

# Bing Crosby, Whiffenpoof Song

To the tables down at Mory's  
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  
&quot;Shall I Wasting&quot; and &quot;Mavourneen&quot;  
We will serenade our Louie while life and voice shall last  
Then 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

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