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LUCIFER THE CAT

By Florence J. Murray

When e'er my key turns in the lock,

Comes Lucifer the cat,

And when the door is opened

She's waiting on the mat.

She never asks for money,

She doesn't dress in silk.

She doesn't want a party,

She's happy with some milk.

When dinner's on the table,

And we are seated there,

Comes Lucifer beside us,

And leaps upon a chair.

She likes to join the family,

She hopes we'll stroke her fur,

And when she gets attention,

Quite happily she'll purr.

Lucifer the Cat

Our other friends may fail us,
May pout or criticise,
May disappoint or hurt us,
Or even tell us lies.

But such things never happen,
You can be sure of that,
With little cuddly kittens,
And Lucifer the cat.