

# Whiffenpoof Song

[Bing Crosby](#)

(To the tables down at Mory's)  
(To the place where Louie dwells)  
(To the dear old Temple bar we love so well)(See 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 wasting and Mavourneen and the rest  
We will serenade our Louie while life and voice shall last  
Then we'll pass and be forgotten with the restWe're poor little lambs who have lost our way  
Baa, baa, baa  
We're little black sheep who have gone astray  
Baa, baa, baa(Gentleman songsters off on a spree)  
(Doomed from here to eternity)  
(Lord have mercy on such as we)  
(Baa, baa, baa)Gentleman songsters off on a spree  
Doomed from here to eternity  
Lord have mercy on such as we  
Baa, baa, baa, baa

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