

Bob Crewe

"The Whiffenpoof Song"

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To the tables down at Mory's
To the place where Louis dwells
To the dear old Temple bar
We love so well

Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing
Casts a spell

Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well
Shall I Wasting and Mavourneen
And the rest

We will serenade our Louis
While life and voice shall last
Then we'll pass and be
Forgotten with the rest

We're poor little lambs
Who have lost, lost their way
Singing baa, singing baa
Singing baa

We're little, little black sheep
Who have gone, gone astray
Singing baa, baa, baa

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here til eternity
Lord, have mercy on such, such as we
Baa, oh, baa, one more baa

We're poor little cats
Who lost, lost their way
Singing baa, baa, baa

We're little black sheep
Who have gone, gone astray
Yeah, singing baa, oh, one more baa

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
You're doomed from here til eternity
Oh, Lord, have mercy
On such, such as we
Oh, baa, baa, baa, baa

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Yes, we're doomed
Doomed from here til eternity
Oh, Lord, you better have mercy
On such, such as me

Singing baa, baa, baa
Singing baa, baa, baa
Singing baa, oh, baa
Baa, baa, baa, baa

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