

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 the telephone wire
Some just clap their hands or paws or anything they got, nowAll God's creatures 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, nowListen to the top where the little birds singing
And the melodies and the high notes ringing
And the hoot-owl cries over everything
And the blackbird disagreesSinging in the night time, singing in the day
And the little duck quacks and he's on his way
And the otter hasn't got much to say
And the porcupine talks to himselfAll God's creatures 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, nowDogs and the cats, they take up the middle
Where the honeybee hums and the cricket fiddles
The donkey brays and the pony neighs
And the old gray badger sighsListen 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 mooAll God's creatures 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, nowIt's a simple song living 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 turtledoveAll God's creatures got a place in the choir
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