

Perry Blake

"Whiffenpoof Song"

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To the tables down at morey'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 cast it's 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! (we will serenade our louis!
)
While life and voice shall last!
Then we'll pass and be forgotten like the rest . . .

We're poor little lambs
Who have lost our way
Baa baa baa!
We're little black sheep
Who have gone astray
Baa baa baa!
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
(doomed . . .) doomed from here to eternity
(lord . . .) lord, have mercy on such as we
Baa baa baa!

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