All God's Critters (page 1)

All God's critters got a place in the choir
Some sing lower and some sing higher
Some sing out loud on the telephone wire
And 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 t'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.

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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.

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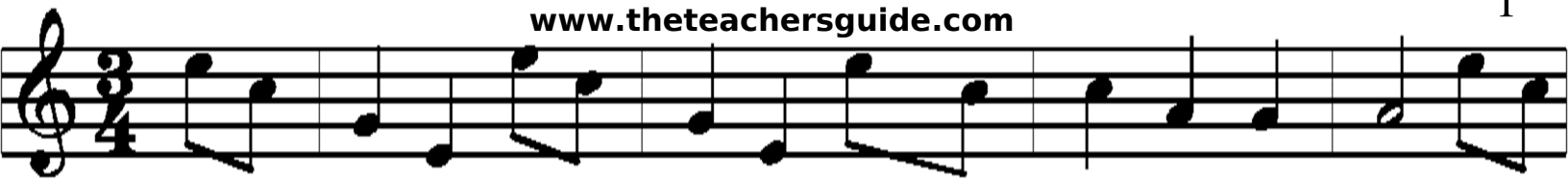

Singin' in the night time, singing in the day,
The little duck quacks, then he's on his way.
The 'possum ain't got much to say
And the porcupine talks to himself.

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It's a simple song of living sung everywhere
By the ox and the fox and the grizzly bear,
The grumpy alligator the hawk above,
The sly raccoon and the turtle dove.

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