

## Bill Staines "Place In The Choir"

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A Place In The Choir

by Bill Staines

Cho: All God's critters got 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 got now.

Listen to the bass, it's the one on the bottom

Where the bullfrog croaks and the hippopotamus

Moans and groans with a big to do

And the old cow just goes moo.

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 coyote howls.

Cho.

Listen to the top where the little birds sing

On the melodies with the high notes ringing.

The hoot owl hollers over everything

And the jaybird disagrees.

Singing in the night time, singing in the day

The little duck quacks, then he's on his way.

The 'possum ain't got much to say

And the porcupine talks to himself.

Cho.

It's a simple song of living sung everywhere

By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,

The grumpy alligator and the hawk above,

The sly raccoon and the turtle dove.

Cho.

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