

# HARLEQUIN



## RUGBY CLUB M E L B O U R N E

To the tables down at Mory's,  
To the place where Louis dwells,  
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well,

See the Harlequins assemble  
With their glasses held on high,  
And the magic of their singing casts a spell, it casts a spell.

Yes the magic of their singing and the songs they love so well,  
Shall lie wasting and a'vaunting and the rest... and the rest.

We shall serenade old Louis while life and voice shall last  
and we'll pass and be forgotten with the rest.

We are poor little lambs who have lost our way,  
Baa! Baa! Baa!

We are little black sheep who have gone astray,  
Baa! Baa! Baa!

Harlequin songsters out on the spree,  
Damned from here to Eternity,  
Lord have mercy on such as we,  
Baa! Baa! Baa!

**Everyone... I give you the Harlequins!**