

A Place In The Choir

Bill Staines

All God's critters got a place in the choir
Some sing low and some sing higher
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire
Some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they got now

Listen to the top where the little bird sings
On the melo-dy and the high note rings
And the hoot owl cries over ev-ery-thing
And the blackbird disa-grees

The dogs and the cats they take up the middle
While the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles,
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
And the old gray badger sighs...

Listen to the bass its the one at the bottom
Where the bull frog croaks and the hippopotam-
usMoans and groans in the big tattoo
And the old cow just goes moo