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
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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 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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