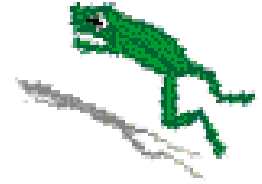


# Coming of the Frogs

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

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

Chorus



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<http://www.geocities.com/rickram.geo/roundtable.html>