

Whiffenppof Song-Meade Minnigerode (1918)
and George S. Pomeroy (1888-1964)

To the tables down at Morys,
to the place where Louie 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 its spell,
Yes, the magic of their singing
of the songs we love so well,
Shall I wanting, and Mavourneen,
and the rest;
We shall serenade our Louis
while life and voice shall last,
Then well pass and be forgotten with the rest.
Were poor little lambs who have lost their way:
Baa! Baa! Baa!
Were little black sheep who have gone astray:
Baa! Baa! Baa!
Gentlemen songsters off on a spree,
Dancing and singing eternally;
Pray have mercy on such as we:
Baa! Baa! Baa!