

# 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, now  
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, now  
Listen 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 disagrees  
Singing 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 himself  
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Some sing out loud on the telephone wire  
Some just clap their hands or paws or anything they got, now  
Dogs 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 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 to do  
And the old cow just goes moo  
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, now  
It'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 turtledove  
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