

A Place In The Choir

Celtic Thunder

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

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Listen to the top where the little bird sings
On the melodies and the high notes ringing,
And the hoot owl cries over everything
And the blackbird disagrees.

Singing in the night time, singing in the day,
When little duck quacks, and he's on his way.
And the otter hasn't got much to say
And the porcupine talks to himself

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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, it's the one on the bottom
Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big t'do
And the old cow just goes moo.

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It's a simple song a little song everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,
The dopey alligator and the hawk above,
The sly old weasel and the turtle dove.

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