Macavity's a Mystery Cat: he's called the Hidden Paw—
For he's the **master criminal** who can **defy the Law**.
He's the bafflement of **Scotland Yard**, the **Flying Squad's** despair:
For when they reach the **scene of crime**—Macavity's not there!

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
He's broken every human law, he breaks the **law of gravity**.
His powers of levitation would make a fakir stare,
And when you reach the **scene of crime**—Macavity's not there!
You may seek him in the basement, you may look up in the air—
But I tell you once and once again, Macavity's not there!

Macavity's a ginger cat, he's very tall and thin;
You would know him if you saw him, for his **eyes are sunken** in.
His brow is deeply lined with thought, his head is highly domed;
His coat is dusty from neglect, his whiskers are uncombed.
He **sways** his head **from side to side**, with movements like a snake;
And when you think he's **half asleep**, he's always **wide awake**.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
For he's a fiend in feline shape, a monster of depravity.
You may meet him in a **by-street**, you may see him in the **square**—
But when a crime's discovered, then Macavity's not there!

He's **outwardly respectable**. (They say he cheats at cards.)
And his footprints are not found in any file of Scotland Yard's
And when the larder's looted, or the jewel-case is rifled,
Or when the milk is missing, or another **Peke's** been **stifled**,
Or the greenhouse glass is broken, and the trellis **past repair**
Ay, there's the **wonder of the thing**! Macavity's not there!

And when the **Foreign Office** find a Treaty's **gone astray**,
Or the Admiralty lose some plans and drawings by the way,
There may be a **scrap of paper** in the hall or on the stair—
But it's useless to investigate—Macavity's not there!
And when the loss has been disclosed, the **Secret Service** say:
It must have been Macavity!'—but he's a **mile** away.
You'll be sure to find him resting, or a-licking of his thumb;
Or **engaged in** doing complicated **long division sums**.

Macavity, Macavity, there's no one like Macavity,
There never was a Cat of such deceitfulness and suavity.
He always has an alibi, and one or two to spare:
At whatever time the deed took place—MACAVITY WASN'T THERE !
And they say that all the Cats whose wicked deeds are **widely known**
(I might mention *Mungojerrie*, I might mention *Griddlebone*)
Are **nothing more than** agents for the Cat who all the time
Just **controls their operations**: the Napoleon of Crime!