

# Boa constrictor

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*Watch out! Here comes the boa constrictor and he's hungry. Penned by America's much loved poet, writer and humorist Shel Silverstein who has written many wonderful zany rhymes thrilling children worldwide. Discover more of his wicked humour in the book 'Where the Sidewalk Ends'.*

*Always a favourite with classes I taught and now grandchildren appreciate his humour and wonderful illustrations. The version below has grown just like a boa constrictor as each class year group invented new lines. There are more verses to be composed!*

*I have sung this with kids to instil confidence during swim sessions as children immerse a little more of the body in water each time a verse is sung.*

***Stand looking fearful, fingers to mouth and pointing with the other hand to the ground. Wave finger from side to side. Touch each part of the body as it is mentioned. On the last line crouch and cover head with hands.***



The musical score is written on five staves in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: I'm be-ing ea-ten by a bo-a con-strictor, a bo-a con-strictor, a bo-a con-strictor, I'm be-ing ea-ten by a bo-a con-strictor, and I don't like it, one bit! What do you know, it's nib-ling my toe, Oh gee, it's up to my knee, Oh my, it's up to my thigh, Oh fid-dle it's up to my mid-dle What a pest, it's up to my chest, It's get-ting bol-der, it's up to my shoul-der, Oh heck, it's up to my neck, Oh dread, it's up to my..... GULP!

I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor, a boa constrictor, a boa constrictor,  
I'm being eaten by a boa constrictor, and I don't like it, one bit!

What do you know, it's nibbling my toe,  
Oh gee, it's up to my knee,  
Oh my, it's up to my thigh,  
Oh fiddle it's up to my middle,  
What a pest it's up to my chest,  
It's getting bolder, it's up to my shoulder,  
Oh heck, it's up to my neck,  
Oh dread, it's up to my .... GULP!

More lines:

It isn't funny; it's up to my tummy...  
Oh darn, it's up to my arms...

