THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG

-Guy Scull/Meade Minnigerode/George Pomeroy

4/4

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, as-sembled, 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 “Ma--yourneen” and the rest

We will serenade our Louis, while life and voice shall last

Then we’ll pass, and be for-gotten with the rest
p.2. Whiffenpoof Song

3/4

We’re poor little lambs who have lost our way; Baa! Baa! Baa!

We’re little black sheep who have gone a-stray; Baa! Baa! Baa!

Gentlemen song-sters, off on a spree, doomed from here to E-ternity

Lord, have mercy on such as we; Baa! Baa! Baa!

Lord, have mercy on such as we; Baa! Baa! Baa!
THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG
-Guy Scull/Meade Minnigerode/George Pomeroy

4/4

A Bbdim Bm7 E7
To the tables down at Mory’s, to the place where Louis dwells

Bm7 E7 A
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well

A Bbdim Bm7 E7
Sing the Whiffenpoofs, as-sembled, with their glasses raised on high

Bm7 E7 A
And the magic of their singing casts its spell

A Bbdim Bm7 E7
Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well

Bm7 E7 A
“Shall I Wasting” and “Ma--yourneen” and the rest

A A7 D Dm6
We will serenade our Louis, while life and voice shall last

Bm7 E7 A
Then we’ll pass, and be for-gotten with the rest

3/4

A Bbdim Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7+ A E7
We’re poor little lambs who have lost our way; Baa! Baa! Baa!

A Bbdim Bm7 E7 Bm7 E7 A
We’re little black sheep who have gone astray; Baa! Baa! Baa!

F#m C#+ F#m7 Bm7 E7 E7+ A
Gentlemen song-sters, off on a spree, doomed from here to E-ternity

F#7 Bm Bm7 E7 A
Lord, have mercy on such as we; Baa! Baa! Baa!

F#7 Bm Bm7 E7 A
Lord, have mercy on such as we; Baa! Baa! Baa!