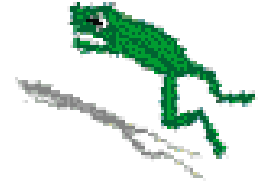


Coming of the Frogs

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic



Mine eyes have seen the horror
of the coming of the frogs
They are sneaking through the swamps
they are lurking under logs
You can hear their mournful croaking
through the early morning fog
The frogs keep hopping on



RIBBIT



Chorus:

Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, croak, croak
Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, croak, croak
Ribbit, ribbit, ribbit, croak, croak
The frogs keep hopping on

The frogs have grown in numbers
and their croaking fills the air
There's no place to escape to
'cause the frogs are everywhere
They've eaten all the flies
and now they're hungry as a bear
The frogs keep hopping on

Chorus



I used to like the bullfrogs
like to feel their slimy skin
Liked to put them in my teacher's desk
and take them home again
Now they're knocking on the front door
I can't let those frogs come in
The frogs keep hopping on

Chorus



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