

The Whiffenpoof Song

The Statler Brothers

From the tables down at Morey's
To the place where Louie dwells
And the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
Sing the Whiffenpoofs assembled
With their glasses raised on high!
And the magic of their singin' 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 Louie
Till health and voices fail
And we'll pass and be forgotten with 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 from here to eternity
Oh Lord, have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa

Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
Doomed from here to eternity
Oh Lord, have mercy on such as we
Baa, baa, baa...