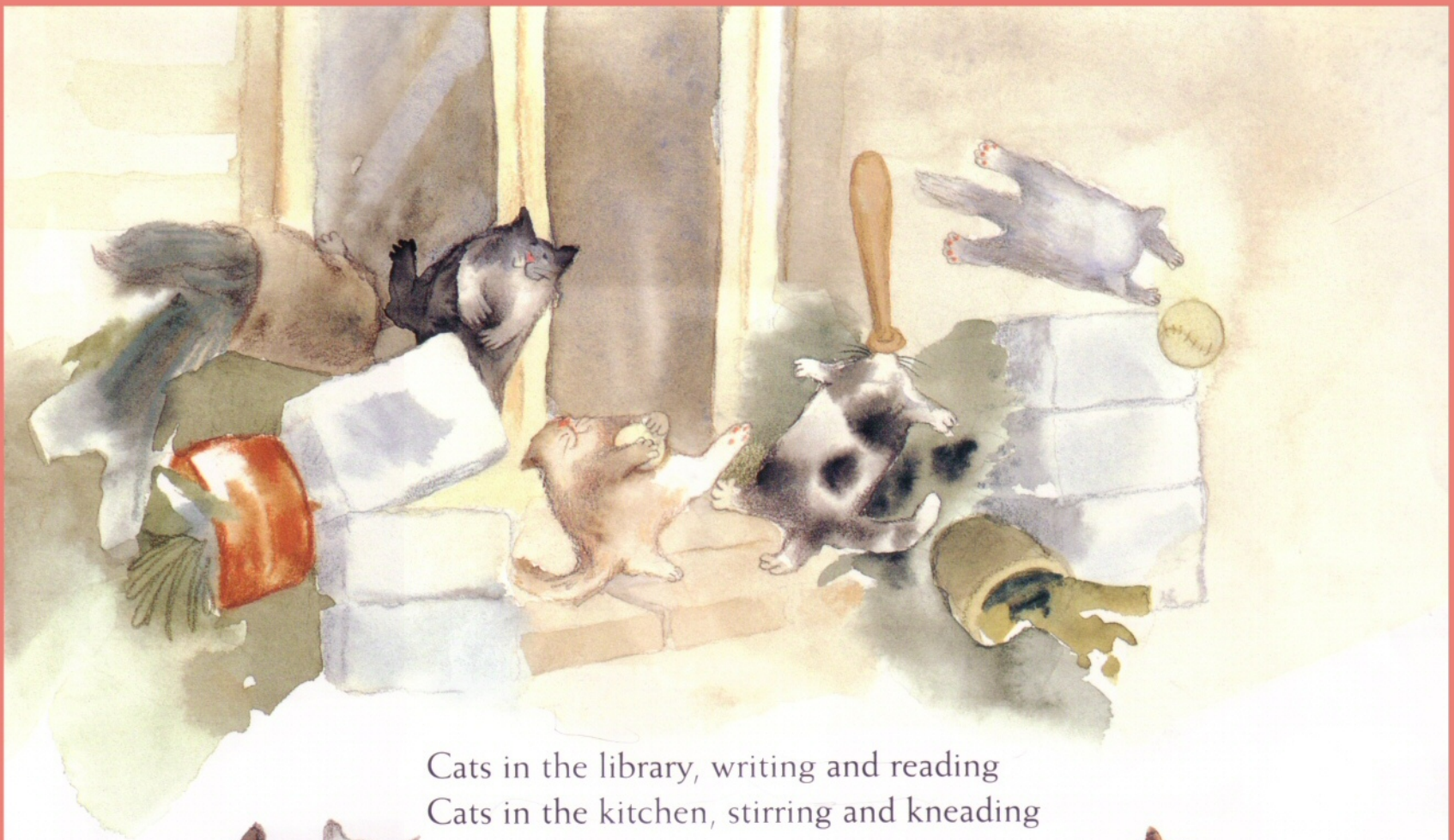
Cats in the drawing room, purling and knitting  
Cats in the sewing room having a fitting



Cats in the closet in jackets and hats  
Cats in the courtyard with baseballs and bats









While Mrs. Brown was tucked in tight  
The cats would party every night

They'd chase their tails, they'd cut a rug  
They'd fox-trot and they'd jitterbug

They'd feast on seven-layer cakes  
And drink one hundred chocolate shakes

They'd whoop it up until the dawn  
Those cats could really carry on











The sun came up, the cats went down  
And out of bed crept Mrs. Brown

She clasped her hands up to her chest  
And cried, "My cats are just the best!"









Some say that Mrs. Brown is batty  
And that her house is way too catty

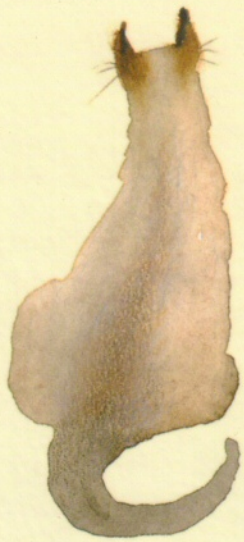




Says Mrs. Brown, "Oh fiddle dee dee!  
I love my cats and they love me."







*She had no chickens,  
she had no rats*



*What Mrs. Brown had were . . .*

*cats,  
cats,  
cats!*

