

All God's Creatures Have A Place In The Choir

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

Listen to the bass it's the one on the bottom
Where the bullfrog croaks, the hippopotamus
Moans and groans with a big to-do,
The old cow just goes "Moo!"

The dogs and the cats they take up the middle
As the honey bee hums, the cricket fiddles
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
The old grey badger sighs

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

Listen to the top and the little birds singing
The melody with the high notes ringin'
The good owl sighs over everything,
The blackbird disagrees.

Singin' in the night time, singin' in the day
Little duck quacks and he's on his way
And the otter hasn't got that much to say
The porcupine talks to himself.

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

It's a simple song a living song everywhere
By the ox the fox and the grizzly bear
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above
The sly old weasel and turtle dove

This song has been downloaded from BusSongs.com.