

“THE FROGGY CHOIR”

ROB
TEID

A frogger of frogs
Were looking for a sound.
They hired a frog director
And this is what they found.

He had the peepers peep high
And the hop-toads sing low.
The leopard frogs snarled
(They tend to do that, you know).

He taught the fat frogs how to bellow
And the old ones how to croak.
The baby frogs hollered
'Cause he gave them a poke.

He made the thin frogs sing “Rib-it,”
The horn frogs blared “Ker-dunk,”
The mud frogs chanted “Knee-Deep”
And the rock frogs sunk.

He showed the drum frogs how to rock
And the leap frogs how to roll.
The speckled frogs played jazz
And the polliwogs soul.

He told the tree frogs to bark
And the cricket frogs to chirp.
The river frogs babbled
And the bullfrog burped.

The sound that was produced
Pleased the frog director’s ears.
The beauty of their music
Simply moved those frogs to tears.

And if you have a fancy
To sing down in the mire,
You just might be invited
To join that froggy choir.