

The Whiffenpoof Song

words by Meade Minnigerode

TTBB a cappella

music by Todd B. Galloway

Moderato

Tenor I/II

Bass I/II

mf

To the ta-bles down at Mo-ry's, To the place where Lou-is dwells, To the

dear old Tem-ple Bar we love so well, Sing the Whif-fen-poofs as-

sem-bled, With their glass-es raised on high! And the ma-gic of their sing-ing, casts its

spell. Yes, the ma-gic of their sing-ing of the songs we love so well, "Shall I

Wast-ing" and "Ma-vour-een" and the rest; We will se-re-nade our Lou-is, While

mf *cre - scen - do*

mf *cre - scen - do*

Originally written in 1909

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ed. 10/9/00

28 *mp*

life and voice shall last, Then we'll pass and be for - got - ten with the rest. We're

34 **Molto moderato espressivo**

poor lit-tle lambs Who have lost our way: Baa! Baa! Baa! We're

42

lit - tle black sheep Who have gone a - stray: Baa! Baa! Baa!

50 *con fuoco* *f* *poco rit.*

Gen - tle - men song - sters off on a spree, Damned from here to e - ter - ni - ty;

con fuoco *poco rit.*

58 *p* *pp rall.*

God have mer - cy on such as we, Baa! Baa! Baa!

p *pp rall.*