

Amy Grant

"The Frog"

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The frog hopped, silently, fearfully
in out from the chill of night
Covered with the shiny dew of morning
Carefully, he came to cause no fright to the Son of God
a-borning

Since from his place upon the earth he could not see
the manger
Tho' shy, he leaped into the air to see the little stranger

The beasts were outraged!
Angry that a frog so impolite
Would dare disturb the Holy Child's dreaming

"Get you far away and out of sight,
You are ugly and blaspheming.
And why do you not humbly bow,
And what gift are you bringing?"

The Frog then croaked,
"I come to God with only my rough singing
I came to sing for Jesus."

The animals laughed, "hahahaha" to think of such a
joke
That a simple frog would be so odd as to come to God
to croak
The animals laughed, "hahahahahaha"
That a simple frog would be so odd as to come to God
to croak

Baby Jesus saw the frog and laughed with sheer
delight
To see him hopping high through the stable
And Mary softly did him invite to sing the little boy's
first fable

Light came down from heaven and around the frog
was gleaming
And like an Angel sent from God
The lowly frog was singing

And he sang of logs and polliwogs
Of rafts and summer fishin;
Of morning frogs and puppy dogs
And places to go wishin'
Of misty bogs and swimming togs
and treasures laying deep.

And when the last note died away
The baby was asleep

And from that day on the frog was drawn to live high in
the towers
Of pine and oak, no more to croak among the water
flowers
But a tree frog he would always be whose voice could
shame the bird
And they say that every Easter morn his voice can still
be heard

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