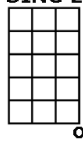


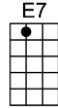
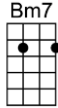
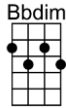
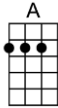
SING E



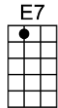
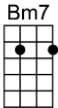
THE WHIFFENPOOF SONG_(BAR)

-Guy Scull/Meade Minnigerode/George Pomeroy

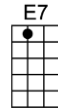
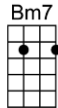
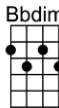
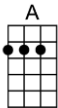
4/4



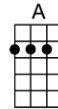
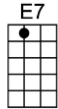
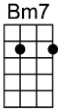
To the tables down at Mory's, to the place where Louis dwells



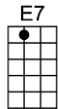
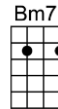
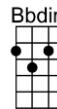
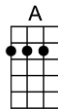
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well



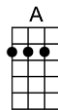
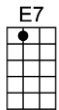
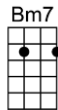
Sing the Whiffenpoofs, as-ssembled, with their glasses raised on high



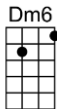
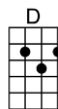
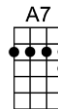
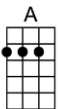
And the magic of their singing casts its spell



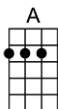
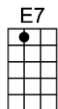
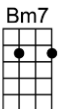
Yes, the magic of their singing of the songs we love so well



"Shall I Wasting" and "Ma--vourneen" and the rest



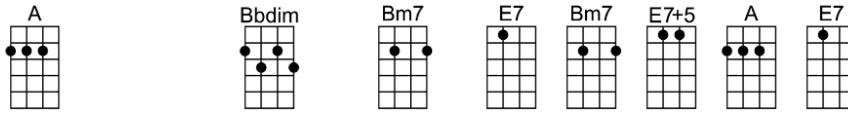
We will serenade our Louis, while life and voice shall last



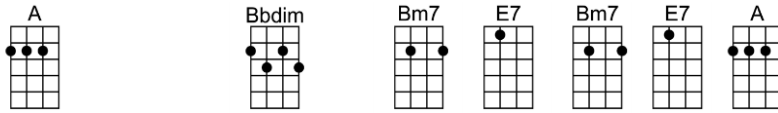
Then we'll pass, and be for-gotten with the rest

p.2. Whiffenpoof Song

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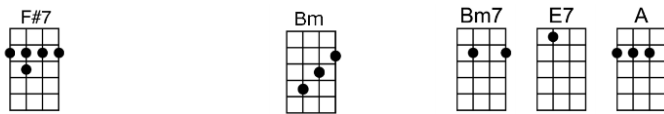
We're poor little lambs who have lost our way; Baa! Baa! Baa!



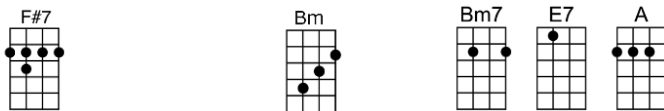
We're little black sheep who have gone a-stray; Baa! Baa! Baa!



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--vourneen" 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

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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!