## All God's Critters (page 1)

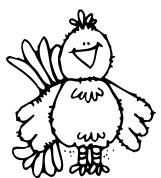
All God's critters got a place in the choir Some sing lower and some sing higher Some sing out loud on the telephone wire And some just clap their hands or paws, Or anything they got now.

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.

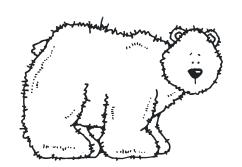
The 'possum ain't got much to say

And the porcupine talks to himself.

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.

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.

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.



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