

The Bull Frog Jig (c) 1997 Hans Mayer

The light went out on the porch, on the house, on the farm, on the top of the hill
And late at night when the moon was high and everything was still
The Bull Frog choir started to sing, the crickets fiddled out a tune
A June Bug danced with a Fire Fly, to the ring around the moon

Everyone was dancing, dancing to the Bull Frog Jig
They were dancing, to the Fishing Reel, the Oinkers Waltz
Doing the Buck 'n the Wing

The Cow stood by with a watchful eye - the Hoot Owl danced with a Mouse
The Chickens were a picking and a pecking - the Humans were asleep in the house

While they were dancing, dancing to the Bull Frog Jig
They were dancing, to the Fishing Reel, the Oinkers Waltz
Doing the Buck 'n the Wing

With the howl of a Wolf, quack of a Duck, honk of the Geese
The neigh of a Horse, oink of a Pig, baa of the Sheep
The lights came on, on the porch, on the house, on the farm, on the top of the hill
The singing and the dancing and the music stopped and everything was still

There was no more dancing, dancing to the Bull Frog Jig
No more dancing, to the Fishing Reel, the Oinkers Waltz
No more Buck 'n the Wing

Then all the animals fell asleep till the Rooster crowed sunrise
Then another day as usual, or at least until tonight

When they'll be dancing, to the Bull Frog Jig
They'll be dancing to Fishing Reel, the Oinkers Waltz
Doing the Buck 'n the Wing