

A Place in the Choir (Bill Staines)

All God's crea-tures got a place in the choir, some sing low and some sing high-er, some sing out loud on the

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te - le-phone wire, and some just clap their hands, or paws, or an - y-thing they've got now.

Chorus:

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,
And some just clap their hands, or paws, or anything they've got. (repeat)

Listen to the bass, it's 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
And the donkey brays and the pony neighs,
And the old grey badger sighs.

Chorus

Listen to the top with the little bird singing
On 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,
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.

Chorus

It's a simple song, a living song everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear
The grumpy alligator and the hawk above,
The sly old weasel and the turtledove.

Chorus