Zing! Zang! Zung! Zoon!

Zingy wing and zangy wang

And Zungy wung and zoon,

Husky young mosquitoes

‘Neath Summer moon.

Zingy play’d the ukulele,

Zangy play’d guitar,

Wung and zoon with singing

Woke echoes far

They sang and thrummed and play’d until

The dawn grew gray o’erhead,

Then one mosquito, thoughtfully

Unto the others said:

There’s going to be picnic

Out in the park, to-night, to-night,

There’s going to be a picnic

Out in the park,

We better sharpen up, sharpen up!

Zoon! Zung! Zang! Zing!